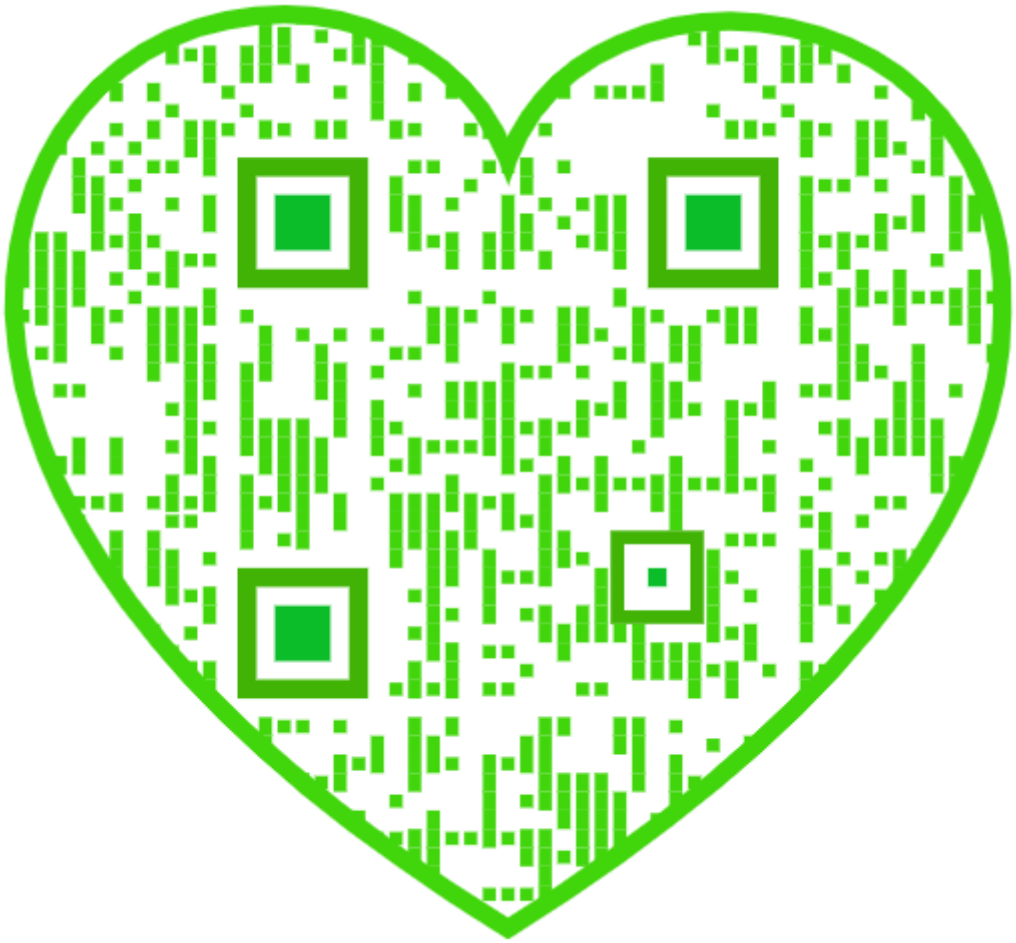
THE STREET OF INK

H. SIMONIS



The Street of Ink

THE STREET OF INK

The Street of Ink

An Intimate History of Journalism

By

H. Simonis

With Eighty Portraits
and other Illustrations

Cassell and Company, Ltd
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To

ERNEST PARKE

In token of

many delightful memories

and of

a debt of gratitude

that has grown with every succeeding year

FOREWORDS

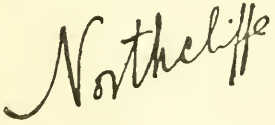
by

Lord Northcliffe and Lord Burnham

The Times,

Printing House Square,
London, E.C.

It is kind and characteristic of Mr. Simonis in the midst of a very busy life, to try and get together data about the newspapers of 1917. Such parts of the book as I have read are fascinating, and I believe that it will prove of great assistance to future historians of the Press.



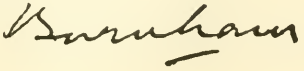
The Daily Telegraph,

Fleet Street,
London, E.C.

For three generations my family have lived in the Street of Ink for the best part of their lives, and, therefore, its story is to me of absorbing interest. Our office is full of the memories of great journalists, who came and went day by day, mostly for many years, as they had come and gone through the old building it replaced.

It was a sound instinct to have put Delane among the makers of Victorian England, and none can understand the political and social life of the Empire to-day —the History of the Present— without they know something of the journals and the journalists who proclaim its ideals, echo its thoughts, and stimulate its activities.

Your book will, I think, be important and useful to those who wish to read aright the meaning of this tremendous epoch.



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INTRODUCTION

Some authors have said that when they write their books the characters take the narrative into their own hands, and the story develops into something quite different from the original conception. That has been my experience with this contribution to the history of the Press.

I had been playing golf one day at Walton Heath with Sir George Riddell and my colleague James Douglas, and in the course of the round Sir George asked me how I came to take up journalism for a career. When I told him my modest story he asked why I did not write a book about my experiences, and the question came from him with added force, as many of my friends had often told me that I ought to do so. Hitherto I had never thought that such an undertaking would interest anyone outside the circle of my intimate friends, but I now began to wonder if in the course of my experience I had gathered facts and knowledge which would be appreciated by a wider circle of readers.

When I reached home I jotted down some notes about my early experiences and the way in which Mr. Ernest Parke gave me my first real start in life, together with a few other recollections, but believing that a writer is not the best judge of his own work, I determined to obtain the opinion of someone whose judgment I could rely upon. It seemed to me that my friend, Sir Gilbert Parker,

was probably the best person to give me the verdict I wanted. He is a man of varied gifts, who always impresses me as possessing intellectual powers and mental force which will carry him to any heights that he may aspire to. He has gathered an unrivalled knowledge of men and affairs in all parts of the world, and is not only a great writer, but has an intimate knowledge of all the best authors. Added to these qualities he is what I may best describe as a most "understandable" man, who can look at everything with appreciation of the point of view of the average individual. I asked this sympathetic and delightful friend (to whom I am glad to pay this tribute of regard) if he would kindly look through my preliminary manuscript, and made up my mind to abide by what he said.

Sir Gilbert was good enough to say that he was convinced the book would prove a real and valuable addition to knowledge of life in Fleet Street and journalism, and the conception of it then became a definite decision.

Much of the material has appeared week by week in the *Newspaper World*. I received hundreds of letters from journalists all over the country, expressing pleasure and making suggestions, and it became obvious that a book which would bring the history of journalism up to date, and show the developments and enterprise of the Press from an intimate knowledge of the various newspapers and agencies, would be welcome. Along these lines the articles developed, and I set myself to obtain from those whom I met the additional details which would amplify my own experience. In this book portions of the *Newspaper World* articles have been deleted, others have been enlarged, and many entirely new chapters have

been added. No history of journalism could be given in complete detail in the compass of one volume of the normal size, as this book shows. If one were to take the weekly provincial papers alone, there are hundreds of such papers, any of which would afford material for a volume. Each wields considerable influence, and each is the product of many enterprising and capable brains. Their work, as in the case of the dailies, is assisted by outside contributors, and the literary columns are therefore produced by the combined efforts of a number of experienced and cultured experts.

All that one can do, short of producing an encyclopædia, is to indicate the influence and enterprise of the Press as a whole by means of typical examples which come within one's own experience.

Unfortunately, also, a number of portraits had to be omitted because they reached me too late for inclusion, owing to the time required for the very careful printing of the photogravure plates. The selection given, although incomplete, will, I think, be found to be representative of the various branches of journalism.

It is a good thing that journalists should be able to stand aside from the details of their work and view from a detached plane the romance of their profession. The history of the Press is a record of initiative and perseverance, and the triumph of pluck in face of stupendous difficulties. It contains much laughter and many tears. It disposes very effectually of the general belief that any fool can run a newspaper, and shows on the contrary that only the keenest intellects can cope with the problems that confront a journalist every day of his life. The tears, I have tried to leave out of the following pages. The

laughter, I hope, is there side by side with many stories which will prove an inspiration and encouragement, both to the critical readers in my own calling and to the general reader who cannot fail to acquire increased admiration with increased knowledge of the Fourth Estate.

Many distinguished journalists have taken considerable trouble to amplify my personal recollections and verify my facts, so that the record which I have set down in these pages may be accurate as well as adequate. Their courtesy in this respect, the interest which they have been good enough to take, and the encouragement they have given me by their kind references to my work have strengthened my opinion of the comradeship which is bred in the Street of Ink, and have made my labour of love doubly delightful.

H. S.

THE STREET OF INK

CHAPTER I

EARLY REMINISCENCES: MY START IN THE STREET OF INK

LOOKING back over the happy years that I have spent in the Street of Ink I realise more than ever what a fascinating place it is, and how it offers each day new experiences and new prospects that can hardly be paralleled in any other calling. It will be my endeavour in this book to record from my own experiences, and from those of the leading journalists with whom it has been my privilege to come into contact, the story of the modern Press from the intimate, inside point of view. The result can hardly fail to impress more strongly upon the mind of its reader, as it did upon my own, the fact that no career offers more variety, more interest, and more reward for enterprise and grit than the profession of journalist. The history of every paper, be it London or provincial, daily or weekly, newspaper or periodical, is a romance of enterprise, the reading of which could not fail to uplift and encourage the ambitious young man, for whose benefit, as well as for that of every journalist who is proud of his work, this book is written. If I begin with my personal experiences, it is not from egotism but from a desire to illustrate the truth of this statement as I have proved it for myself.

One of my friends asked me once whether I remembered my first business transaction. It took my mind back to my childhood's days—I was actually nine years of age—

when I disposed of a stamp album which must have been worth at least £80, for 2d., a piece of chocolate cream, and a penknife. From that unpromising beginning until to-day, my memories range over such experiences of change and progress that I think they will be found interesting to most readers who themselves have witnessed many of the developments that have taken place, although in many cases from different standpoints.

Whereas (notice the legal beginning) my personal leanings were towards the Law, family responsibilities compelled me to change my plans. Being always fond of stringing words together and trying to make sense of them, journalism naturally attracted me. I taught myself shorthand, and practised it at night time until I was able to report. I then obtained a small position with a publication called *Latest Bits,* where I graduated in the approved style by combining all sorts of functions, and gained my first experience in journalistic methods. The first number was cleverly advertised by means of a contents bill containing a picture by Dudley Hardy, showing a beautiful nurse carrying a baby which she was showing to the delighted father. Underneath appeared the words, "The Latest Arrival." I also recall a bright scheme by which readers of that paper were invited to send in their photographs, which were used as illustrations by altering the faces. For instances, a clean-shaven man would be given a moustache, a bald man a fine head of hair, and so on. In this way I had the gratification of discovering myself, with certain improvements, figuring in an illustration as the hero of a great naval story.

Changes in Newspapers.—Life in Fleet Street was as exacting in most newspaper departments then as it is to-day, though it was very different. We had our ½d. daily papers in the *Morning Leader,* the *Morning,* and, a little later, the *Morning Herald.* The latter two did not long survive, but the *Morning Leader* always prospered,

and the coming of the *Daily Mail* four years later proved that the era of the popular Press had arrived. Fourteen years ago, in some monthly notes, which I wrote for a great many years under the heading of "In and Around Fleet Street," I prophesied that *The Times* would be reduced in price, and that the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* would be sold at ½d. The launching of the *Tribune,* Sir George Newnes's *Daily Courier* venture, and W. T. Stead's *Daily Paper*—all three penny papers—showed in their brief careers the difficulty of establishing a newspaper and the fact that the days of the new penny London dailies were numbered. We little thought, however, that we should see the death of the *Standard* (which, like the *Daily Telegraph,* showed evidence of progress, and had handsome offices erected for it in Fleet Street); nor did we anticipate the remarkable progress which would be made by papers like the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle,* when they reduced their price to ½d., and, while retaining their old readers, added hundreds of thousands of new ones to their circulations. It is sometimes suggested that a couple of decades ago conditions were far more lax than they are to-day. If anything, the times were more strenuous, and the fact was just as evident then that a man will make or break his reputation in Fleet Street within two years.

As an example of the "stick-to-it-ness" of the leading newspaper magnates, I well remember that Mr. Ernest Parke, the editor of the *Star* and *Morning Leader,* with whom, I am happy to say, I am still closely associated, used to be at the office at 7 a.m. to see the *Star* leaders before going to press, and he was also to be found in the same place at 10 o'clock in the evening to put the *Morning Leader* to bed. He never took a whole week's holiday, and as a result most of us did not care to go away either. Both by his example and kindly encouragement he got the best possible work out

of all his men, and there is not one member of his old staff who would not lose his right hand to render him a service.

Saturday morning holidays and an occasional afternoon for golf were quite unknown. Indeed, I frequently worked until quite as late on Saturdays as on any other day in the week. While, however, this shows how busy we had to be, I am not at all sure that we are not wiser to-day.

Clothes and the Man.—I also remember that twenty years ago no man on the commercial side of a newspaper would have ventured into Fleet Street unless dressed in a frock coat and silk hat. Even in the hottest July or August days, a straw hat was very rarely seen, and when a man did appear in one he was immediately singled out as a holiday-maker, and certainly was not treated as a serious business man. As an example of this, I recall an occasion when I was with a big company promoter and a card was brought in.

"What sort of a man is he?" the clerk was asked.

"Not important, sir, he's wearing a lounge suit and straw hat," was the reply.

"Well, then, tell him I'm engaged."

That man, who represented a really important paper, and was one of the best fellows I ever knew, was refused an interview because of his clothes. I ventured to say that I couldn't help catching sight of the name on the card, and as the man was "Somebody," thought that he ought to have been seen. The boy was sent after him, but he had disappeared. I know that this hasty decision on the part of my promoter friend in not seeing this very able young newspaper man resulted in heavy loss to them both.

A Pleasing Camaraderie.—It is pleasing to note the camaraderie that exists to-day in all departments of a newspaper office as compared with twenty years ago. Mr. Moberly Bell, then manager of *The Times,* told me that a score of years ago it was an unheard of

thing for a member of the editorial staff of *The Times* to be seen talking to any member of the commercial department. Indeed, there was a long period when it was not only a rule that no word of *The Times* should appear in the advertisement columns, and no word of advertisement in the news columns, but men working on the paper were actually forbidden to know each other. Mr. Moberly Bell also told a story of a man, formerly the head messenger of *The Times,* who died some time in 1892. He is reported to have gone to Delane with bated breath and said that Mr. Ross was seen speaking to Mr. Wilson in the passage; and those two men had been working for twenty years together in the same building and had never known each other.

A Start in Fleet Street.—The generally accepted recipe for acquiring a fortune is either to begin with an empty pocket or else, like the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, to start with a comfortable fortune and multiply it. I had neither of these advantages, but struck a happy medium, which I hope may lead to a proportionate result. To be exact, my personal capital when I entered Fleet Street one Saturday morning amounted to 9½d., plus a good general education—which, with other advantages, I owe almost entirely to my mother and her patience and kindness—a rough knowledge of journalism, and the ability to take a report in shorthand as a result of laborious self-tuition.

Fleet Street asks nothing from a man except ability to meet its requirements and industry to carry them out. I had, however, a valuable introduction to Mr. Ernest Parke, of the *Morning Leader* and *Star*. Replying to my application for an editorial appointment, he merely said that he had no vacancy, but if, in spite of that fact, I still wished to see him, I could call. So I duly called at Stonecutter Street, and was very charmingly treated. He listened patiently to my story, questioned me as to my education

and experience, and finally suggested that they *might* find a niche for me on the commercial side.

As a result I interviewed Mr. W. Homeyard, who said that Mr. Parke had spoken to him kindly about me while I was on my way to see him, and to cut a long story short, I was engaged at the princely salary of 30s. per week. A sixpenny telegram to my mother reduced my capital to 3½d., part of which I expended on refreshment, the remainder serving to take me part way home on a tram. Thus, I can claim actually to have started in Fleet Street with no capital of my own, although that was remedied by an advance of 10s. on account of my salary. This, I may say, was the only money I ever borrowed, and it was promptly returned at the end of the same week. That was more than twenty-one years ago.

There is a story of the late Lord Rothschild which is so good that it ought to be true, particularly as it embodies a business principle of which I proved the truth from the outset of my career. The story runs that Lord Rothschild, wishing to help a young man in business, took his arm and walked him through some of the principal thoroughfares of the City. That association was the best capital that his young friend had. I was similarly fortunate, because I found myself associated with one of the best firms possible, and from the beginning was not only well grounded in the principles of success by Mr. Homeyard, but was also impressed with the necessity of thinking for myself.

Mr. Homeyard—from whom I learnt a great deal which I am always glad to acknowledge—gave me one piece of counsel which may well be added to my implied injunction given above to serve the best firm you can. "No man," he said, "can teach you how to deal with other men. You must find out what methods suit your own personality, because those which lead to success in one case may be totally unsuited to a different individual."

As the ability to deal with men is the keynote to success in business, the advice is worth taking to heart. Whether one is selling anything or controlling a staff, it is essential that sound methods should be employed, and volumes could be written on the subject, although experience is the only safe guide.

The Old-Time Journalist in the then "Street of Drink."—The study of mankind always attracted me, and there was plenty to maintain interest in those days as at the present time. Life, I found, was a curious mixture of strenuousness and Bohemianism. As a matter of fact, journalism was just entering upon a new and better phase, when the worst conditions would disappear. There was, for instance, the custom of attending dinners of all sorts, which the reporters would regard as a kind of carousal. They were accustomed to leave, many of them, with souvenirs in the shape of cigars, and some of them rather the worse for drink. The first Press luncheon I ever attended impressed this aspect of journalism very strongly on my mind. I accompanied a well-known journalist who specialised in such functions and was typical of the class to which I am referring. In those days there were, of course, no "taxis," and the height of luxury in transit was the hansom. My "friend" was very particular in the choice of a vehicle, and would think nothing of waiting from a quarter to half an hour until he saw a "turn-out" which took his fancy. Then he would heave his vast bulk of twenty stone into the cab behind a smart horse and beneath a driver arrayed in a fawn-coloured coat, top hat, and adorned with a carnation, and settle himself comfortably with the remark that for a few minutes we could live like millionaires (at a cost of a shilling or eighteenpence!) On this particular occasion I was astonished to discover his method of arranging things with a view to his enjoyment. Arrived at the luncheon room he singled out the head waiter and called him up to his seat. He then produced

from his pocket half a crown which he handed to the man with the remark, "That's for you," cutting short his thanks by saying, "Wait a minute. You see that glass, well, it must never be empty." And it never was from the beginning of the luncheon till the end, although it was drained a good many times.

A Hardened Case.—I also remember an occasion when I accompanied the editor of a weekly newspaper to another function of the same kind. On the way I told him my views of the habits indulged in by journalists in over-drinking and in helping themselves liberally to cigars for future enjoyment. He also expressed disgust, and after hearing his views I was more astonished when the cigars came round and he turned to me with the remark: "Notwithstanding our conversation I really must take several of these, as I may not get another opportunity!" As I have already pointed out, the same conditions existed on the commercial side, and it is surprising that journalism was so efficient as it was. We have the men who were at the head of affairs to thank for that. With regard to the rank and file, many a promising young man was ruined mentally and morally by his associates. I recall one brilliant young man, at one time editor of one of our 'Varsity papers, who succumbed to his temptations and was finished in a few months, who afterwards sent a note to me at my office begging for sixpence "to buy bread." Such cases were unfortunately only too common. Happily, those conditions have almost entirely passed away, and you will find no more sober class to-day than newspaper men.

CHAPTER II

THE BIRTH OF THE POPULAR PRESS : OLD AND NEW JOURNALISM

Birth of the Popular Press.—It was my privilege to be linked up with the growth of the popular Press at its source, for the powerful ½d. dailies of the present time grew out of the ½d. evening newspapers, and particularly out of the *Star,* because it was the distribution system of this paper which made the *Morning Leader* possible by overcoming the opposition of the trade to a halfpenny morning paper. Previous attempts to establish halfpenny morning newspapers in London had failed because of the attitude of the wholesale distributors, who anticipated a loss of profit from the reduced price. The *Morning Leader,* however, was able to fall back upon the highly organised system of direct distribution to the retail newsagents which had been established for the *Star.* Thus, by using the carts employed for the *Star,* the management of the *Morning Leader* was enabled to deliver copies direct to the retailers of the metropolis without the intervention of the wholesaler, and although the method was a very costly one, it successfully combated the opposition which had proved too strong in previous ventures. Incidentally, the episode emphasises the paramount importance of the part played by the business side of newspapers in making the halfpenny paper a practical possibility.

I shall deal with the *Star* in detail later, and will content myself with showing why I describe the office as the original home from which sprang the modern powerful daily Press. When "T. P." retired, Mr. J. J. Colman,

M.P. for Norwich, who was one of the principal proprietors, asked Mr. Frederick Wilson (now Sir Frederick Wilson), who was his partner in the *East Anglian Daily Times,* to come and help in the reconstruction, and Sir Frederick himself is my authority for saying that, as managing director of the re-formed company, he made it a distinct point of policy that if anyone else threatened to start a halfpenny morning paper the *Star* Company would start one also. When the appearance of the *Morning* was announced the *Star* directors met at Corton, on the East Coast, where Mr. Gladstone was staying, and plans for a halfpenny morning paper were considered and approved. The *Morning Leader* was brought out in little more than a fortnight. It was an excellent first number, comparing well with the *Morning*.

The *Morning* collapsed, but the sound position of the *Morning Leader* was unaffected by the appearance of the *Daily Mail* in 1896.

I have further justification for describing the offices of the *Morning Leader* and the *Star* as the original home from which sprang the modern powerful halfpenny Press. Mr. Thomas Marlowe, who became editor of the *Daily Mail* (a distinction which he still holds, by the way), was an old *Star* man, and I may add that Mr. Robert Donald, the enterprising and able managing director of the *Daily Chronicle,* graduated in the same good school. The *Daily Mirror,* which was the pioneer of the halfpenny London picture papers, of course had its origin in the *Daily Mail* office, and although the *Daily Express* and *Daily Sketch,* which complete the list, are not controlled by men who were trained in the *Star* office, their origin was undoubtedly due to the demand for halfpenny daily papers which was created by them.

A Star Caste.—I am reminded by this of a saying I read recently that "the man who has testimonials is the man who needs them." No man in journalism could have

a better recommendation than the fact that he had a good record in the office of the *Morning Leader* or the *Star*. To-day many of the highest places in journalism and other fields of activity are occupied by men who were on these papers. Among the names which may be mentioned are Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere;* A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of *The Times;* Bernard Shaw; Richard le Gallienne, once the literary editor of the *Star,* in which his successor was the brilliant James Douglas, still a valued colleague of mine; Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., famous as "Sub Rosa"; Lincoln Springfield, the prince of Press agents in this country, now part proprietor and editor of *London Opinion;* Sir Gordon Hewart, the famous M.P. and now Solicitor-General; and Bertram Christian, a leading publisher. Joseph Pennell, a great artist who used the Press as a medium to fame, was also a *Star* discovery. "Charlie" Hands, one of the most brilliant writers on the *Daily Mail,* was the original "Star Man." A. B. Walkley, who made his reputation in the first instance as "Spectator" of the *Star,* created a record by writing what must surely be the shortest dramatic criticism, and one which would certainly tax the ingenuity of the most enterprising sub-editor to cut down. The play was slaughtered at length by other critics, but Walkley simply gave the name of the theatre, the title, which I believe was "A Terrible Night," and added the words, "Quite so."

Some of us who still remain might have been added to the list had we accepted offers which were made to us. Perhaps the most flattering testimonial paid to my own association with the *Star* Newspaper Company was the offer I received a few years back to become general manager of one of the great penny dailies which still survives all competition with undiminished prosperity. Dazzling as the prospect was at the time, I was so happy

in my old "home" that I could not face a parting of the ways.

Offered a Fortune.—In contradistinction to this, I am often amused at the recollection of another offer which was made to me at a very early stage in my career. It was no less than a prospect of eventually becoming a millionaire! My benefactor-to-be was a gentleman who had an office in Fleet Street, and the great scheme he unfolded to me was to associate myself with him in a venture which, according to him, would obviate the necessity of all newspapers except two, which we were to publish. My part was to organise and control the business departments, while he would supervise the editorial side. Like all other great undertakings it had the supreme advantage of simplicity. The revolution was to be accomplished by the simple process of publishing a morning paper called *Sunrise* and a companion evening paper called *Sunset,* these titles being sufficient, apparently, to wipe out all competition automatically.

Although he anticipated that our efforts would realise a modest profit of £200,000 for us to divide, natural caution rather than reluctance to show enterprise prompted me to decline the offer. The two papers never saw the light of day, but whether that was because of my declining to take part in the venture or because no one else would do so, I am unable to say. These offers were, of course, most gratifying, but were less alluring than they might have been because of the steady progress which I was already making.

Professor James Stuart was chairman of the directors of the *Star* Newspaper Company when I joined the *Morning Leader.* He was one of those men who at all times are greater than their work, and thus make their work great. He had long resigned his Professorship of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics at Cambridge in order to devote himself to political work. In 1898 he became a

director of Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Limited, and lived most of his time in Norwich, but he maintained his close connection with the papers right up to the time of his death. I well remember meeting him on one occasion outside the office in the pouring rain, and telling him that it was most uncomfortable weather, and I was about soaked through. With a whimsical smile he said, "Ah, but it is so good for mustard seeds."

Generous Appreciation.—On the other hand, as an example of his thoughtfulness, I recollect that after fourteen years' work with the *Morning Leader,* during which I had never stayed away from the office on account of illness (although on some occasions I might reasonably have done so), I was forced to absent myself for a week. When I returned to my duties he inquired kindly after my health, and said that it would be a matter of personal gratification to him if I would consult his own doctor, an old colleague at Cambridge. I promised to do so, and it transpired that he made special inquiries about me, and was told that I needed a long rest combined with a course of Spa treatment. Thereupon he begged me to follow that advice, adding that he himself had recently been obliged to do the same, and as he found it a most expensive proceeding, asked if I would "Just put the cost down to a friend named Stuart." My reply was that I would gladly do anything to please him in the shape of work, but I certainly could not go away for a long holiday, or accept his kind offer. Nor did I do so, but soon managed to recover my health in "The Street of Ink."

Such thoughtfulness was typical of him, and indeed he and Mr. Parke, who was then managing editor, seemed to act in combination for the purpose of encouraging me. I treasure many charming letters from both of them. The following quotation from one letter which Professor Stuart wrote to me is given not because of its personal reference, but to show the generous spirit in which he treated his

staff: "It delights me to have the opportunity of saying how much I admire and esteem your work, and still more important, how much I admire and esteem the spirit in which you carry it on, and the reports I hear on all sides, from often unexpected quarters, of your high and honourable character and reputation," etc., etc. It was pleasant indeed to work under such men, and I owe more than I can say to their friendship and help.

Evening Paper "Leaders."—Professor Stuart occasionally wrote the leading articles for the *Morning Leader*, and for a period regularly wrote the "leader" for the *Star*. The latter work involved getting to the office at seven o'clock in the morning, reading the morning papers, and then writing the leader at the last moment. He told me the prospect of writing an article against time terrified him, but that his subsequent experience was that it was easier on the whole to write at high pressure. He added that as he generally went to the House of Commons in the afternoon until midnight, the time at his disposal for sleep was very limited.

It seems to me now that one of the most striking differences between what I may call the "old" journalism and the new, is the restlessness which characterises the journalist of to-day. The giants of the 'nineties, and earlier, and even the smaller men, worked for the same paper much as a man goes into the Bank of England with never a thought of changing into, let us say, Lloyds. Even to-day the world at large associates the names of Sala with the *Telegraph*, Russell with *The Times*, and Archibald Forbes with the *Daily News*.

Qualifications for Journalism.—Another difference, which the War to some extent has modified, was that the "fine writing" of the old high-priced dailies gave way to plainer English more suited to the masses, to whom the newspapers with great circulations appealed. As an illustration of what I mean, it was said years ago that no

THE WEST END OF FLEET STREET, WITH A GLIMPSE OF TEMPLE BAR, 1799
(After a Drawing by W. Capon)

writer on the *Daily Telegraph* would mention a "fish." He would refer to it as "a finny denizen of the deep." Perhaps the alternative of calling a spade a spade was responsible for the libel actions which most big papers found to be the bane of their existence.

In the past the great journalists were regarded as of almost equal importance as their papers. They were like the actors and actresses of our time who draw full houses. Even our greatest editors and journalists, although they may have a following of many thousands of readers, would be the last to claim that one man alone could satisfy the *entire* demands of a newspaper clientèle to-day. Under modern conditions the newspaper caters for such diverse interests that general all-round excellence is the paramount requirement, and one or two names alone are not sufficient. Further, when the literary fare has been provided, the paper must be printed and distributed efficiently, the advertisements must be carefully cultivated, and the whole great organisation, made up of the four chief departments —editorial, printing, publishing, and advertising—must work smoothly and in harmony. Each of these is a huge business in itself, the first two entailing enormous outlay, and the latter two gathering in hundreds of thousands of pounds annually in revenue. One might compare the newspaper of twenty years ago and the production of to-day with a sailing ship and a steamer. The modern machine in either case calls for a combined degree of technical ability and skill not required before, and the man occupying a responsible position in each instance must be equipped mentally to a corresponding degree.

The Foe of the Free-Lance.—To return, however, to my own experience as a junior regarding the great ones of Fleet Street with awe from afar. I did not lose my interest in editorial matters, and I am very glad of it, because it proved a real help to me. To most writers the sub-editor is anathema. I have known many of them,

charming fellows in private life, and good sons, husbands, and fathers, but men who became transformed into Vandals as soon as they took the blue office pencil into their hands. Many a literary gem of mine did they lay violent hands upon and ruin, one of them being an effort for which I have never forgiven the perpetrator.

I had attended the closing performance at the old Gaiety Theatre, and considered my report worthy of the occasion. There was a reference to the decorations, and allusions to the departing glories couched in phrases of such tender sentiment as would bring the necessary lump into the throats of the readers.

Much of it was left as I wrote it, but the sub-editor was singularly "gifted," and while retaining a substantial part of my phraseology, contrived in the most subtle way to "improve" my writing. Thus, when I read the report in print, the white roses in my description of the decorations had been transformed into carnations, and the ferns out of sheer devilry had been turned into spiræas. The pathos of seeing Irving, Toole, Nellie Farren, and Edward Terry bidding farewell to a scene of old triumphs and closing a chapter in their own lives was entirely removed; in fact, the sub-editor seemed to think that it was far better to treat the occasion as a joyous evening on which the curtain was rung down uproariously by way of prelude to more merriment to come. In short, he treated an occasion which was somewhat melancholy as if it had been a pantomime, and I was powerless to prevent him. If he still lives, and reads these notes, he may be moved to repentance or inspired with added joy (according to his nature) by the knowledge that the young scribe whose work he so maltreated was incensed to such an extent that he could not bring himself to demand payment for the work he had done.

Old-Time Journalists.—I suppose this indiscriminate use of the sub-editor's blue pencil was due to counter-

LORD BURNHAM,

MR. FRANK LLOYD,

LORD
NORTHCLIFFE.

THE LATE
PROFESSOR STUART.

THE LATE
LORD GLENESK.

ing the offensive of the "penny-a-liners." These gentlemen were still flourishing in my early days, and as they got paid by the line, it is no wonder that the spinning out of sentences into paragraphs and of paragraphs into columns was developed into a fine art. The coming of the popular Press sounded the death-knell of their activities. With them, I am bound to say, the ruthlessness of the sub-editor to a large extent departed.

I think their place was filled for a long time by the old-time reporter who was paid a given sum for each engagement, there being an understanding that he would have one engagement a day at least. His life was a happy one. At about eleven o'clock or noon he would drop in on the news editor, who was sitting with his engagement diary before him. "Got a good dinner to-night?" the reporter would ask if he were on familiar terms with his chief, as he generally was. If he were a favourite he would get his dinner; and if, again, he was a favourite with his comrades on other papers, very likely he would enjoy his dinner, the wines and the cigars, without bothering to take any notes, but would avail himself of the work of one of the others by writing his report from notes that had been taken for another journal. Then, as often as not, he would send his manuscript down to the office by a messenger, and go off to a music-hall lest by some mischance there should be another engagement waiting for someone at the office. In such an atmosphere it was not easy to acquire the habits of industry, initiative, and perseverance which are indispensable qualifications to success in the "little inky alley."

Literary Specialists.—Mention should also be made of such celebrities as crime specialists—journalists who were on terms of familiarity with Scotland Yard, and who were ready to track down murderers and criminals in the interests of their papers. Others specialised in such delightful subjects as inquests, and when a murder or a

suicide was reported, the expert was there to follow it up. Very often these specialists found nothing demanding their attention, and had to devote their talents to other calls. One man I know was once given the agreeable task of calling on a lady of title to inquire whether a report that she had been found drunk and disorderly were true!

Since those days (and as I write the interval is a comparatively brief one) sensationalism of that nature has given place to the stupendous drama of the war. To some extent we have seen a recurrence of the older style of writing, although it is curious to note that some time after the outbreak of hostilities we were served with an official series of messages by "Eye-Witness," in which that curious person apparently endeavoured to satisfy the public requirements for news with petty paragraphs, the puerility of which is shown by a comparison with the accounts later sent by trained journalists.

Great as the changes have been in the literary departments of newspapers during the past twenty-one years, the growing importance of the commercial departments has been even more striking. As I look back, two outstanding personalities come to my mind in connection with the business side of journalism—Sir John Robinson and Mr. Moberly Bell. Both started on the editorial side, for prior to becoming manager of *The Times* Mr. Bell was correspondent of that paper in Egypt, while Mr. Robinson (as he then was) was editor of a comparatively small journal before joining the *Daily News*. Sir John Robinson combined editorial with managerial control at the time when I came into Fleet Street, and some of the most striking commercial developments of the paper, particularly regarding printing machinery, took place under his guidance.

An Ideal for Journalists.—Mr. Moberly Bell is even better remembered to-day as a great newspaper

manager because he figured later on the scene. I would describe him as the prototype of the modern newspaper manager as distinct from the manager having editorial control. He took large views of his office, and I well remember hearing him talk about journalistic ideals and saying:

"The ideal of modern journalism is the ideal of modern business; it is the ideal of every act that we ought to perform; it is the ideal of the English gentleman. If you will keep to that, whether you are an advertiser, canvasser, agent, journalist, messenger, anything you will, journalism will take care of itself."

The late Mr. E. E. Peacock, of the *Morning Post,* was another manager whose personality is still well remembered in Fleet Street.

It is not surprising that the enormous amount of money involved in the production of the modern newspaper should call for special business knowledge such as the old editorial men would have scorned to acquire. No one recognises more than I do the supreme importance of editorial genius in the conduct of newspapers, but this should be accompanied by equal ability on the business side. Some men combine both requisites, but they are rare, and fortunate are the papers with which they are associated.

The Paper Problem.—To give an instance of the importance of the commercial department of a modern daily one has only to turn to the paper supply. The contract may cover a period of five years, and all fluctuations which may take place in prices during that period must be taken into consideration. The total amount involved will, of course, run into hundreds of thousands of pounds. Price is only one factor to be thought of, the other being quality. The printing of half-tones on fast rotary presses adds to the responsibility of the paper buyer, particularly when, as at the time of writing, the scarcity

of sulphite pulp makes it impossible to maintain the normal quality.

The paper problem, which has necessitated a general reduction in the number of pages in newspapers, has shown, I think, that for all practical purposes the small newspaper answers the requirements of the average reader. The *Morning Leader* habitually published eight-page papers. Other papers succumbed to competition and increased the number, and I suppose that in the future the same thing will happen again. That will depend largely upon the advertiser and the newspaper commercial departments which minister to his wants. Before the war, when the standard size of the halfpenny papers was twelve pages, the number was frequently increased to fourteen pages, and occasionally to sixteen pages, in order to accommodate advertisers. Perhaps, on occasion, we shall have our dailies rivalling the Sunday papers of America, often with their sixty pages and a twenty-page coloured supplement thrown in. *The Times* has to some extent done this with its unique supplements, but papers may yet be constrained to adopt the practice and make general advertisements part of the ordinary issue. In that case the editorial matter will have to be very good, or the public will say what an old lady once remarked petulantly of a popular magazine, "This paper seems to contain nothing but advertisements." A City magnate, who ought to have known better, remarked to me some time ago that he would cheerfully pay sixpence daily for his paper if it did not contain any advertisements, as they were a positive eyesore to him. I told him that probably he would then have to pay between £1,000 and £2,000 a day, as he would be about the only man who would want such a paper. Quite apart from the important trade announcements which are made regularly, such advertisements as those of the theatres or alterations in the railway time-tables are of the utmost value not only to the public but also to business men. Experience has

taught the newspaper proprietor that the reader does want advertisements, and regards these announcements as important items in the news of the day. It will probably be fresh in the reader's mind that recently an evening paper was started which enjoyed but a brief career. The first week no advertisements were printed, and the general impression was unattractive, showing how advertising gives variety to the news sheets.

Newspaper Sizes.—The smaller newspaper served one very useful function; it compelled brevity. The contributor found that it answered no useful purpose to call a "fire" a "conflagration." He learned the practical application of a piece of advice which I have never forgotten, "Never use big words, they mean so little." The newspaper reader to-day has no use for mere rhetoric. Any Parliamentarian (excuse the length of that word, but "politician" will not do) will tell you that oratory of the Gladstonian style, admirable as it was, would not impress the public any more than the House of Commons. There are still one or two exponents of it at Westminster who are listened to good-humouredly because of the affection they command, but it would not be tolerated for any other reason. Years ago both newspaper articles and speeches ran into excessive lengths, but, on the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George's budget, which I heard before the war, was finished in under two hours, while Mr. McKenna disposed of his gigantic war budgets with even greater brevity.

All one's impressions and experiences, however, despite their variety and extent, are only valuable in proportion as they can be amplified by the experiences of others. To tell the story of the Street of Ink one must of necessity take the various newspapers and sections of the Press individually, as far as one can, and by treating them in as much detail as possible, endeavour to give the reader a sketch in outline of the developments which have taken

place of late years, and the methods and personalities of the men responsible for them. I shall now ring up the curtain in order to review their enterprises and reveal many interesting facts concerning them, a large number of which, up to the present, have been secret history.

CHAPTER III

"THE TIMES"

WHEN one comes to write about *The Times,* it is inevitable that one should write much about Lord Northcliffe. I told him so in effect, and he replied that I forgot altogether the great work which had been done by the men on the staff in recent years, and by "scholars like Geoffrey Robinson, Wickham Steed, and a score of others whose names may not be familiar in Fleet Street, but are well known in spheres which have weight."

I believe that Lord Northcliffe knows more about the history of *The Times* than any other man living. I believe equally that I know more about it *now* than most people in Fleet Street, chiefly because he favoured me with his confidence. Some of these secrets I propose, with his consent, to tell in these pages, but I shall adhere to my original contention, despite all Lord Northcliffe may say, that in the world of journalism *The Times* and Lord Northcliffe are synonymous terms. That is not a bad thing for *The Times.* In the vital periods of its history it has been associated in the public mind with certain great men, particularly John Walter the Second, Sir W. H. Russell and de Blowitz. Apart from them, the public knew nothing about the doings in Printing House Square. One met the prominent members of the staff and knew them by name, but as soon as they disappeared into the building they seemed to become swallowed by anonymity. To-day the building is dominated by the personality of Lord Northcliffe.

DELANE'S SELF-CONFIDENCE.—I always like the de-

scription in Sir Edward Cook's "Life of Delane" which tells how Delane, then a young man of twenty-three, rushed into the lodgings which he shared with John Blackwood, the publisher, in a state of the highest spirits, and said: "By Jove! John, what do you think has happened? I am editor of *The Times!*" "In later years," the narrative concludes, "he was asked whether he had felt no tremors. 'Not a bit,' was the reply, 'what I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility.'"

It is because he never feared responsibility that Lord Northcliffe wields the power that is his to-day. I said just now that his dominating personality was a good thing for *The Times*. It will be good for one thing, because the organisation in that building is more human.

Lord Northcliffe encourages initiative, as everyone in Fleet Street knows. He believes in big men for big things. The present manager, Howard Corbett, practically runs the whole building without interference. He has the distinction of being one of the youngest managers in the history of the paper, and, if he overcome a great delicacy of constitution, may leave a mark in Printing House Square as permanent as that of his predecessors.

Qualifications for Journalism.—Lord Northcliffe charged me with saying that he himself was not a good man of business! I replied that what I had said was that I thought he was a better journalist than man of business, which might still leave him a good business man. He thereupon expressed the opinion that a man could be a successful newspaper proprietor without being an adept in business.

Incidentally, it might be added that the history of Fleet Street shows that a man can be a commercial genius and no journalist, but yet make a success of a paper. It is difficult to find the man with imagination and foresight who can plan ahead and always judge what is the

right policy to be followed, whereas it is probably easier to get good writers.

Lord Northcliffe depreciates his own achievements with *The Times*. One can only reply that to us, who are in Fleet Street, his own spirit breathes in every column of the paper. When I complimented him on his well-known article, "The Army Behind the Army," his only comment was, "Thank you very much, it was well liked, and every word of it true."

He wishes a man to have a mind of his own, and has the keenest eye possible for a man's qualities. A thing that fascinates me about his conversation is his gift of summing up a man in a phrase. John Walter the Second he described to me as "the greatest man *The Times* ever had." Another personality he summed up as "a fine book reviewer—nothing more." "A great gentleman"—"an incompetent ass," and so on. When one knew the names and careers of the men referred to, the amazing aptness of the epithets was apparent.

Lord Northcliffe's Personality.—This gift of diagnosing character, so to speak, is allied to an extraordinary memory. I have rarely met a man who remembered facts and faces so well. Lord Northcliffe has, indeed, a remarkable equipment of strength of mind and manner which gives to his personality a wonderful charm. As he uses his memory for facts and figures in his daily work, so he uses his memory for faces and conversation in the exercise of a supreme tact that conveys to one whom he has met before a gratifying sensation of having left an agreeable impression. This is heightened by the way in which he devotes his whole attention to the subject he discusses, whether it is personal or otherwise. For the moment he locks every compartment of his brain save one which he uses for the time being. When you have gone, he will lock this, too, and open another. If, in the course of conversation, you ask him a question, there is another

mental pigeon-hole fully stored with all the information you want. Never, apparently, could there be a mind better equipped for its special needs and more methodically ordered than his.

I had a long conversation with him once, and after asking him not to let me detain him unduly, inquired his opinion why the busiest men always seem to have the most time to spare.

"They do not necessarily have the most time to spare," he replied. "It depends on what time of the day they begin work."

An Eye for Good Men.—His own work begins at 5.30 a.m. It ends about six o'clock in the evening, and he retires about 9.30 to 10. My lamented friend, Hugh Spottiswoode, of delightful memory, told me once that he was staying with Lord Northcliffe at Sutton Place. They had arranged to go over to Woking for a round of golf, and had an early breakfast at eight o'clock. His host had already dictated two leading articles when they sat down to the meal. For social life he cares little, although I liked the picture he indicated when he said, "I am going to the theatre to-night, but only because I want to take some people who are anxious to see the performance."

From such things one gathers the secrets of Lord Northcliffe's power. He is very human himself and he knows human nature. That is one reason why he knows how to pick men. I remarked recently that the journalist who does good work may find that very keen eyes are upon him. The present editor of *The Times* is a case in point. Lord Northcliffe, unknown to him, watched his career for a considerable time, and came to the conclusion that he possessed unique qualifications for his task. His successes at Eton and Oxford culminated in a Fellowship of All Souls, of which he is now sub-warden, a secretaryship to Lord Milner, and the complete control of the *Star* and *Leader* groups of journals in Johannesburg. It was

VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF JOHN WALTER THE SECOND, SHOWING THE ELM TREE IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, 1794

VIEW OF THE OLD PRINTING OFFICE OF "THE TIMES"

his work as *Times* correspondent in South Africa which brought him prominently under the notice of Lord Northcliffe, with whom he found himself in strict accord in their mutual views. Mr. Geoffrey Robinson's unique editorial gifts, the independent manner in which he conducted journals owned by mine owners—not always in the way the mine owners wished—especially appealed to the present controlling proprietor.

John Walter the Second.—Lord Northcliffe, by the way, paints a vivid picture of John Walter the Second, which to my mind bears a striking resemblance to himself. He describes him as "the real inventor of modern English journalism." "The records of *The Times,*" he says, "show that Mr. Walter was a driving force such as does not exist in English journalism in our time." Residing in a charming old house, which is still part of the great premises at Printing House Square, and of which a view appears in the adjoining illustration, he had around him in surrounding residences an emergency staff of reporters, compositors, and machine-men, who could be summoned at a moment's notice by the loud ringing of a hand-bell. In addition to the ordinary issue of *The Times,* which was published at an hour varying between five and eight each morning, emergency issues appeared on occasions at all hours of the day, weekdays and Sundays. Competition was at least as keen in those days as it is at present, and the fight between *The Times* and the *Morning Chronicle* equalled in ferocity and expenditure anything of the kind in modern newspaper warfare. As a writer, John Walter was possessed of a style so vigorous as to bring him into violent conflict with his contemporaries.

Secret History of "The Times."—I only wish I could tell all the interesting things Lord Northcliffe told me about the history of *The Times*. I must content myself with a few of the most important items, relating in the main to the past twenty-one years. As yet there is no

standard book covering the history of the paper, and for this reason I will mention one or two facts which deserve record. An early view of *The Times* printing office shows the words *Evening Mail* on each side of "*The Times* Office" (see the plate facing page 27). It is not generally known that the *Evening Mail* is still in existence under the title of the *Mail*. It is issued tri-weekly, and Lord Northcliffe says that it has "a curious circulation" in China and the Far East. He made a piquant comparison for me between *The Times* in the early part of the nineteenth century and to-day. "It was," he said, "in constant trouble with the authorities, who punished it by fining and imprisoning the proprietors, depriving them of the patronage of Government advertisements, and otherwise behaving themselves as Governments of a hundred years later."

His description of the second John Walter as the inventor of modern English journalism is supported by many examples of his enterprise. On the general establishment of steam-packet boats, he engaged them for the exclusive service of *The Times* with apparently reckless extravagance, and the earliest railway engines were constantly used for transmission by the reporters. He himself on occasion would set up his writings in type with his own hand. In this connection the engraving in *The Times* office of the first impression (dedicated to John Walter) from a self-acting printing press is not without interest.

The Times has always been well printed, and naturally so, for the Walters were originally printers and were very progressive. It had the very earliest rotary presses and type-setting machines, and it is in accordance with the fitness of things that since the latest change of ownership the mechanical establishment at Printing House Square has been entirely refitted. In order to obtain the present clearness of type, Lord Northcliffe, after examining the working of the monotype in the United States, installed it

at Printing House Square, and it is this, in conjunction with the very latest Goss and Hoe presses, and paper made of finest Newfoundland pulp, which gives a general appearance that leaves little to be desired.

A Period of Decline.—To go back to the time when what I may term "the great period of decline" set in, we find that Printing House Square was suffering from what Lord Northcliffe describes as "Anno Domini," for in his words "it was 'Anno Domini' that was largely responsible for the blunder of the publication of the forged Parnell letters, a tragedy in the history of newspapers almost without precedent."

Prior to that culminating disaster, however, *The Times* had been suffering from over-confidence, due to uninterrupted success. Having demolished the *Morning Chronicle* and the rest of its contemporaries, the proprietors did not pay sufficient attention to the oncoming of the *Daily Telegraph,* which, in Lord Northcliffe's words, "appeared in Fleet Street in 1855, in the rags of Cinderella, and was extremely well gowned in 1861, when it began to beat *The Times* in obtaining news of the Civil War in the dis-United States." The "human interest" of *The Times* also declined, and its recording of the lighter side of life which had formed a real part of its success, was not so pronounced as before—facts which the late Lord Burnham and his father were not slow to appreciate. None the less, the actual prosperity of *The Times* continued to increase, and did so continuously until the Franco-Prussian war, when the paper, though well served, was badly defeated in gathering war information by the *Daily News.* In 1870 Delane was no longer as active as he had been, and had not the stimulus of association with so "live" a man as the second John Walter. Between 1870 and 1875 *The Times,* though still an active newspaper, suffered so gravely in the matter of news-gathering that it became necessary for its readers, who were declining steadily, to furnish them-

selves with at least one other newspaper in order to be certain that they were not missing important intelligence.

Thus came a period in the history of *The Times* which forms a most melancholy chapter, and constitutes a very long "darkest hour before the dawn." The circulation fell and the revenue declined, despite various schemes. A violent effort to regain its circulation was made by the establishment of what was known as the Book Club, by which, on payment of £4 18s. per annum, *The Times* would be delivered daily, together with a free service of all books on the principle of Mudie's Library. It is not necessary to dwell upon the scheme, or upon the impossibilities of effectively carrying on so grandiose a project, or upon the inevitable quarrelling with the publishers and booksellers, or upon the growth of the litigation which accompanied this experiment. It is unprofitable to dilate upon the waning of efficiency in distribution and the passing into oblivion of its machinery of production. A certain, but very small, body of readers stayed staunch, the majority of them being foreign bankers, consuls, ambassadors, and clubs.

Most gallant was the attempt to save the situation made by Mr. Moberly Bell, and it was he who sought Lord Northcliffe's assistance and formed the basis of a combination of the old proprietors and new blood which brought back to *The Times* not only its letters from public men, but a sale of 200,000 copies daily, and a restoration of the old prosperity. It may interest the newspaper world to know that I have authority for stating that the profits of *The Times* after its reduction to a penny reached almost the highest figure in its long history. To meet war conditions the price was increased to 1½d., and afterwards to 2d., but I do not know what effect the increase has had on the sales or revenue.

Many legends circulate in newspaper circles as to Lord Northcliffe's first connection with *The Times*. As a matter

of fact, his advice was sought by the head of the Walter family nearly twenty years ago, and he made suggestions which it is believed would have averted difficulties, but which, for internal reasons, could not be adopted. More recently, at a time of the gravest crisis in its history, he heard quite by chance that the paper had already changed hands. The statement was nearly, but not quite, true. Unknown to the editor, or the then manager, Mr. Moberly Bell, an arrangement for the sale of *The Times* had been come to without consulting the whole of the proprietors, most of whom, together with Mr. John Walter, the chairman of the present company, still retain holdings. The accuracy of the news given to Lord Northcliffe was confirmed by the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who was always interested in *Times* matters, and a paragraph in the *Observer,* then owned by Lord Northcliffe, produced active intervention on the part of shareholders who had not been consulted.

As an instance of Lord Northcliffe's powers of organisation, and the way in which he delegates responsibility, I need only refer to the fact that he spends, as a rule, at least half of the year out of England. His system is to select capable people and leave them to their own responsibility; and even during the re-establishment of *The Times* he and his brother, Lord Rothermere, were engaged in what he describes as "a far more arduous enterprise"—the initiation of the huge undertaking in Newfoundland, with its 3,400 square miles of territory, its railways, steamships, and paper mills. At the same time, too, were rising the great paper mills at Gravesend, where much of the paper is made for *The Times* and the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail.*

One very interesting point emerges from a study of the history of *The Times.* I have previously asserted that it is a mistake to believe that present-day conditions in journalism are more strenuous than those of the past, or

more progressive. I am informed that in the 'sixties, for instance, the advertisement staff of *The Times* consisted of more than fifty people, and before that period the management was never weary of setting forth the number of copies issued daily which, as was proved by the purchase of Government stamps, equalled that of the combined sale of the other London morning papers. Of these, by the way, there were more than there are at this moment—a fact very often forgotten. *The Times* was proud to announce, too, in the fashion of modern American journals, that its advertisements exceeded in number those of any other publication.

This account of *The Times* would not be complete without a reference to the Weekly Edition, which, although little seen in England, is known to every English-speaking community abroad; to the literary supplement, which owed its origin to Mr. Moberly Bell; and to *The Times* law reports and other supplements. It is indeed a complete newspaper, worthy of the reputation and energies of Lord Northcliffe, who is contributing such an interesting chapter to its history.

Mr. J. A. Spender.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Mr. Ernest Parke, J.P.

Mr. Robert Donald.

Sir F. C. Gould.

CHAPTER IV

THE "MORNING POST"

SOME of those who wield the greatest influence in journalism are more or less unknown except by name. They prefer to remain in the background. Of these the most interesting figure is the Countess Bathurst, the dominating personality behind the *Morning Post*.

Soon after the death of Mr. E. E. Peacock, in 1909, I was offered the important position of general manager of the *Morning Post*. Naturally, it was a most tempting proposal from every point of view, and it was rendered doubly attractive by the way in which it was made. If anything could have induced me to leave Stonecutter Street it would have been the prospect of work in the artistic building in the Strand, coupled with the pleasure of being associated with people whose courtesy and consideration promised a delightful future. The only thing that made it impossible for me in the end to accept the offer was the fact that "home ties," represented by my chief and all the old friends and colleagues, were too strong to be broken.

THE COUNTESS BATHURST.—Countess Bathurst impressed me at once as the possessor of exceptional gifts and ability. Although she is not in Fleet Street, she is of it, and it is due solely to her own deliberate choice that the limelight of publicity does not reveal her capacity. She is a rare combination of the world which we call "Society" and the world where great things are done, and this fact shows the measure of her mind. I should imagine that

she regards her social obligations in much the same way that she regards her duties—as a phase of life involving responsibility but not frivolity. It is not my desire to disturb the privacy in which she wishes to remain, but merely to record in these notes an impression of one of the great figures in the journalistic world of our day. The Hon. Lancelot Bathurst, the younger brother of Earl Bathurst, took up the position of manager instead of myself, but unfortunately, owing to a breakdown in health, was obliged to give it up after three or four years' enthusiastic work, during which time it was my pleasure to meet him frequently.

I doubt whether any other country possesses a newspaper with such unique characteristics as the *Morning Post*—the word "fashionable" immediately comes to mind in connection with it. It is essentially aristocratic, as its Society intelligence shows, and as one can see from the advertisements in which "Yellow Plush" and "Mademoiselle" and their like make known their qualifications for service or inquire for vacancies.

It would not be right, however, to regard the *Morning Post* merely as the organ of Belgravia. It has always been ably edited, and its influence is well known to those who are acquainted with its history. Its greatest days date from the time when the late Lord Glenesk bought the paper and by his clever management and sound editing turned the venture into an assured success.

Quaint Announcements.—It may be interesting to note that in 1772, the year of its first publication as the *Morning Post and Daily Advertising Pamphlet,* the size of the paper was eight pages, the dimensions being twelve inches long by eight inches broad.

The fifth number contained the following announcement: "It having been advanced that the *Morning Post* is composed of advertisements extracted from other papers, not paid for in this, the proprietors, under a necessity of

rectifying so ridiculous an assertion, pledge their honour to the public, that no advertisement ever appeared or will appear in this paper, which has not, or which is not expected (as in the course of business) to be regularly paid for. It is hoped no one will longer be disappointed in not being able to obtain this paper, as an additional number of hands are employed to pull off an impression of six thousand."

Mr. Harry Peacock tells me that no fewer than fifteen of the twenty-four columns of the paper were devoted to advertisements, some of which were very quaint and interesting. They included one of a State Lottery offering £600,000 in prizes. A full ticket cost £13, but a sixty-fourth share could be bought for 4s. Another announced the performance of *Henry the Eighth* at Covent Garden, the prices of admission being: Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 3s.; First Gallery, 2s.; and Gallery, 1s. It is surprising to note an advertisement of "Shadwell Mineral Spaw," offering a water "noted for many excellent qualities," including the relief of the palsy, leprosy, and scurvy, recommendations which, happily, are not necessary to-day.

Mr. Oliver Borthwick.—Mr. A. K. Moore was editor of the *Morning Post* the year I came into Fleet Street. When he died Mr. Oliver Borthwick filled the vacancy for a few months until the appointment of Mr. Algernon Locker. The latter retired two years after, and was succeeded by Mr. James Nicol Dunn. Mr. Fabian Ware followed him, but he was not such a familiar figure in Fleet Street, nor was Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, who filled the editorial chair for a brief period until Mr. H. A. Gwynne, the present editor, was appointed. No record of the *Morning Post* would be complete without due acknowledgment of his services. He is considered, by those qualified to judge, the greatest editor the paper has ever had. A man of unswerving patriotism and single mind,

when he believes that a thing is right he throws the whole weight of the journal in support of it, and to him are due many of the latest reforms.

Mr. Oliver Borthwick, owing to the shortness of his career, was little known in Fleet Street. Had he lived he might have been a conspicuous figure like Lord Burnham, and our memories of him would have been the richer in consequence. He planned the existing *Morning Post* offices, and one of his last achievements was to arrange for the first fourteen-page issue of the paper, which was published in 1904. He also went to America, and from what he learnt there installed the present printing machines. He was one of the most popular young men in London, and his charm, courtesy, and enormous power of work, if health had permitted, would, in the opinion of his friends, have made him one of the greatest men of the day.

The late Mr. E. E. Peacock, the manager, was for many years honorary secretary of the Savage Club. I was told of a tribute which one of the members paid to him which might equally be applied to the impression which he made on his fellow-journalists:

"To Peacock duty was a watchword, and, as he interpreted duty, it meant something more than the bare performance of that which he had undertaken to do; he strove to leave the world a little better than he found it. It was a noble purpose, and within the sphere of his influence he accomplished it."

Such an epitaph reflects credit upon the man himself, the paper he served, and the profession he adorned. His son, Harry Peacock, who now occupies his father's position, inherits a proud legacy in the memory of his record, and may be expected to maintain it worthily.

An Aristocratic Paper.—Any journalist studying the progress of the *Morning Post* will appreciate the difficulties experienced in showing enterprise, and the ability

with which the problem has been solved. Nothing is easier than to ruin a newspaper by ill-considered methods. The *Morning Post* appeals to a public so fastidious that Lord Glenesk would not allow display advertisements to appear in its columns, and it was indeed a sign of the times when this restriction was removed. Generally speaking, the editors adopted the sound policy of attracting attention by means of an excellent news service and expounding strong opinions whenever they deemed it necessary. During the Great War the outspokenness of the *Morning Post* kept it prominently before the public. Perhaps its wildest flight into the realms of sensationalism was the purchase a few years ago of a French airship which caused considerable excitement during its journey to London. Lady Bathurst, who had been to Germany, had seen the Zeppelins there and noted the absorbing interest the German people took in them as weapons of offence, even the poorest giving their mite towards building them. In 1910 the *Morning Post* started a movement to obtain an airship to be presented to the British Government. A French type was presented—a semi-rigid—it being impossible at that time to obtain a rigid airship, as the latter class was made only in Germany. On its arrival in England, after a successful journey across the Channel, the airship accidentally burst owing to the doorway of the War Office Aerodrome being too small. Lord Roberts, who was watching the airship being berthed by the clever French airman in charge, noticed the size of the door, and, turning to a bystander, said: "It is like a glove on a hand—not an inch to spare." The moment afterwards the envelope caught on a rough edge, ripped, and the airship collapsed.

The *Morning Post* yields place to none in the eminence of its contributors and the ability of its staff. Among my own personal friends I am happy to include Bromley Read, the chief sub-editor, a highly respected journalist

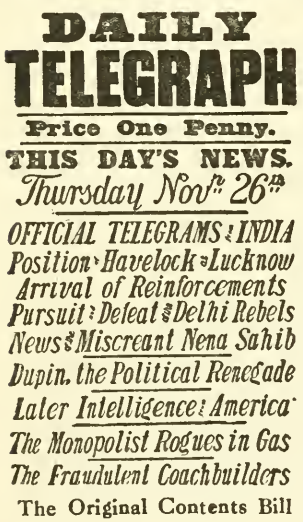
and an excellent sportsman; and I am glad to be able to pay a tribute to the memory of another friend, Captain Moyna, who at the outbreak of the war was one of the leader writers. He joined one of the Scottish regiments, and was, I regret to say, killed in action.

CHAPTER V

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

FLEET STREET is full of strange contrasts, and one that frequently strikes me is the disparity in its buildings. It would not be an exaggeration to write of it as one of the richest streets in the world, having regard to the capital employed and the revenues earned, yet you find huge newspaper offices cheek by jowl with small shops that may be described as suburban, or with empty instead of palatial premises as neighbours, while here and there is the inevitable public-house. One of the handsomest buildings is that of the *Daily Telegraph*. On one side it adjoins the old *Standard* business premises (now let out in offices, one of which I occupied in connection with the *Morning Leader* for some years), and on the other a shop with offices above. Outside you get a glimpse of an enormous hall, with a counter and numerous desks where the business of taking small advertisements by the thousand is carried on. But you get the real atmosphere when you pass through the hall and up the wide, pleasant staircase with its homely pictures at the far end. On the first floor you will find two interesting rooms of historic interest to journalists. In one sits the veteran managing editor, Mr. Le Sage, the successor of Sir Edwin Arnold, whom Lord Burnham described (at the dinner given to Mr. Le Sage when he was entertained in celebration of his jubilee with the paper) as "the greatest man who, after Dr. Johnson, ever walked Fleet Street." The late Lord Burnham used this room, and when I saw Mr. Le Sage there he was sitting in the same old comfortable chair that his former chief used.

An Historic Room.—Lord Burnham's own room contains many interesting pictures of men prominently associated with the *Daily Telegraph,* including portraits of the founder of the paper, Lord Burnham's father and grandfather, Sir Edwin Arnold, George Augustus Sala, Le Sage, Bennet Burleigh, Clement Scott, and a very interesting photograph showing the late Lord Burnham surrounded by the leading lights of the staff.


DAILY
TELEGRAPH
Price One Penny.
THIS DAY'S NEWS.
Thursday Nov.r 26th
OFFICIAL TELEGRAMS : INDIA
Position : Havelock : Lucknow
Arrival of Reinforcements
Pursuit : Defeat : Delhi Rebels
News : Miscreant Nena Sahib
Dupin, the Political Renegade
Later Intelligence : America
The Monopolist Rogues in Gas
The Fraudulent Coachbuilders

The Original Contents Bill

The original contents bill, here reproduced, also hangs on the wall, and claims special attention owing to the remarkable freshness of the printing which, after so many years, is hardly discoloured.

A picture that interested me particularly was a signed portrait of Charles Dickens, who, I believe, was a friend of the late Lord Burnham's and probably largely responsible for the line of action which the latter adopted concerning the people, as shown in the later policy of the paper.

Rooms, like clothes, serve only to reflect the personalities of people. Never did a building better interpret the minds of the men using it than the home of the *Daily Telegraph.* You find in Lord Burnham a spirit that harmonises perfectly with the great past typified by the pictures in his room. You are conscious that the traditions of his property are exemplified in himself and in the high regard for his father and his staff that he shows by his words. His vitality impresses me with a sense of mental and physical alertness. His sagacity is well known, and he possesses in a marked degree

the priceless journalistic gift of a good memory. "That was in October, 1885," he would say, referring to an incident that was mentioned, and he will give you fact after fact with the same perfect assurance without any need to corroborate them by references.

The Late Lord Burnham.—As one would naturally expect, he speaks with the utmost enthusiasm and affection of his father. When I asked him what he considered to be the first Lord Burnham's outstanding business qualities, he replied that he was a man of wonderful judgment and vision and made up his mind with lightning-like rapidity. He had an almost uncanny power of foresight, and could tell what line of policy in a given case would ultimately be best for the nation. Having made up his mind, he would pursue that policy unhesitatingly. He decided in three minutes to send Stanley on his famous expedition to Central Africa (then known as the Dark Continent). Incidentally, he asked Stanley what it would cost, but the actual amount involved turned out to be roughly from £15,000 to £20,000 more than the explorer estimated.

Reviewing his achievements, however, I am inclined to think that the average journalist would be most impressed with one other outstanding quality. He had a real gift for discovering men. The young journalist (if my own experience is any guide) must often feel discouraged at the outset when he sees how far he has to climb and how difficult it is to mount each rung of the ladder of competition with thousands of others who cherish the like ambitions. As he grows older in the Street of Ink he finds many who will help him, a few who will fight him, some who will depreciate him. If I am asked the best way to succeed, I say, "No one can help you so much as you can help yourself. Look for your own opportunities and do your best."

G. A. Sala and Bennet Burleigh.—The late Lord

Burnham had a rare faculty for finding the men he needed. In the early 'sixties he found that great Bohemian, George Augustus Sala, who was then living in a poor way somewhere in Covent Garden. The result of his perspicacity in that connection is indisputable. This may be taken as disposing of the misconception which was once pretty generally held that Sala inspired his chief. The reverse was the case. During Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley's Egyptian campaign in 1882, he discovered another promising man by noticing the work of a correspondent of the Central News. This was Bennet Burleigh, who joined the *Telegraph* in 1884 and went to every war for the paper afterwards. Lord Burnham says he was the strongest man he ever knew; and I may mention that when he went to Madagascar it was said that although practically every man in the expedition was ill, Burleigh pulled through with the aid of a little whisky! Towards the end of the Boer War Burleigh sent a private cablegram to the *Daily Telegraph* from Pretoria to indicate that the Peace, afterwards known as the Peace of Vereeniging, had been settled between General Botha and the British representatives, Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener. It was the verse about the Dove of Peace amplified by Easter greetings, but its true purport was deciphered by Lord Burnham, who was the only person to interpret its meaning. Another of his happy appointments was the selection of W. L. Courtney as literary editor.

"Telegraph" Men.—A volume would be needed to deal adequately with the men who made great reputations with the *Daily Telegraph*. A chapter would be given to Clement Scott, on whose lightest word the theatrical managers would hang, because he probably possessed more influence than any other dramatic critic of his day, and was almost able to make or break a play or a player. Scott, however, overreached his powers when he attacked

the morals of the stage, and found himself confronted with the solid opposition of the leading theatrical managers. Other names to be mentioned are those of Sir Claude Phillips, for several years Keeper of the Wallace Collection, a first cousin of the late Lord Burnham, who is the art critic of the *Telegraph;* H. D. Traill, brilliant alike as a journalist and a classical scholar, and editor, with J. S. Mann, of that standard work, "Social England"; Perceval Landon (the "Londoner"), whose achievements include an expedition to Tibet, and J. L. Garvin, who went to the *Telegraph* from the *Newcastle Chronicle,* about the same year that I made my entrance into the Street of Ink. Mr. Garvin contributed much brilliant writing to the paper under a pseudonym, and I have reason for believing that it was he who described the Diamond Jubilee and wrote a wonderful description of the Coronation. But, as Lord Burnham remarked to me, he had to confine himself to smaller spaces in those days than those he now commands with the *Observer.*

Reminiscences of the "Telegraph."—As will be seen, the Burnhams have been the rulers of the *Daily Telegraph.* Father and son, they have been the real directors of the paper, although actually there has been no appointed editor. They have always dictated the home and foreign policy themselves, assisted by the managing editor. Mr. Le Sage, who holds that office to-day, reported the last speech which Cobden made; and it is interesting to recall the fact that when Palmerston was said to be dead, he went to Brocket Park to ascertain if the news were true. The footman denied him admittance, but he convinced himself that the rumour was correct and reported accordingly at the office. It seems strange that there was no newspaper bill announcing the news, and no reliable report, although at that very time the Prime Minister had been dead for five hours.

The *Daily Telegraph* has never stooped to sensational-

ism, although it has a proud record of enterprise. It has always been something greater than a newspaper, as the walls of Lord Burnham's room show. Philanthropy has long characterised its columns. One sees in a frame the original of the Shilling Fund appeal, started at the time of the Boer War in aid of the widows and orphans. The fund was conceived by the late Lord Burnham and was one of his pet schemes. It realised the enormous sum of £253,000. I believe that the first newspaper fund of all was the *Daily Telegraph's* subscription started in 1862 for the relief of sufferers from the cotton famine in Lancashire. Another successful fund was started in 1871 on behalf of the starving people in Paris at the close of the siege. In my own time I remember the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, which produced over £37,000 for the hospitals, and, of course, the Boer War Fund, as well as the first Shilling Fund, which was inaugurated as a national testimonial to W. G. Grace, and realised over £5,000.

One of the *Daily Telegraph's* greatest "scoops" (and the one which Lord Burnham himself thinks was the finest journalistic achievement scored by his paper in this century) was the famous interview with the German Emperor in 1908. The name of the interviewer is still a secret, but the article was quoted in almost every important newspaper in the world. Another "scoop" was getting the first news of the Battle of Tsushima Straits in 1905 a week in advance of any other paper.

Looking back over the years, one is conscious of a continued atmosphere of prosperity in all that concerns the *Daily Telegraph*. The paper itself conveys the impression. The headquarters in Fleet Street, both inside and out, are essentially affluent. One might be tempted to think that nothing could be more natural, that the paper just appeals to a prosperous class, and that ordinary business sagacity and journalistic foresight and skill do the

rest. Yet without business and journalistic genius combined in a remarkable degree the *Daily Telegraph* would not exist to-day. Lord Northcliffe is my authority for that. Talking with me about journalism, he said, referring to the *Daily Telegraph*, "Did Lord Burnham ever tell you of the time—a good many years ago—when the total value of advertisements in one day's issue amounted only to 7s. 6d.? If not, ask him to do so." I intend to.

CHAPTER VI

THE "DAILY NEWS"

If I had been asked five or ten years ago to write my impressions of the *Daily News,* I should have described it as a paper with a great history, extremely influential, representing the views of a solid middle-class public, and strikingly altruistic and philanthropic in its aims. I should also have mentioned the reputation of its foreign news, the weight of its leading articles, and the excellence of its book reviews.

All Fleet Street recognises that the *Daily News* is a paper with a personality. When I joined the board at the time of the amalgamation with the *Morning Leader* in May, 1912, a new chapter in my business life was opened, and I "took my bearings" for the future. The man who works his way up from the bottom of the ladder has his great moments, and this was one of mine. There had been another when I was promoted to the head of my department with the *Morning Leader,* and I well recall the thrill the news gave me, and how I walked up the Street of Ink afterwards as if treading on air, with my head up and chest out, really and truly fancying that everyone I passed was looking at me as a man who had "arrived"! I had much the same feeling when I became one of the directors of the *Daily News* and the *Star,* and indeed I am not ashamed to confess that the sensation of being proud of the position is still with me. The man who cannot enjoy promotion and realise its possibilities as well as its responsibilities will never cut a figure in the world, although he should beware of the disease known as "swelled head."

A Paper with Traditions.—Not long after the amalgamation I was talking one day to my friend, Sir Hedley Le Bas, about the *Daily News* and its characteristics. He said that the backbone of the paper consisted of readers to whom the *Daily News* was a tradition. It was, in his judgment, endowed with more vitality than any other medium in the kingdom, and, according to him, if it were printed upside down or sideways or in some other freak fashion, it would still command the regular support of a whole army of its old friends.

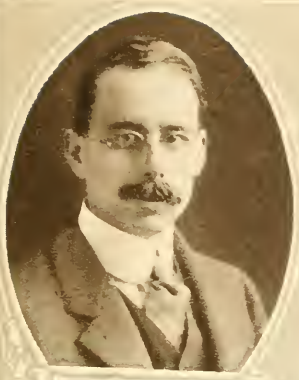
Charles Dickens, Founder of the "Daily News" (1846)

When I came into the Street of Ink Sir John Robinson was still the outstanding figure on the *Daily News*. After his time the paper had some ups and downs, although it never lost its hold upon its readers. E. T. Cook subsequently became editor, and in 1902 the chair of Charles Dickens was filled by A. G. Gardiner, who still occupies it. Sir E. T. Cook, at the time of writing, occupies the responsible position of head of the Press Bureau, and it is a tribute to his judgment and skill that most of the old complaints which were levelled against the bureau at the outset rapidly vanished.

It has been said that anything of the nature of autobiography must be indiscreet if it is to be really interesting. I will risk an indiscretion by saying that the amalgamation of the *Daily News* and *Morning Leader* was a most difficult problem. We had to graft upon the decorous *Daily News*

what I may term the exuberant vitality of the *Morning Leader,* and produce a paper which, in the words of our advertisements, should combine "all the best of both." We had a more difficult task still in amalgamating the two staffs, each intensely proud of the achievements of their respective papers, and perhaps a little suspicious of the intentions of each other concerning which particular traditions should predominate. Fortunately, we had much in common. The political sympathies of the two sets of men were equally strong in the same direction, and formed a common bond. As far as the *Leader* men were concerned, they would, I believe, have followed Mr. Parke (who worked untiringly to bring the amalgamation to a successful issue) to the *Daily Mail*, if such a destiny were thinkable. However, the plan adopted worked well, and to-day there is such a feeling of mutual loyalty and regard that we share a common tradition whilst working for a common aim.

Amalgamation Difficulties.—There were many great difficulties to be surmounted. The office in Bouverie Street was originally built to house one newspaper —a staid penny daily—and it became necessary to make some considerable alterations to cope with the development inaugurated by the new combination and the *Star*. Large building operations that could not be seen from Bouverie Street, which alone cost £17,000, had to be undertaken. The northern side of the printing works was underpinned, and as the site is on the old bank of the Thames, a huge concrete raft was sunk between 20 and 30 feet below the street level on the shifting river gravel to form a new foundation. The bottom floor of an old house below the present office was entirely cleared away to make standing room for the *Star* carts, and further offices were acquired in the rambling buildings adjoining, which were connected with the main building by a bridge. The quaint old Victorian building in Fleet Street was cleared of the



Mr. H. T. Cadbury.

Mr.
A. G. Gardiner

Sir Arthur
Pearson, Bart.

Mr.
James Douglas.

Sir E. T Cook

tenants occupying the rooms above the advertisement offices, and was refitted for myself and a staff.

It was a wrench to leave my old office for the more magnificent apartment across the way, and I paid a sad visit of farewell to the building in Stonecutter Street with all its precious memories. I spent the evening before the publication of the first amalgamated number in Bouverie Street with my wife and Mr. Parke, and together we watched the paper being put to bed. Mr. Parke predicted a great success for the future, and he was right. Under new conditions the paper settled down to a steady 500,000 copies daily. The subsequent progress showed an increase of over 50 per cent. compared with that figure.

When I began to survey my new conditions I found much to interest me. I have referred to the vicissitudes of the *Daily News,* and now come to the reawakening of its vitality. Probably the greatest undertaking in the history of the paper was the reduction in price to a halfpenny. It would, however, be difficult to exaggerate the importance of establishing the duplicate editorial and printing office in Manchester in order to compete with the *Daily Mail.* What that involved may be gathered from the fact that no other London daily has done so, if one excepts the *Daily Mirror,* which abandoned the venture!

Changes and Developments.—More remarkable still, the achievement was accomplished mainly by two young men who were newcomers to the Street of Ink. I refer to my colleagues, H. T. Cadbury and B. F. Crosfield. The former came to Bouverie Street in March, 1907, straight from farming in Worcestershire. He was appointed director of the company, but assumed no executive duties, and as he knew no one when he arrived in the office, he had to pick up what information he could where he could. In May of the same year he was joined by T. G. Curtis, the present secretary of the company, who became his private secretary, and in September by his old

college friend, B. F. Crosfield, who had just completed his apprenticeship in a large engineering works and thus qualified indirectly for the technical supervision of a big printing establishment. One month later these two took over the management of the paper, and Fleet Street watched many changes in the personnel of the staff, perhaps with more than usual interest, as the incomers were practically unknown outside the *Daily News* office.

THE "DAILY NEWS" IN THE NORTH.—The northern offices in Manchester were opened in 1909. A large warehouse of three floors was acquired and turned into what is generally admitted to be an excellent printing office, and thus the foundation was laid for the developments of the past few years, for which an enormous amount of credit is due to these two men. So well did they make their plans that following one "rehearsal" (during which proceedings were one hour late all through), the first day's simultaneous publication in the North went through without a hitch. Not one parcel missed its proper train, and the only mishap was the loss of a small "Clock" block for the northern leader-page.

The northern edition is not merely a duplicate of the London edition printed in Manchester for the sole purpose of ensuring the earliest possible delivery of the latest news in the Midlands, the North, and in Ireland. It contains a large amount of news of local interest and importance, the business columns giving, for example, such quotations as cotton prices, which are of supreme interest to the Manchester district. The northern edition, again, is subdivided into other local editions. Thus, the Liverpool edition contains news affecting that district which is not found in the Manchester local edition, and vice versa. This work is most ably controlled by G. G. Armstrong, the northern editor, who brings a ripe experience to his task. He had been for a long time on the staff of the *Morning Leader*, and subsequently became editor of

the *Northern Echo*. Before that he had served as reporter, sub-editor, and leader writer with a number of prominent provincial dailies. He has written many popular books and pamphlets.

Continuation of Great Traditions.—It is only right to say at this point how much the *Daily News* and the cause of democracy owe to the interest and devotion of Mr. George Cadbury. At one time he took as active a part in the guidance of its fortunes as his wide responsibilities would permit, looking upon the task as a duty, and regarding the paper as a powerful instrument for alleviating distress and injustice which might otherwise crush those for whose sake I firmly believe he would cheerfully impoverish himself were it necessary. He was ably seconded by his son, Mr. Edward Cadbury, the present chairman of directors, by whose business sagacity the paper benefits much. No paper was ever served with such unselfish devotion, nor, is it too much to say, have higher traditions been maintained in the history of journalism. It is not surprising that the policy of the *Daily News* should be pursued with fearlessness and independence and be entirely unaffected by material consequences.

There is a good story told of an Australian politician who had the reputation of being the plainest man in the antipodes. A photographer went to him one day and said, "May I take your photograph? I can do you justice." "Justice!" was the reply, "I don't want justice, I want mercy." The editor of the *Daily News* asks for no mercy, but I find it difficult to do justice to him, particularly as many writers have borne testimony to his charm of personality, to his passionate Liberalism (using that word in its broadest sense), to his independence, and to his wide sympathies. His Saturday article over the initials "A. G. G." (A. G. Gardiner), is read by hundreds of thousands of people every week, and should they cease for a week or two, many are the letters

we receive asking when they will appear again. Some of these have been published in book form and have secured a more permanent public through such volumes as "Pillars of Society" and "Prophets, Priests and Kings."

A. G. G.'s VIEWS.—I asked him recently what he considered were the most important achievements under his editorship, and also for some reminiscences about the men who have served with him. I cannot do better than give some of his impressions, very largely in his own words.

"Personally," he says, "I think that the thing I am proudest about is the part which we took in regard to Chinese labour—our opposition to that and the effect of the correspondence we initiated in South Africa on the subject were, I think, main factors in bringing the thing to an end and saving South Africa from an enormous complication of the racial trouble. But undoubtedly we paid a big price for taking this line.

"No less satisfactory in retrospect is, I think, the part we were able to take in securing self-government for South Africa. We fought that battle journalistically almost single-handed against very heavy odds, but, with the experience of the war present to our minds, there are few who will not agree that the concession of self-government to South Africa was one of the greatest strokes of imperial business in history. Without it South Africa would in these times have fallen away from us without a struggle. The idea of liberty has never had a more triumphant justification. Ever since the *Daily News* was established social work has been one of its chief interests and one of its greatest claims to consideration, and during the past fifteen years it has preserved this tradition.

"Much the most thrilling time I can recall, so far as the internal life of the office is concerned, was the week before Christmas, 1905, when Canning Town was reduced to something like starvation owing to the depression at

the docks and the fogs which made labour impossible. I have seen many extraordinary outbursts of generosity on the part of our readers, but nothing like the exhibition of that wonderful week when the whole staff spent its Christmas in dealing with the tornado of cheques and postal orders, and in administering the fund in Canning Town. Vaughan Nash, Masterman, and I lived down in Canning Town during the critical days.

"In the course of a fortnight or so we raised £18,000 in money and goods; established committees in every ward; shoe and clothing depots; and organised work for the unemployed through the Epping Forest Commissioners, the Corporation, the West Ham Hospital, and other channels. We drained part of Chingford Plain, built outdoor baths, decorated the West Ham Hospital, asphalted playgrounds, and carried out many other public works on the principle that the relief should take the form of labour rather than gifts.

Social Work of the "Daily News."—"The most important social experiment made was the famous Sweated Industries Exhibition which we organised and held at the Queen's Hall. For a long time there had been a tendency to deal with sweated trades generally on voluntary and philanthropic lines, and quite ineffectually. The Queen's Hall experiment brought the whole evil out into the daylight. The exhibition, which was opened by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Queen of Spain, was visited by the present Queen, then Princess of Wales, and many members of the Government. It created a profound impression, and the immediate effect was the passing of the Minimum Wage Boards Act applying to sweated industries. No Act passed since 1906 has been a more complete success."

The campaign for small holdings carried on in the columns of the *Daily News* by C. F. G. Masterman (the loss of whose graceful pen, even if it is only temporary,

leaves Fleet Street the poorer), led to the passing of the Small Holdings Act. Masterman, with his assistants, organised and carried out the work with conspicuous ability. I believe that Masterman created a record in journalism by writing a leading article one night whilst still on the staff of the *Daily News* and entering the Cabinet the following morning when it appeared in print. I do not think that even Lord Morley, whose association with the *Pall Mall* is classical, quite equalled this. "A. G. G." makes a very interesting point when he says that "probably no paper has undergone so great an expansion of circulation and influence in the last fifteen years."

"A remarkable thing," he adds, "has been the loyalty of the Old Guard. Throughout all these popular developments, no paper, I suppose, commands quite the affection which the *Daily News* exercises on its clientèle. It is that affection which accounts, not only for its political influence, but also for the extraordinary generosity in response to any appeal for a public object."

Readers of 1870.—It is remarkable how frequently we still hear from people whose families have subscribed from the first issue in 1846, or who themselves have subscribed since 1870. It was the war in 1870 which gave the *Daily News* its enormous impetus, owing to the brilliant war correspondence of Archibald Forbes, and the letters of Henry Labouchere from besieged Paris. The fund which the *Daily News* raised at the time for the relief of the French sufferers by the war was one of the earliest experiments in this kind of journalistic activity and created a deep impression in France. It is worth noticing as a parallel that it is again in war time that the *Daily News* has made one of the biggest strides in its history. "A. G. G." sums up its traditional policy and the ability of its writers very aptly: "Historically, the *Daily News* has been conspicuous for two things—

its attachment to social policies and its literary interests. No newspaper has in the last seventy years had more distinguished literary men on its staff, and its record in the last fifteen years, and since its production at the popular price, has not been inferior to that of the past. Among many may be mentioned the names of a few of the leader writers: Herbert Paul, Vaughan Nash—afterwards private secretary to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, and now vice-chairman of the Development Board—C. F. G. Masterman, J. L. Hammond, the author of 'The Village Labourer,' and others. It was in the *Daily News* that G. K. Chesterton first came into general prominence, and in its columns that John Masefield did his first journalistic work as reviewer. Hilaire Belloc, too, did his first work as a military expert by writing the military criticisms of the war in South Africa in the *Daily News*."

I might add that an achievement of which any paper might be proud was the remarkable Church Census which was carried out in London, and became the basis of a great deal of valuable data for subsequent social work.

Members of the Staff.—When I became associated with the *Daily News* I immediately formed the opinion that "A. G. G." and H. W. Smith, the present night editor, knew the pulse of the readers of the paper to perfection. To maintain this knowledge in view of the vast increase in the number of regular buyers has not been easy, and its successful accomplishment testifies to the journalistic ability of themselves and their colleagues from the *Morning Leader,* among whom must be prominently mentioned J. S. Hodgson, the assistant editor, and a capable writer; F. J. Hillier, news editor, whose work is so well known in the Street of Ink; H. Cozens-Hardy, his able assistant; and Harold Warren, who was also a colleague of mine on the *Morning Leader*. Hillier is one of the best-known journalists in London. The Newspaper

Press Fund and the Institute of Journalists owe much to his unselfish labours and to his businesslike aptitude for practical affairs. His achievements are not so well known as his ability, for he does not work in the limelight. Previously to becoming night editor of the *Morning Leader* he was for a time sub-editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald,* and the war to an extent caused him to renew his old association with the French capital. His proudest recollection of France in the future, however, will be that his son won the Military Cross there. If they gave one in journalism F. J. Hillier would have had it long ago. Cozens-Hardy has a wide knowledge of American affairs, and in 1916 made a special visit to the United States to cover the Presidential election for the *Daily News*.

The literary editorship is in the competent hands of Robert Lynd, assisted by many brilliant reviewers; the City office is in charge of R. Benham, who came from the *Standard* with a big reputation which he has well maintained. Nor should I omit to mention W. A. Ebbutt, who for many years previously was with the *Morning Leader*. I may describe the latter as the soldiers' Father Christmas, because he took charge of the *Daily News* Christmas Pudding Fund, which provided the Army's puddings in 1914 and 1915, and in conjunction with the *Daily Telegraph* raised the gigantic sum of over £75,000 for the same purpose in 1916.

The Parliamentary Staff.—I must also refer to the brilliant Parliamentary staff. At a general election which will still be fresh within the recollection of my readers, P. W. Wilson ("P. W. W."), the writer of the Parliamentary sketches, C. F. G. Masterman, the literary editor, and L. (now Sir Leo) Chiozza Money, all gained seats in the House of Commons. Later they were joined by Spencer Leigh Hughes, the genial "Sub Rosa," who for many years delighted thousands every day with his inimitable comments, all of which were characterised by a

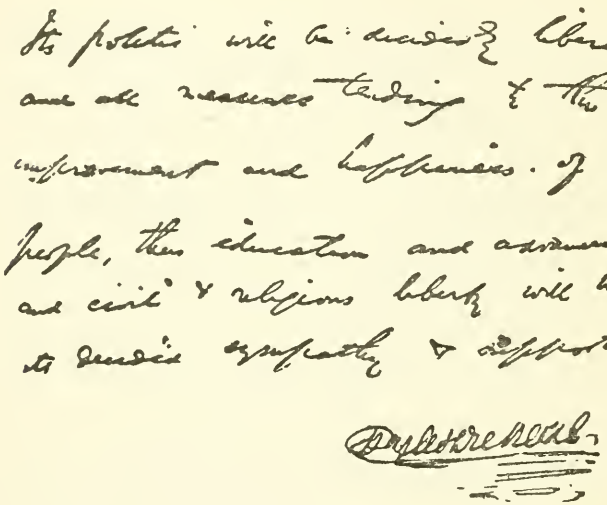
humorous outlook that never fails Hughes either as a writer or as a speaker. This, I think, creates something of a record amongst "ink wallowers." A mild sensation was caused later still when that excellent journalist, A. P. Nicholson, resigned his position as Lobbyist of *The Times* to take a similar position with the *Daily News*.

Other Names.—I should like to mention many engaged in the Fleet Street office, but a few must suffice. My own chief personal assistants are Keith J. Thomas and L. Haigh Hellyer. The best tribute I can pay them, and the one they would most like me to pay, is to say that no man ever had two more loyal assistants or colleagues who could take more pleasure in helping him to make his work successful—a sentiment, I should add, which is very fully reciprocated. They have come through the very anxious times caused by the war with flying colours and have proved equal to all the demands made upon them. D. E. Crome, who has been with the *Daily News* for nearly fifty years, and who, I am happy to say, is like Johnnie Walker, "still going strong," is another member of my staff, with whom I couple B. Pennett, at one time the editor of a well-known weekly paper. B. C. Taylor, who came to me as quite a small boy many years ago, is now my secretary.

H. Murch is a valued member of the staff who, to my mind, can well stand as a fine type of a head printer of a great London daily. His tactful handling of his department has created mutual esteem between himself and his staff.

Lately I completed twenty-one years of unbroken service with my papers. Although young in years, I feel in one respect very much like an old man in a picturesque village in Devonshire. Seeing a friend of mine with a camera, he said, "Would you like to take me? I'm the oldest inhabitant. Most of 'em takes me, and they generally gives me a trifle." All of us with the *Daily News*,

I think, like to give each other a trifle when we can co-operate and help each other in maintaining the success of a paper which has continued unbroken the policy laid down by Charles Dickens when making his plans for starting the *Daily News*. As the extract reproduced



Facsimile of extract from a letter written by Charles Dickens, 1846.

from his own handwriting shows, the aims of the paper to-day are the same as they were in 1846.

The incompleteness of this sketch would be glaring if I did not include a reference to my colleagues on the Board, the men under whose direction the paper has grown from a circulation of 30,000 a day to over 800,000. They have achieved a rare success, and of a combination which has accomplished so much it may be permitted to hope that much more may be expected.

CHAPTER VII

THE "DAILY MAIL" AND THE "EVENING NEWS"

THE "DAILY MAIL"

It will probably surprise most of my readers to learn that the *Daily Mail* started with a capital of only £15,000! Lord Northcliffe explains the smallness of the amount by pointing out that it had at its disposal the printing machines of the *Evening News* and the very valuable backing of the advertising freely accorded by the publications of what has now become the Amalgamated Press. The fact, however, remains that the capital was only £15,000 and the whole of it was never required.

I well remember seeing the yellow bills with their blue lettering advertising the coming of the *Daily Mail*. The day when I first saw them was a very hot and oppressive one, and I myself was feeling particularly wretched—not, as I told Lord Northcliffe, because of the *Daily Mail*, but because I had had a tooth drawn.

The Early Organisation.—Lord Northcliffe told me that there was no real editor of the *Daily Mail* at the start. Every one of the little group took turns, and the present organisation with its daily editorial and business conferences grew slowly and automatically. From the first he himself controlled the paper day and night through his system of private telephone lines. The present editor, Thomas Marlowe, who has produced some thousands of *Daily Mails*, attracted Lord Northcliffe's attention by some particularly vivid reporting work on the *Evening News*. He left the *Evening News*, which, from the outset, had always been conducted as an entirely separate newspaper,

and joined the editorial staff of the *Daily Mail*. It was not long before his initiative and quick decision made him the first regular editor of that journal.

At the start Lord Northcliffe's brothers, Leicester, Hildebrand, Cecil, and Vyvyan Harmsworth, were associated with the paper. Two of them, who inclined more and more towards Liberalism in politics, subsequently obtained seats in the House of Commons. Their interests, together with Lord Rothermere's, passed into other hands, but Lord Northcliffe retained the absolute control which he possesses in all the undertakings in which he is concerned. He expressed the opinion to me that more newspapers are killed by internal friction than by external competition.

The Management of the "Daily Mail."—When Lord Rothermere left the *Daily Mail*, Lord Northcliffe (to use his own words) "put the management into commission." His business advisers among the directors, particularly on the commercial side, are W. J. Evans, long the editor of the *Evening News*, to whom he gives the credit for much of that paper's continued success; my good friend, Pomeroy Burton, who was trained in America by Joseph Pulitzer, and soon created a host of friends in the Street of Ink when he came to England; Andrew Caird, who possesses a thorough knowledge of the technique of newspaper production; and Wareham Smith, who is always to the fore in any movement for the development of publicity, and was responsible for founding that progressive and popular institution, the Aldwych Club.

The control of the paper is in the hands of the directors, of whom the chairman is Lord Northcliffe, who told me that in his absence Thomas Marlowe, the vice-chairman, and G. A. Sutton, the chairman of the Amalgamated Press, who are also directors, hold his complete power of attorney over the whole establishment, literary and commercial. The remaining directors are H. W.

Wilson, the principal leader writer, who is a contributor to the Cambridge Histories, and author of the standard work "Ironclads in Action"; C. I. Beattie, who is the assistant editor of the *Daily Mail;* and C. Duguid, who has control of the financial columns, and is a journalist with a long and notable career in the City offices of leading newspapers.

Lord Northcliffe considers that the two principal achievements in the history of the *Daily Mail* were the successful establishment of the Manchester edition and the foundation of the Continental edition. The Manchester edition was started during the Boer War, when printing presses were run to Manchester and installed in a schoolroom. The experiment, which was regarded with amusement by some of its Northern competitors, was quickly followed by the *Daily News,* which acquired a warehouse and turned it into a Northern office, as I have already related. In each case success followed immediately. Lord Northcliffe tells me that whilst it was thought that the war would injure the Continental *Daily Mail,* this has not proved to be the case, as sales which were lost in Germany and Austria have been well made up by the increased circulation in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and in those parts of the British military zone not easily accessible from London. The circulation of the Paris editions exceeds one hundred thousand copies daily.

The *Daily Mail* was born in an atmosphere of strenuousness which still characterises it. There is a persistent restlessness about the paper which one attributes to the inborn terror of stagnation which is typical of Lord Northcliffe, and reveals itself in all his personal reminiscences. This restlessness strikes the visitor to Carmelite House as being characteristic of the work carried on there, but only an experienced newspaper man can form the slightest idea of the activity that must prevail in the many departments

and amongst the hundreds of workers who have all done their share to produce a paper which has reached the immense sale of the *Daily Mail*.

THE "EVENING NEWS"

"K. J.'s" Romantic Career.—Mr. Kennedy Jones, of course, played a great part in establishing the *Daily Mail*, but his "monument" in Carmelite House is the *Evening News*. The story of his career is one of the romances of the Street of Ink. He began his journalistic career at the mature age of sixteen by contributing a series of articles on "City Life" to a Glasgow paper called *Scottish Nights*. For these he received 10s. per article, which worked out at about 6d. per 100 words, and felt very rich in consequence.

The printers of the paper recommended him to the proprietors of another paper, the *Mercantile Age*, and before he was seventeen he was one of its sub-editors. When a dock strike disturbed the serenity of his native city, Glasgow, he sent several articles on the subject to the *Glasgow Evening News*. They were not only accepted, but led to an appointment as sub-editor on that paper. A year later he became assistant editor of the *Leicester Free Press*, where he remained for another year, and then took a similar position with the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. Having arrived at the age of twenty-six, he apparently thought he ought to be making more money, so he applied for an increase of 10s. per week in his salary. This being refused, he resigned and went to London, where, he declares, he arrived "without a bob or a job." "I came to London," he said to me, "because if a journalist quarrels with his proprietor in the provinces, he quarrels with the whole town. In London, if he knows his business, he can go across the street and get another job." In 1892 he helped to found the *Morning*, which came out two days before the *Morning Leader*, but died in its

infancy. "T. P." was then starting the *Sun,* and "K. J." —who had already formed the opinion that the time was ripe for more evening papers giving short pithy news paragraphs in preference to lengthy cables and interminable articles about such things as the death of a King of Fiji (in whom nobody took the slightest interest) —went to him and asked if he wanted an energetic and pushful young man. "T. P." did, and "K. J." received an appointment at £7 per week. It was through the *Sun* that he got his first real chance in life, and this is how it happened. One day the publisher of the paper came to him and said that he had received a notice to attend a general meeting of the company owning the *Evening News,* in which he held a few shares. He doubted the wisdom of going and proclaiming to all and sundry the fact that he was interested in another paper. "K. J." told him it was his clear duty to watch what they proposed to do with his property, and eventually he went. He reported the fact that as the *Evening News* was in financial difficulties and owed about £21,000, the majority wished to sell the property. The proprietors of the *Globe* made an unsuccessful bid of £17,000 for the assets and goodwill, and thereupon "K. J." went to "T. P." to recommend that the *Sun* should take over the paper. He pointed out that his own paper had nearly reached the paying point, but was handicapped by the cost of distribution, and said he thought he could buy the *Evening News,* which would enable the two organisations to be amalgamated, in which case the efficient distribution system of that paper would enable the *Sun* to turn the corner.

Part Proprietor of the "Evening News."—The story is too long to tell in detail. Suffice it to say that "T. P." was not a buyer, and as the offices of the *Sun* were opposite the building where *Answers* was produced, "K. J." got an idea that young Mr. Alfred Harmsworth

might be the man for the deal. He went and asked him if he would like to buy the *Evening News,* lock, stock and barrel, for £25,000, and in that way Lord Northcliffe and Lord Rothermere came to "adventure" that sum, and "K. J." became co-proprietor with them. The first week's profit under the new management was £7. At the end of the first twelve months it was £14,000.

About this time Mr. Alfred Harmsworth became proprietor of the *Southern Daily Mail* at Portsmouth. People's memories are so short that it will be news to many to learn that when I, as a youngster, first saw him he was a very young man contesting the Portsmouth constituency, the Liberal candidates (who were successful) being Mr. Baker and Mr. Clough. Mr. Harmsworth conducted his campaign with characteristic dash, and I can visualise him quite clearly now driving with Mr. Evelyn Ashley in a carriage behind a fine pair of high-stepping horses, which commanded attention wherever they appeared, as they were obviously intended to do. It is interesting to speculate what might have happened if he had been successful and had found the active pursuit of politics all-engrossing.

"K. J." edited the *Southern Daily Mail* for a time, and was succeeded by W. J. Evans. "K. J." confessed to me that when the *Daily Mail* was planned it was he who suggested the title. Thus Mr. Harmsworth controlled a *Daily Mail* for the second time, and "K. J." became associated with a *Daily Mail* for the third time. Now that he has become a Member of Parliament I shall watch his further career with pleasure.

My own impressions of "K. J." are summed up by saying that he is first and foremost a man of business, uniting a keen imagination with Scots caution, essentially practical and of tremendous energy. Superficially he is as hard as granite, but, although he would be the last to admit it, possesses a very real sympathy with those who

Sir George Riddell.

Lord Rothermere.

The Late Lord Burnham.

Mr. E. Hulton.

Sir Frank Newnes, Bart.

have dropped on the way in the battle of business, of which he himself has experienced all the hardships.

A Very Promising Young Man.—His chief hobby, he told me, was to pull the strings in connection with many activities, and whilst himself remaining in the background to watch the results obtained from afar. I replied, "Then you must be 'the unseen hand' that everyone talks about." He smiled knowingly. His own view of his record was summed up in a characteristic reply to a wire which I sent him congratulating him on his fiftieth birthday, when he merely said: "Many thanks kind congratulations. So little done, so much to do." If he proposes to progress in the same ratio, he is indeed a young man full of promise.

A Bright Bill signifying "Nothing Official"

The excellent photograph of him, which will be found elsewhere, bears an inscription that is characteristic of him. It reads, "Yours, my dear Simonis, till Hell freezes.—'K. J.'" It is written aptly enough in red pencil which shows up like subterranean fire against the black tones of the photo. I am glad that our friendship is likely to last so long!

"K. J.," by the way, holds the opinion that the real founder of the halfpenny Press was the late Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, and that we therefore owe popular journalism to the United States. The idea at the back of it has always been, he says, to provide a penny paper for a halfpenny, and not to sell a halfpenny paper for a halfpenny. Lord Northcliffe, however, assigns the credit to M. Marinoni, who, he considers, antedated Mr. Pulitzer by many years.

THE "EVENING NEWS" STAFF.—Next to "K. J." the man who has been most prominently associated with the *Evening News* is W. J. Evans, who left the *Star* and joined Lord Northcliffe in October, 1894. He became editor in 1896, and has occupied the position ever since, although latterly, in view of his other responsibilities after "K. J.'s" retirement, the active work of editorship has devolved upon Alfred Turner, who gave up the editorship of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* to become his assistant. Evans is a most enterprising journalist, and a good deal more far-seeing than most. He has given plenty of evidence of his ability. Turner, too, is a writer of repute.

Probably the best known members of the staff are Claude Burton, whose daily verses, written over the initials "C. E. B.," have been a feature of the paper for something like twenty years; Arthur Machen, whose literary gifts have enriched journalism; and Oswald Barran, "The Londoner." The last-named is one of the leading lights of the Society of Antiquaries, who possesses an unrivalled knowledge of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and is an authority on heraldry. Another well-known member of the staff is the sporting editor, J. M. Dick.

The *Evening News* has a well-deserved reputation for enterprise. Enterprise turned it into a paying property. The biggest event in the history of the paper was probably the celebration of the one-thousandth number, when London was doubly electrified by means of the powerful searchlights which were focused upon the *Evening News* flags at night.

The *Evening News,* like the *Star,* makes a feature of its bills. One that I consider the cleverest is reproduced on page 65. Officially, neither of us loses a chance to score off the other. I hope I shall not be accused of exercising my author's licence too much if I record a score that I am rather proud of. The *Evening News* some time ago published a neat advertisement which read, "All the News in

The *Evening News*." We replied with, "All the Evening News in the *Star*." I have no doubt that my friends in Carmelite House appreciated the turning of the tables, just as we would have acknowledged the thrust if the positions had been reversed. In a nutshell, the *Evening News* is a well-published, up-to-date evening newspaper, a state of affairs for which W. J. Evans and his colleagues are responsible.

CHAPTER VIII

THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" AND "LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS"

"ONCE upon a time" a young man who started life in Edinburgh, and afterwards went to Northampton, resolved to try his luck in London, and had come up to the Metropolis for the purpose. It was his second visit, and he found himself in the Street of Ink, to which he had gravitated, possibly owing to the fact that he knew two of its inhabitants. These were Archibald Forbes, of the *Daily News*, and a journalist named Nankivell, who was editor of a small monthly, the *Reporter's Magazine*, to which the young man had contributed. (In passing I may as well mention that the name of the hero of this story is Robert Donald.) By a fortuitous accident he saw an enormous crowd round a paper boy who was selling papers as fast as he could hand them out, and, stranger still, found himself standing next to Nankivell, of whom he inquired the meaning of this rush. Nankivell explained that it was due to the bill which the street-seller was exhibiting, advertising one of W. T. Stead's "Modern Babylon" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He explained that the paper was "selling like hot cakes," and although the staff were working at high pressure, they could not cope with their work. The sight of the crowd and the wonderful sales of the paper seemed at once to have indicated to young Donald that the Street of Ink was the place for him. Anyhow, he suggested to his friend that, things being as they were, they could find a job for him, to which Nankivell replied: "Why don't you go and see

Henry Leslie?" Leslie, who was manager of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in those days, told him that the only job he had consisted of addressing wrappers at £1 per week, which was accepted. There was the usual motley crowd engaged on this work, and the ambitious young man from Northampton disliked his surroundings so much that after two or three days he went to Leslie and said the work didn't suit him, as he was capable of doing something better. It happened that Leslie wanted assistance with his correspondence, and young Donald was translated to the manager's office with an increase in salary of 5s. per week. At this point his opportunities may be said to have begun, and he lost no time in looking for them. He now had the run of the building, and before long was on good terms with many of the sub-editors.

An Opportunity Seized.—Like myself, he had taught himself shorthand (many years before), and his promotion only served to increase his desire to improve his position. One day Leslie went away for a brief holiday, and during his absence Donald learned from some of his reporter friends that their staff was very much undermanned. He offered his assistance and it was accepted. In due course Leslie returned, and one can picture his astonishment when the young man told him that his services were no longer available as he was now reporting. A reporter he remained and was given general work to do.

The editorial staff in those days included Lord Milner, Sir Edward Cook, and Sir Henry Norman. The last-named afterwards became assistant-editor of the *Chronicle* before devoting his whole time to Parliamentary work and becoming Assistant Postmaster-General. He now occupies a high Government position in connection with the war.

From the *Pall Mall,* Robert Donald went to assist

at the birth of the *Star*, and we find him settling down to writing general descriptive and special articles, including "specials" on London Municipal Government. Later he wrote leaders, and when "T. P." retired and was succeeded by H. W. Massingham, he acted as assistant editor.

While with the *Star* he founded *London*, which paper was to prove the real stepping-stone from which he climbed to his present position. *London* dealt with London municipal affairs. Afterwards he enlarged its scope by making it the *Municipal Journal*, and thus produced an organ of the municipalities throughout the kingdom. After leaving the *Star* he was a regular contributor to the *Daily Chronicle*, chiefly on London affairs; and later, when changes were made on the staff of that paper, he became news editor. He held that position for some time, and left to take charge of the publicity department of the Gordon Hotels in combination with newspaper work. His journalistic experience included about a year which he spent in Paris as a free-lance correspondent, contributing chiefly to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and interviewing the leading French people of the time, including Renan, Eiffel, who was then building the famous Tower, De Lesseps, who was absorbed in the Panama Canal, Boulanger, who was coming to the front as the French Minister of War, Rochefort, Louise Michel, the anarchist, and others. He also spent a year in America, studying American politics and contributing to the American Press as well as several London newspapers. When he became managing director of the United Newspapers, Ltd., and controlled the publications of that company, including *Lloyd's News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, he found his knowledge of "both sides of the fence" invaluable.

Origin of the "Daily Chronicle."—Under his control both these important papers have more than main-

tained their reputations. The *Daily Chronicle* was a penny daily when Mr. Donald took charge of its destinies. Three months afterwards he had transformed it into a halfpenny daily, and the change practically coincided with the reduction in the price of the *Daily News*. It was the second great change made in the paper, the first being the transformation from the *Clerkenwell News*, which was a local London paper, into the *Daily Chronicle*, which one would describe as a London local paper. The late Mr. Edward Lloyd, an exceedingly shrewd business man, formed the opinion that to acquire the Clerkenwell paper and enlarge its appeal would form an admirable basis for building up a splendid property.

A Famous Achievement.—The *Daily Chronicle* has been well served by a host of brilliant journalists. Mr. A. E. Fletcher was the first editor to leave any great mark upon its pages. I believe that the literary features were originated by him. (His daughter, Miss Jessica Fletcher, was the librarian of the *Daily News*.) Mr. Massingham added to its brilliant record, and accomplished the celebrated exposure of the De Rougemont fraud. Among those who played a great part in this "scoop" were B. F. C. Costello, and, I believe, M. H. Donohoe, who subsequently did such admirable work for the *Chronicle* as a war correspondent. The souvenir of this achievement, from which the illustration on the next page by Phil May is taken, was a very interesting literary effort. It has long been out of print.

Mr. Massingham was succeeded by Mr. W. J. Fisher, who, I believe, had been foreign editor. He was editor for some five years. Mr. Donald became editor in 1904.

The *Chronicle* has also played a conspicuous part in regard to pictures, having printed a number of notable drawings (some of them occupying full pages) by such eminent artists as Joseph Pennell, Hedley Fitton,

Whistler, Burne Jones, Phil May, Brangwyn, Byam Shaw, and Edmund J. Sullivan.

Many big "scoops" are to be credited to the *Daily Chronicle* in connection with exploration. In 1896 it published exclusively Dr. Nansen's narrative of his attempt to reach the North Pole. The explorer received £4,000 for this. Captain Amundsen's story of the discovery of the South Pole appeared exclusively in its columns, and a similar success was scored with the accounts of the Shackleton expeditions. Other "scoops" to be mentioned are a complete description of the scenes in Lisbon when the Portuguese monarchy was overthrown, the first full story of the bombardment and occupation of Tripoli by the Italians, and an interview with the present Sultan of Turkey obtained an hour before he was called to the throne.

One of Phil May's illustrations from the De Rougemont Souvenir
(By permission of the "Daily Chronicle")

Mr. Donald's deputy is E. A. Perris, who was one of the founders of the London News Agency, and is now the capable news editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.

It is a fine achievement to have combined the old traditions of the paper with modern enterprise, and to have made a success such as one must credit to the *Chronicle* to-day. More especially is this the case when one remembers that *Lloyd's News* is also under the same control. Mr. Thomas Catling built up this property

in association with the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, and undoubtedly the success of *Lloyd's* stimulated its proprietor to extend his enterprises into the realms of daily journalism. Mr. Catling succeeded Mr. Blanchard Jerrold as editor in 1884, and retired at the end of 1906. I cannot tell the story of his many successes, but will give a typical one. He himself has told in his interesting book, "My Life's Pilgrimage," how Queen Victoria's letter on the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg appeared on the morning after *Lloyd's* had reached the million circulation. The fact, he said, was deemed sufficient to warrant approaching Her Majesty with a request for permission to print the letter in facsimile. The Home Secretary, however, replied that such application would be useless, as he had already asked the Queen on behalf of another paper and been refused. Undaunted, Mr. Catling resolved to ask the Queen's private secretary to lay his request before Her Majesty. Subsequently, a telegram came giving the necessary permission and authorising Mr. Catling to apply to the Home Secretary for the original letter. Many difficulties were put in his way, and the letter was not forthcoming. Finally an answer was given that the letter would not be obtainable in time for the next issue. The outlook appeared blacker still when a telegram was received from Windsor Castle saying that permission to reproduce the Queen's letter must stand over for the present; but it was followed a day or two later by a letter from Sir A. J. Bigge, enclosing the Queen's own letter for reproduction. "What had happened in the interval was plain," Mr. Catling said. "To save any further secretarial interference, even from a high officer of State, the Queen must have commanded the letter to be sent back to her, and then ordered it to be forwarded directly to me."

I take leave to quote this story as a classic example of what enterprise and perseverance will accomplish, and it

may be commended as an example of both tact and ability to the young journalist of to-day, and as an indication of the brilliant work which made *Lloyd's News* one of the great successes of the Street of Ink. It is interesting to recall the fact that 12 Salisbury Square, which is the home of *Lloyd's News,* occupies the site of an old house where Samuel Richardson had a printing press and actually wrote "Pamela," and where Oliver Goldsmith for some time acted as reader and corrector of the press.

During Mr. Donald's time the organisation which he controls has undergone many changes. Old ideas have been scrapped (such as the colonial news in the *Daily Chronicle,* which had to give way to more popular features), the size of the paper has been revolutionised, and the building itself has been remodelled. Shortly before this book went to press I enjoyed the pleasure of a "personally-conducted tour" through the reconstructed buildings. Old members of the staff say that during the whole period of their connection with the paper the process of rebuilding has been going on. Nothing has been left undone to make a modern and up-to-date house for the papers. One notices at once the prevalence of white tiles, which make immediately for light and cleanliness. I myself was most impressed with the heating and ventilation arrangements. In a machine-room, for instance, one expects an atmosphere of heat, but when I went to see the *Chronicle* presses and composing-room, I noticed that the air was practically as fresh as everywhere else in the building.

The managing director's own apartment is a fitting throne-room for the considerable kingdom which he rules. The outside approach is paved with black and white check rubber, which ensures quietness. The spacious room is furnished in the Georgian style, and the furniture was specially made to harmonise with the design. I particularly liked the lighting arrangement. There is a glass

window in the ceiling through which artificial light comes, the only lighting fixture in the room itself being a reading-lamp for the editorial desk. The design for this room, by the way, was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

THE MEN AT THE HELM.—All the various changes in the papers themselves and in the building where they are produced have been wisely conceived and skilfully carried out, and my brief indication of them will, I hope, serve to convey an adequate impression of the work which is being ably directed by an honourable competitor in the Street of Ink.

There are, of course, other names without which the briefest references to the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's News* would be incomplete. Mr. Frank Lloyd, the chairman of the company, devotes most of his activity to his vast paper-making business. He is well known, however, as one of the leading personalities of the Street of Ink, and as a man always ready to initiate and encourage enterprise. Mr. Neil Turner, the general manager of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's,* is another prominent director of the company, who is highly respected in Fleet Street. He was formerly connected with the paper-making side of Messrs. Edward Lloyd's business. Mr. Neville Lloyd (now in the Royal Horse Guards), a nephew of Mr. Frank Lloyd, completes the directorate. The secretary of the company is Mr. H. W. Clarke. I should also mention Arthur Richardson, the advertisement manager of the *Daily Chronicle,* who has had a long association with his present managing director, having been his advertisement manager on *London*. He formerly occupied a similar position with *Lloyd's News,* where he was succeeded by T. E. Kirby.

One can wish them all success in their efforts. There is plenty of room for us all in the Street of Ink, and legitimate enterprise is always pleasing and stimulating, even when one has to credit it to one's competitors.

CHAPTER IX

THE "DAILY EXPRESS"

It was on April 24, 1900, during the Boer War, that the *Daily Express* was started and made an auspicious début with a message from—the Kaiser! It was an achievement for the new paper which, however, struck an even more interesting note by printing the news on the front page. The innovation was adopted by the other great halfpenny dailies with the solitary exception of the *Daily Mail*.

The *Daily Express* had a brilliant staff. Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Pearson was his own editor at the start, assisted by Robert Dennis, an able journalist; Fletcher Robinson, who was described to me as "perhaps the most distinguished of dilettante poets and writers of his time"; S. J. Pryor, and Alex. Kenealy. The three last were afterwards editors in their turn. Fletcher Robinson became editor of the *Express*, S. J. Pryor of the *Tribune*, and Kenealy of the *Daily Mirror*. R. D. Blumenfeld, the present chairman of the company and editor, joined Mr. Pearson in 1902 and became editor in 1904. He had previously been London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, business manager of the *New York Herald* in New York, and news editor of the *Daily Mail*. The *Daily Express*, however, is now dissociated from the various other interests which Pearson had. When he lost his eyesight in 1912 and was compelled to give up all his newspaper interests, Blumenfeld formed a syndicate which acquired control of the *Daily Express*, and he became chairman and managing director of the company.

The Staff.—Besides being an able editor, Blumenfeld

is a delightful companion, and his ready wit makes him equally acceptable as an after-dinner speaker. Archibald Rider, who presides over the business department, possesses all the high qualities to fit him for his rôle, and is much liked. George Wetton must also be mentioned. His conjuring "turns" (at which he is a first-class performer) are always in demand when newspaper men forgather for conviviality. Sidney Dark is another for whom I have a very high regard. Other members of the staff are H. B. Tourtel and Boyle Lawrence, assistant editors, the former at night and the latter by day; J. B. Wilson, the news editor; F. H. Farthing, the chief sub-editor; and Percival Phillips, the senior war correspondent at British Headquarters, who has "done" every war and important international event since the beginning of the *Daily Express,* and has made a reputation as a war special. An interesting member of the staff is W. W. Warren, "Orion," whose "Cheery Fund" has succeeded in sending to the soldiers thousands of games and musical instruments. His daily column is one of the amusing things in London journalism. "Orion," who is a real humorist, was formerly head reader of the *Daily Express.* It may be noted in passing one finds that the majority of the staff, like the editor, have been with the paper almost since its inception. Mr. Blumenfeld says: "When I was on the *New York Herald* we had a 'shake up' every few weeks, and you never knew when you got to your office in the morning if you would find a note on your desk announcing your promotion or your dismissal, so I made up my mind that if I ever got full control of a newspaper, my policy would avoid such a nerve and service-destroying policy."

The war has sadly depleted the younger ranks of the *Daily Express,* from whose editorial offices alone seventeen members of the staff joined the Army as officers at the beginning of hostilities. Some of them have been

killed, notably Ivan Heald, the humorist, and a number of them wounded and invalided, including Mr. Blumenfeld's son.

Pearson's Early Newspaper Days.—From his office in Tudor Street, Pearson conducted many activities which were linked up with the *Daily Express*. In 1904 he controlled five daily papers in the provinces, namely, the *Midland Express* and *Evening Despatch* in Birmingham, the *Newcastle Mail* and *Evening Mail* in Newcastle, and the *Leicester Evening News*. In addition, he had a controlling interest in the *St. James's Gazette*, and in order to fill up time acted as chairman of the Tariff Reform League. This apparently was not enough, and the *Standard* and *Evening Standard* were subsequently added to the list. It seemed at one time as if *The Times* would also be brought into the same combination; indeed, it was said that Pearson had taken command, and the news that Lord Northcliffe was actually in possession came as a bolt from the blue. I heard on very good authority indeed that there was, in fact, a general idea of amalgamating *The Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily Express*. That would have been a remarkable and almost incredible, as well as a very risky, experiment. It does, however, seem reasonable to suppose that an amalgamation of the first two papers was possibly in view. As we know now, both of them were in a weak condition, and it is interesting to speculate whether they would have made a strong combination. No doubt if it had been done, the price of *The Times* would have come down to a penny even sooner than it did.

CHAPTER X

SOME PICTURE PAPERS

THE "DAILY MIRROR"

No journalistic experiment of recent years aroused more interest than the starting of the *Daily Mirror* as a woman's daily newspaper. It was an original production, admirably planned and well produced. One would have thought that it ought to have justified the expectations of its founders, but probably it was in advance of the times. I always thought that the "suffragettes" could have established a prosperous daily paper for women, but that was later. It would have been an interesting experiment also, but then, every new journalistic venture is interesting. One fact, however, seems obvious. The *Daily Mirror's* appeal to women has never failed. Probably the majority of its earliest buyers never gave it up. It remained a penny paper from November 2, 1903, when it was first published, until January 27 of the following year, when Lord Northcliffe scrapped the original idea, sacrificed a large amount of the capital involved, and started it *de novo* the following day as a halfpenny picture newspaper for the million. It was not actually for the million, because the circulation, which for the first number was 265,217 copies, had fallen on January 27, 1904, to 24,801 copies, and rose with the change and the reduction of price to 71,690 copies. By the end of the year, however, a circulation of 241,449 copies was reached, and during the years which followed it steadily rose, and in 1914 duly reached the million mark. During that time the paper outgrew its original offices at 2 Carmelite Street, and removed successively to White-

friars Street, and thence to the handsome offices rendered vacant by the demise of the *Tribune,* which form its present home.

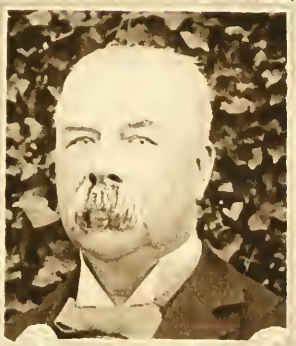
A great deal of the success is attributable to Alexander Kenealy, who was editor from almost the earliest days down to the time of his death; to Kennedy Jones, who acted as chairman until 1913; and to Wallace D. Roome, who, having been on the editorial staff of the *Daily Mail,* was appointed manager at the outset, and has filled that office with conspicuous ability ever since. I say that with all the more confidence because the opinion has been endorsed by those who are well qualified to judge.

Lord Rothermere bought the *Daily Mirror* from Lord Northcliffe early in January, 1914, and has subsequently shown that his journalistic enterprise is only equalled by his remarkable business gifts. It is difficult sometimes, in view of the close relations which now exist, to distinguish between editorial and managerial ability. I remember a conversation I once had with a well-known journalist who had recently joined the *Mirror* staff. We were discussing Lord Northcliffe's methods (he was then the proprietor), and my friend was telling me his experiences of his chief. "He keeps coming into the office," he said, "with some d——d silly ideas, which he insists on us carrying out, and when we have carried them out we begin to see how clever they are!" One of these ideas was a special Boy Scouts number. Another was a General Booth memorial number, which put the circulation up to over a million for that issue. In the same category I would place the sending of a special edition of the *Daily Mirror* by aeroplane from Hendon to Bath, this being, so I am informed, the first occasion on which an English paper was distributed in this manner.

Some Interesting "Exclusives." — Editorially, of course, the chief *Mirror* "scoops" have been in connection with pictures. There have been many of these, the

Mr. Thomas Marlowe.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld.



Mr. J. M. Le Sage.

Mr. W. T. Madge.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.

greatest perhaps being the first exclusive photographs of the "tanks." The photographs of King Edward lying on his death-bed aroused such interest that copies of them were sold in the streets at one shilling each. When the *Titanic* foundered the *Daily Mirror* obtained exclusive pictures of events connected with the greatest sea disaster in history, and it was also the first to obtain photographs of the funeral of the Emperor of Japan. Other interesting pictures were secured of the Durbar at Delhi and the Coronation of the King of Siam. Apart from these, which, in the case of a picture paper, represent the vigilant pursuit of news, one should record the achievements which originated in the brains of the editorial staff, such as the photographing of the interior of Vesuvius, the attempt to climb Mont Blanc earlier in the year than anybody else (which did not succeed, and nearly cost the party their lives as they were caught by an avalanche), and the crossing of the Alps in a balloon, which produced some magnificent pictures.

Another enterprise which formed good publicity for the paper was the chartering of a special relief vessel, which was filled with provisions and dispatched to St. Kilda for the relief of the inhabitants who were starving owing to the heavy seas which prevented food supplies from reaching them. As an example of the forethought which enables such successes to be planned, I need only recall the occasion when the *Daily Mirror* took photographs in Ireland at eleven o'clock one morning, brought them to London, and published them in Ireland on the following morning. Looking at the time-table it seemed impossible, and indeed would have been, but for the special arrangements which were made to fit up an engraving plant on the Irish boat and train. When the plates arrived in London they were made up, printed, and the papers were on their way to Ireland again in two hours.

Many other successes have been achieved during the

war. One thousand pounds was paid for a picture of the sinking of the *Falaba,* and the *Daily Mirror* also published the first photographs of the sinking of the *Blücher,* the sinking of the *Emden,* and the Battle of the Falkland Islands. It is the only British paper to have a staff photographer attached to the Russian armies, in the person of G. H. Mewes, who received the Order of St. George for his services. The *Daily Mirror,* I believe, was the pioneer of sending photographs by telegraph and telephone wires.

A Few Interesting Personalities.—It will be seen that the members of the staff know their business and are well qualified in every department. Among the most popular features in the paper are the cartoons by W. K. Haselden, who was formerly in the insurance world. The original "leaders" over the initials "W. M." have been written by Richard Jennings for twelve years, and it is said that he receives more letters from readers than almost any other leader-writer. One day he wrote about roses and received several bouquets. He promptly followed this up with another about bank-notes, but on this occasion, I was told, his post-bag was empty.

One of the most prominent men on the *Daily Mirror* is H. G. Bartholomew, who, in addition to being a director, occupies the important position of art editor. Most of the more recent "scoops" have been due to his enterprise and initiative. His record is indeed one to be proud of, and there is little room for doubt that he will score many more big triumphs for his paper and himself. E. Flynn, who has charge of the news side, has been a familiar figure in the Street of Ink for many years, and was for a long period the London editor of two of the leading New York newspapers. For a considerable time also he was New York correspondent of a London news agency, and he has worked as a "special" in all the capitals of Europe. He has been reporter, leader-writer, and special correspondent, and as he possesses a

thorough knowledge of the details of pictorial journalism, he is well equipped for his present work, and shows that the requirements of a picture paper on the news side are very well looked after.

Another name I must not omit to mention is that of Randal Charlton, a gifted young author who first made his mark as a "special" writer on the *Tribune*. Charlton is to be seen everywhere, and is a great news gatherer. He started the entertaining "Rambler" page which is such a sprightly feature of the *Daily Mirror*, and which he still contributes. He has also been associated with the *Sunday Pictorial* since the first. Walter Mears, the secretary, and Gilbert A. Godley are other conspicuous members of a strong staff.

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC," THE "DAILY SKETCH" AND THE "SUNDAY HERALD"

I should have dealt with the *Daily Graphic*, the *Daily Sketch*, and the *Sunday Herald* fully in this chapter, except for the fact that it was more convenient to include them with the other activities of the firms owning them in Chapters XIX and XI respectively.

THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

The *Sunday Pictorial* has not had a long history (having only been started on March 14, 1915), but it has certainly had a glorious hour of crowded life. It was conceived and produced in little more than a week, yet the first number bore few signs of haste.

Every feature of the paper was invented and produced in the space of seven days, and a wonderful staff of contributors was arranged. As usual, the inevitable "experts" enjoyed themselves in the most approved dismal fashion by prophesying a disastrous failure for the *Sunday Pictorial*, relying mainly upon the conventional belief that the difficulties of distribution made the starting of a new Sunday paper a most hazardous enterprise. They might

have claimed additional justification for their pessimism by enlarging upon the difficulties of coping with such a gigantic problem in the time allotted. In spite of everything, however, the *Sunday Pictorial* was born with a nice comfortable circulation of over 1,000,000 copies, and it has never once fallen below the million. This success, however, did not convince the prophets of gloom who held the opinion that the initial success could not possibly be kept up. They were completely confounded, for since then the circulation has risen to over double that number. The building up of such a mammoth circulation in such a short time constitutes a record in journalistic history.

Having made this brilliant start, the management might have been expected to score progressive successes, and this proved to be the case. A considerable sensation was caused by the publication of Winston Churchill's series of articles (the first he had written since he left the Cabinet) in July, 1915. As showing the drawing power of a name, backed by a powerful advertising campaign, it is interesting to note that the announcement of the first article put up the circulation of the issue containing it by 442,075 copies! There is no doubt that the circulation has been achieved in such a short time by lavish advertising of editorial features.

The *Sunday Pictorial* has also shown enterprise with regard to pictures, among which I may mention Lord Kitchener's "Good-bye," the destruction of the Zeppelin "L 20" off Norway, and the first German submarine liner. It is well edited by F. R. Sanderson, who came to London from Glasgow, and was acting editor of the *Leeds Daily News* before he became associated with Lord Rothermere's newspapers. His assistant editor, A. Campbell, who is also art editor, likewise came to London from the provinces. For five years he was assistant editor and leader-writer of the *Leeds Mercury,* and subsequently held a similar position on the staff of the *Glasgow Daily Record.*

He assisted in the illustrations departments of both these papers, and represented them for a time in the East during the first of the Balkan wars.

Although the *Sunday Pictorial* forms a separate company from the *Daily Mirror,* the controlling interest is held by the latter, which has reason to be proud of the connection. Mr. Bertram Lima, the chairman of both businesses, who is in full control of their affairs, is largely responsible for the success of the *Sunday Pictorial.* He has already earned a big place for himself in the newspaper world, and, considering his age and the fact that he is also at the head of two large provincial newspaper offices, must be regarded as one of the most successful newspaper men in the Street of Ink.

As this book goes to press both the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* announce an increase in price to one penny daily to meet war conditions.

CHAPTER XI

HULTON'S

If the average journalist were asked to mention the most enterprising newspaper firm in the provinces he would, I think, at once reply "Hulton's." Hulton's was the first firm to attack the London newspaper field from the provinces, when it did so in the case of the *Daily Sketch*—a paper which proved a success from the outset. In a sense, however, Hulton's came into London before then with the *Sunday Chronicle,* and at present Mr. Hulton is the only newspaper proprietor who has a controlling interest in three Sunday papers, for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald,* which grew out of the success of the *Daily Sketch,* is also, of course, under his control. The *Sunday Chronicle,* however, is published in Manchester, and, with the *Umpire,* comes to London just as it reaches other cities.

In spite of the success of the *Daily Sketch* in its initial stages at Manchester, the firm found that it could not compete with the London dailies unless it established a London office, so Mr. Hulton took over the *Daily Express* premises when that paper moved to St. Bride Street. And just as the *Daily Sketch* grew, so it outgrew Tudor Street and had to move again to the specially built offices in Shoe Lane. "Flitting" was accomplished in twenty-four hours, a complicated undertaking, and to-day these large offices, I am told, are already too small! A bridge has been built on to adjoining premises pending developments.

A Hulton Mascot.—The *Daily Sketch* has a mascot —a kind of "Bluebird," despite the different colour—

for the first visitor on the day of the flitting was a canary, which hopped into the sub-editors' room, and a bird of good omen it proved to be. One member of the staff welcomed the bird in a princely manner by spreading a silk handkerchief on the bottom of the cage for it to sleep on! They called it "Jerry" out of compliment to Mr. J. D. Jeremiah, who has had so much to do with the organisation of the mechanical side of the firm, and whose appointment as provincial representative on the Paper Commission was a distinct compliment and one of which his colleagues in London and Manchester are all proud. Some time after "Jerry" took up his abode in the Shoe Lane offices a member of the staff brought him a mate, and he now has a merry family of sons and daughters. I have seen them all, and heard them singing gaily among the tickers and tape machines.

The *Daily Sketch* did not desert Manchester, however, for the paper is printed in duplicate in London and in the Lancashire metropolis—dual establishments which make possible the widest distribution, which, by the way, is a big advantage at times when depleted train services make distribution more than ever difficult. The starting of the *Daily Sketch* in London so soon after its first issue in Manchester was something of a venture. "The little paper," as Mr. Hulton told me, "met with all the tribulations inseparable from new ventures, but it soon overcame them. The public seemed to like the paper." The faith that was in Mr. Hulton led him to take his first London premises on a twenty-one years' lease. Many of us will remember that exceptional obstacles were met with in the matter of distribution, but these were countered with true Lancashire shrewdness, and with an enterprise that must have helped to establish the *Daily Sketch* as a popular and profitable picture daily. It had originality in its very first make-up, and some of its features have since been the model for other picture papers.

A 'Busman's Holiday.—Mr. James Heddle, Mr. Hulton's managing editor in London, was the first editor of the *Daily Sketch*. It appears that some time before the new paper was started he came to London on a brief holiday and, like the proverbial 'busman, to have a look at his colleagues working. To his surprise, he ran across Mr. Hulton (the "Guv'nor," as everyone calls him), who asked him to go out to lunch as he wanted to speak to him on an important matter. Mr. Hulton then propounded his suggestions for the new paper which he wanted to start as soon as possible, and asked how soon he thought it could be brought out. It was then November, they thought it could be produced by March, and March saw it born. Heddle thinks that the popularity of the paper is based quite as much on its features as on its pictures. A considerable measure of the success is due, no doubt, to the pungency of "The Man in the Street," and to the intimate survey of daily events by "Mr. Gossip," the gentleman who introduced a new type of feature which has since proved a successful circulation mainstay for three other publications at least. Both gentlemen are anonymous, but their friends are legion. They receive an enormous number of letters a day—a kind of popularity which is a splendid if embarrassing tribute to their personal appeal.

Some Notable Achievements.—But after all, the *Daily Sketch* is mainly a picture paper, and "scoop" pictures have been largely instrumental in helping it towards its great circulation. William Gore, one of the war photographers in Belgium, was hidden in Brussels when the Germans entered, and he remained long enough to secure from a German hospital at Mons photographs of wounded British soldiers who had been captured. More than that, with the help of a sympathetic nurse, he carried twenty-three letters from British soldiers to England through the German lines, and was thus able to notify their

wives and relatives of their safety long before the British Government had any knowledge of their whereabouts. The pictures of the sinking of the *Titanic* were well advertised at the time, and later, those taken when the *Volturno* went down were so striking and good that the issue for that night was increased during editions from sixteen to twenty pages, an achievement that had not hitherto been attempted. Other noteworthy accomplishments were the snapshots of the Suffragist tragedy at the Derby; the first Irish Rebellion pictures, which were secured by Hulton's when the photographer got through the zone of fire twice, caught train and boat, and landed his photographs in record time; and the photographs secured by a representative who flew over Adrianople during the Balkans campaign. The *Daily Sketch,* however, had the triumph of its young life when it published the pictures and details of the sensational poison plot against the lives of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Arthur Henderson.

By devoting thousands of pounds to payment for war pictures, the *Daily Sketch* has succeeded in presenting to the public many very striking and sensational photographs from land and sea. I believe, indeed, it was the first paper to give an actual photograph illustrating the now historic phrase "over the top." The Falkland battle was also a telling "scoop."

Qualities of a Leader.—Mr. Hulton himself is a most active member of the staff who, according to those who work with him, is a tireless chief, who gives everyone on his staff the chance to make good. He was one of the first journalists in England to recognise the value of pictures, and to organise the picture side of his newspapers, both as regards the introduction of picture pages and by establishing adequate plant for their production. He is a keen student of men, which is an important attribute in an organiser of newspapers. He found Percy Fearon, "Poy," whose cartoons have achieved immense

popularity. "Poy" started his career with the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*. His successor, "Matt," by the way, is "going great guns."

The Colonial edition of the *Daily Sketch,* in the form of a weekly publication, goes all over the world; and a Danish visitor to the recent Needlework Exhibition organised by the paper at the Central Hall told the editor that he had learned English by reading its columns.

THE "ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD"

In 1915 the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* was announced, and as it was the first inkling given that a Sunday picture paper was to be issued, Mr. Hulton must be credited with the distinction of opening up a new line of enterprise in London. He expressed the opinion that apart from being an entirely new departure, it probably caters for a new set of readers. My own view would be that a Sunday picture paper, like the picture daily, is not read by a different section of the public from that which buys the older form of Sunday paper, but that it is taken by its readers in addition to some other journal. Be that as it may, the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* was a success from the first issue. It started with a high standard, and I need only mention the names of some of its contributors to show how that level has been maintained. In the early stages of the war, Hilaire Belloc was a weekly contributor, and others included G. K. Chesterton, H. G. Wells, Jerome K. Jerome, Blatchford, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Personally, I should say unhesitatingly that securing Mr. Campbell's articles was one of Hulton's best achievements. His articles, I know, added scores of thousands to the circulation. The intimate articles by "Diplomat" week by week have already secured a big and increasing following, and in its pictures it has been amazingly successful. It is not often that an editor is congratulated by an editor of a rival newspaper. This

has happened more than once with the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. In one of its earliest issues it scored heavily over all its competitors by giving three pages of pictures of the great railway smash in which a troop train was wrecked on the Scottish border.

People who buy picture papers know little of the development that has taken place in this branch of journalism. Both the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Herald* have made many readers by the skilful use of pictures in propaganda work. This is where the real picture editor can score over his less alert rivals.

"The Guv'nor" started in the newspaper business whilst still in his teens. He seems to be a believer in young men, and one could count half a dozen editors of successful papers who have had most of their experience in the Manchester offices of the firm.

Some of Hulton's "Young Men."—James Heddle served first on the *Glasgow News*, and joined the Hulton firm in 1900, when the *Daily Dispatch* was founded. He was acting editor of the *Daily Dispatch* before starting the *Daily Sketch*. His connection with illustrated journalism dates from early youth. He studied at the Glasgow School of Art, and drew for the London and provincial papers when a lad, frequently illustrating his own stories. Other young men who have reached the Street of Ink in Hulton's team are W. S. Robinson, editor-in-charge of the *Daily Sketch* since August, 1914. He is a Yorkshireman, and has been eleven years with the firm. Before coming to London he was for four years editor-in-charge of the *Daily Dispatch*. D. T. Phillips, editor of the *Sunday Herald* and chief sub-editor of the *Evening Standard*, won his spurs on the *Dundee Courier*, and for ten years was acting editor of the *Evening Chronicle*, Manchester. John Petrie, picture editor of the *Daily Sketch*, is also a Scotsman who reached London via Manchester, and

Tom Sutcliffe, the art editor of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald,* is another recruit from the provinces. All these men are well known to press photographers and the country as keen judges of all that is topical and good in up-to-date photography.

I have referred to the growth of the Hulton firm in London, and how its success has been joined up with the parent establishment in Manchester. The London office is indeed a progressive child (one has only to remember the recent acquisition of the *Evening Standard*), but in a special way the two offices are one. They are, of course, linked up by private wire and telephone, but their union is much more definite than that, for the principals in the London office have been trained in Manchester, and are still, as far as the *Daily Sketch* is concerned, jointly responsible for its production. The London office, with the huge presses, giant cameras, and modern engraving plant, has its counterpart in Manchester, where the *Daily Dispatch,* the *Sunday Chronicle,* the *Umpire,* the *Evening Chronicle,* the *Sporting Chronicle,* the *Athletic News,* and *Ideas* have their daily and weekly activities. Alexander Paterson, the managing editor there, has found and trained some of the best journalists in the country. The list of the papers above mentioned and their circulations are some index to the scope and capacity of this keen journalist. A Scotsman with a Yorkshire and Lancashire training is a formidable person, I should imagine. He seems to be a successful mixture of ingredients, any way.

A Record of Progress.—Caradoc Evans, the editor of *Ideas,* is a man of unusual activity. His Welsh books, "My People" and "Capel Sion," have gained him a considerable amount of fame, and when I complimented him on his editorial work and the books he has written and asked him what his hobbies were, his chief said, chaffingly, "In his spare time he tries to do a little work for the firm."

My recollections of J. Dodds, which go back many years, are extremely pleasant. I remember the kindnesses and courtesies he showed me while he was at Hulton's Manchester offices when I was visiting that city. He controls a big department with enterprise and prudence. On the publishing side at Manchester T. Bannister, and in London R. B. Jackson (another of Hulton's young but old-and-experienced men) are towers of strength to the firm. It says much for Mr. Hulton that so much should have been done in such a short period of time. Some still call him "the young Guv'nor," as indeed he is, but that recalls his earlier days in the business—the days when the name of Hulton in the Street of Ink was indeed known, but when the present huge building in Shoe Lane must have been his father's hope and the present proprietor's dream.

CHAPTER XII

THE LONDON EVENING NEWSPAPERS

THE "GLOBE"

LONDON'S OLDEST EVENING PAPER.—The *Globe* has now been published without interruption, except for the famous break of twelve days in the autumn of 1915, for one hundred and thirteen years.

It has had a career which, as regards its recent history, I think can best be described as comprising three main periods—the time during which Mr. Madge was associated with it continuously, the interregnum during which it experienced some vicissitudes, and the period during which it has been controlled by the present proprietors as an entirely independent property.

These form distinct chapters in the life of the paper, and should therefore be regarded separately, more especially as the present proprietors have been faced (practically from the outset) with unusual difficulties, among the greatest being the tremendous problems arising out of war conditions.

Mr. Madge's association with the paper was continuous until 1907. For part of this period (up to June, 1907) he also controlled from the *Globe* office the fortunes of the *Sun,* as well as the *People,* managing all three papers simultaneously. The *Sun* was obtained by a syndicate from Mr. Bottomley, who was running it as a Radical paper. Of course, its size, as well as its politics, was altered. It was a bright little paper, gradually increasing in circulation and popularity, and it was only discontinued after over three years because one or two members of the

syndicate dropped out. As Mr. Madge nearly became responsible for the *Evening News* also, it will be appropriate to refer here again to the purchase of that paper upon which I was able to throw some fresh light. As I pointed out in an earlier chapter, the company owning the *Evening News* received an offer from the *Globe* which was declined, and afterwards sold the property to Lord Northcliffe and Lord Rothermere through Mr. Kennedy Jones. It is not generally known that the offer made by the *Globe* was to redeem the debentures, and was at first accepted. Mr. Madge tells me that it was then increased to cover incidental costs and to pay a small dividend to the creditors. The necessary legal documents were to follow, but a visit which he paid to the *Evening News* premises led to the information that a still better offer had been received. Mr. Madge thereupon declined to be a party to further bargaining and found, so he told me, that the paper had been sold over his head.

It was curious that as two of the Harmsworth brothers secured the *Evening News* in competition with the *Globe*, so another brother should subsequently acquire the *Globe* and then re-sell it to Mr. Madge, who had figured in the previous transaction some years before.

Some Changes of Proprietorship.—Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth brought fresh ideas to the paper (notably he introduced a 10 o'clock sporting edition), but he failed to work a new method with old machinery. Various estimates are given of the sum which Mr. Harmsworth gave for the *Globe*, and of the price at which he sold it. All the estimates may be wrong. Mr. Madge is my authority for stating that the purchase price was £75,000, and that the syndicate of which he was the practical head repurchased the property for a fifth of that sum three years afterwards.

Their first action was to transfer Charles Palmer from

the news department to the editorial chair. He had served the *Globe* with loyalty and distinction for a quarter of a century, and Mr. Madge had formed a high opinion of his abilities, which, I may add, he still holds, as he spoke of him to me in terms of admiration and said that he possessed many of the qualifications of a great journalist. According to my personal experience, he is popular with his brethren in the Street of Ink, a lover of music, a fine singer himself, a very happy and humorous speaker, and a good fellow. Mr. Madge would naturally regard his policy with a large tolerance and indulgence, as he himself is not ashamed of having been called to the Bar of the House to answer for his journalistic deeds. After a period of twelve months Mr. Madge again retired, and the *Globe* passed to the control of Sir Max Aitken (now Lord Beaverbrook), whose brilliant journalistic work with the Canadian Forces at the front brought him fresh laurels. So far as the *Globe* is concerned, Sir Max shed his responsibility after a brief reign, and once more Mr. Madge stepped loyally into the breach until the necessary new financial support was forthcoming.

In Mr. Madge's early days at the *Globe* the paper was printed by hand, and he was the first to instal a linotype in a London newspaper office. He also anticipated the Exchange Telegraph Company by using the tape machine at the *Globe* some time before any other newspaper adopted the invention. He told me that the inventor, Mr. McMahon, at first intended the machine to be used in clubs for transmitting results of races. He had no idea that he was producing an instrument that would prove as indispensable to a newspaper as the telegraph and the telephone.

"Scoops."—I think I am right in saying that Mr. Madge was responsible for the leading "scoops" of the *Globe* during the time he managed it. He must be credited with the story of the kidnapping of Sun Yat

Mr. D. M. Sutherland.

Mr. J. Heddle.

Mr. A. H. Mann.

Mr. W. J. Evans.

Mr. Wilson Pope.

Sen, the Chinese revolutionary; the historic intimation in May, 1878, of a secret treaty between Great Britain and Russia (of which he says the late Lord Salisbury denied the existence for a month, and persisted in doing so until the *Globe* published the exact terms); and the news of the reprieve of Mrs. Maybrick, which was actually shouted through the street by *Globe* street sellers, while Mr. Madge had wired it to the *Express* some hours before the official intimation reached the Liverpool prison where she was incarcerated. Apart from these, the *Globe* was first with the announcement of the fall of Magdala in 1868 and of the sinking of the *Victoria* in 1893, the latter some hours before the news was officially given. The news of the fall of Magdala came in on a Sunday morning. Mr. Madge was then living on the premises and promptly published the intelligence on the shutter of the *Globe* office and sent pulls round to the clubs.

Changes.—The paper finally passed to a syndicate of which Mr. Dudley Docker, chairman of the Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon and Finance Company, is the leading light. Under the control of Mr. E. Foster, late managing director of the *Manchester Courier* and the *Manchester Evening Mail* (who is also a director of the *North Western Daily Mail* and other Lancashire papers), the old happy traditions of the *Globe* continue with a full appreciation of the dignity of the journal. The present proprietors, as one would expect from an essentially business syndicate, carried out root and branch reforms, but unfortunately they had hardly had more than a few weeks to get to work before the war broke out, bringing numerous difficulties to all engaged in newspaper production. Mr. Foster reminds me that the *Globe* was originally a Fleet Street organ, having first appeared at 13 Salisbury Square, although it has been published in the Strand for something over a hundred years. As far back as 1810, the *Globe* enjoyed a

reputation for condensing into comparatively small space the largest possible amount of news—a reputation to which he believes it is equally entitled to-day. He added that the paper became pink in 1868 as a result of the æsthetic instincts of the editor then in office.

Recent Editors and Contributors.—Editors in recent years following Sir George Armstrong have been Ponsonby Ogle, Algernon Locker, J. P. Harrison, and Wadham Peacock; and among the many distinguished contributors may be mentioned Thomas Ingoldsby, Mortimer Collins, T. E. Kebbell, T. H. S. Escott, Mrs. Lynn Linton, J. Comyns Carr, Sir Douglas Straight, Judge Snagge, Barry O'Brien, the biographer of C. S. Parnell, C. L. Graves, Harold Begbie, and E. V. Lucas. I believe that P. G. Wodehouse, one of our most popular young humorists, had charge of the *Globe's* "By the Way" column for some time. Nor should I omit to mention the famous "Turnover" which for years was a notable feature in journalism. The most prominent names connected with the *Globe* to-day, in addition to Mr. Foster, are perhaps M. H. Temple, the chief leader writer, and a very well-informed man, W. C. Mycroft, the news editor, and Arthur Oldham, Harold Lewis, and Vaughan Dryden, whom I may describe as "feature writers."

I am indebted to Mr. Foster for the story of a most interesting "scoop" which dates back to December, 1855, when the *Globe* published the exact figure, within 20, of the number of troops at that time in the Crimea. Previously Lord Panmure had refused the desired information, and when the Minister vowed to discharge the subordinate from whom it had been obtained, he was quietly referred to the official Gazette which stated, after giving the number of sick in hospital, that it was .9 of the total force. The "scoop" had been obtained by means of a simple sum in arithmetic.

THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"

Sir George Newnes made his impress on daily journalism through the *Westminster Gazette*, and no man could have left the Street of Ink a better memorial. When I came into journalism the *Westminster* was two years old, having made its appearance on the first day of the Home Rule Session of 1893.

Sir George was a keen politician, and he had stepped into the breach in consequence of the defection from Liberalism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which changed its politics when Mr. (now Lord) Astor became proprietor. So determined was Sir George to repair the deficiency without delay, that he was not only undeterred by gloomy prophecies of failure, but even brought out the first numbers before the offices and printing machinery were ready. The paper was edited in temporary offices in Tudor Street, and was printed by Messrs. Lloyd, so that it was originally in a somewhat different shape from its present form.

The *Westminster* enjoyed the advantage of taking over many of the leading members of the staff of the *Pall Mall*, including the editor, E. T. (now Sir E. T.) Cook, who left to fill the editorial chair of the *Daily News* some three years later. He was succeeded by the assistant editor, J. A. Spender, who has now been editor for over twenty-one years, during which time he has written the majority of leaders himself and earned an undeniable reputation as a great editor and a great writer.

THE PRESS IN PARLIAMENT.—The news editor was William Hill, afterwards editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* and of the *Tribune*. Sir F. C. Gould (then Mr. Gould) also transferred his pencil from the *Pall Mall* to the *Westminster*, and few will deny that he was one of the greatest assets which the latter paper secured. I believe that he acted as assistant editor until the time when he went to Somerset, to enjoy a semi-retirement in which he maintains his connection with the *Westminster* through the

cartoons which he sends from his country home. Sir George Newnes gave Sir Francis Gould a very free hand with his cartoons from the outset. They were really a development from the sketches with which he illustrated Harold Spender's Parliamentary notes, a feature to which great prominence was given. His delightful drawings and the influence which he exercises have, of course, made him one of the best-known political cartoonists in the world. In those times, by the way, Parliament as a general rule received more attention from all the newspapers than it does now, possibly because more prominent newspaper proprietors were in the House of Commons. Sir George Newnes was a member. Frank Newnes was also there with his father. Professor Stuart was making a big name for himself. "T. P." was prominent both in Westminster and in the Street of Ink. Lord Burnham was then Mr. Harry Lawson, M.P. Sir Henry Dalziel, who is still a member, was, of course, another, and so one might go on.

New Notes in Journalism.—The circumstances in which the *Westminster* was founded would have made it only natural that political news should be given the greatest prominence, and I don't think anyone will challenge the statement that as a political journal it is equally strong to-day. I do not wish to imply that the *Westminster* is a political organ pure and simple. No paper could successfully appeal to the public by politics alone. Sir George Newnes did not transfer the leading members of the *Pall Mall* staff to Tudor Street, finance them, and produce a duplicate *Pall Mall* entitled the *Westminster*. He introduced fresh features of his own which gave it an individuality. The article following the leader has long been a popular feature. Grant Allen was a weekly contributor to this, and among others were M. H. Spielmann, William Archer, W. T. Stead, Frederick Greenwood, and Anthony Hope, who contributed "The Dolly Dialogues," and thus made his first essay in literature.

It is interesting to record that the *Westminster Gazette* was a pioneer in the publication of a serial in a daily newspaper. The story was "The Dictator," by the late Mr. Justin McCarthy. The daily portions were so far reduced in length by the demands for news space that the story dragged its slow length along for many months, and finally came to an abrupt conclusion when the book was published in full and in volume form by Messrs. Cassell long before the daily parts had been exhausted.

Some Journalistic Achievements.—Among the *Westminster's* general contributors one remembers a very striking number of names. It sent Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to obtain his first experience as war correspondent in the Sudan campaign which made the fame of Lord Kitchener. When P. F. Warner took out his teams to Australia he acted as correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette,* and his articles on cricket were long a feature of the paper. Colonel A'Court Repington, the military correspondent of *The Times,* was previously the military correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette.* Among the authors who have made almost their first appearance in its columns are Charles Garvice, Perceval Gibbon, Algernon Blackwood, and Rupert Brooke, whose death in Gallipoli has been universally recognised as a very heavy loss to literature. During the present war "Action Front," Boyd Cable, and "Platoon Commander" are among the best-known "discoveries" of the Westminster.

When I asked Sir Frank Newnes if he could recall any great "scoop" of which the *Westminster* management was proud, the reply I got was that a penny evening paper cannot rely on sensations; but looking back over the paper's existence, one would be inclined to say that the most critical moment in its policy was when, alone among the London papers, and practically alone among all the papers of the kingdom, it declared against the folly of a war with Russia over what was known as the Dogger

Bank incident, when a fleet of trawlers was shelled by the Russian fleet. Had the almost universal outcry for a declaration of war not been restrained the whole policy of the Empire in recent years might have been swung on to different lines.

Sir George Newnes chose a green paper and a bold type to rest the reader's eye. He said that it would be "the most elastic" of evening papers, and arranged so that it could be printed in any size from eight to twelve pages, rising two pages with each edition, which was then a novelty.

A Pioneer of Illustrations.—The directors of the *Westminster* pride themselves that it was the pioneer of illustrations in the evening Press, and invite anyone who doubts the claim to turn back to the early numbers, where he will find "a bevy of illustrations which have not been equalled since."

Sir George Newnes was before his time in his belief in illustrations. He foresaw that the public would want pictures. He expressed that belief in the publication of the *Daily Courier,* which was issued from the same office as the *Westminster Gazette;* but public opinion was not then ripe for the picture paper, and others have reaped where he sowed.

One of the best features of the *Westminster,* in my opinion, is the admirable "London Letter." The manager is Alfred H. Watson, and another member of the staff to be mentioned is Sidney G. Coram, who was previously with Pearsons.

The success of the *Westminster,* particularly in its early days, is a tribute to the ability and foresight of Sir George Newnes. One of his beliefs was that the public would quickly accept an evening paper with only one edition a day, published about five o'clock, giving all the news of the day, sub-edited with that care which ample time would make possible, and dealing in its leading

columns with events which had happened since the morning papers were published. He often wondered whether his dream would be realised.

THE "EVENING STANDARD"

It is not generally known that the morning *Standard* grew out of the *Evening Standard*, which had been in existence for several years when its proprietor, Mr. Stanley Lees Giffard, the father of Lord Halsbury, became first editor of the former journal. It is interesting to note that even in those days the *Evening Standard* enjoyed a great reputation in financial circles, and that its general note was solidity as contrasted with what one might term "fancy" features such as light articles.

When Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Pearson assumed control of the morning and evening *Standards* he effected the amalgamation of the latter paper with the *St. James's* (as it was popularly called), his aim being to combine the qualities of each and at the same time secure the benefit of their circulations and advertising revenues. As is usually the case with enterprise of the rarer sort, failure was predicted on every side, and he was warned that he would lose all by trying to achieve the end he had in view.

The qualities of the *St. James's* are indicated by its editorial contributors. It was founded by Frederick Greenwood when he left the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and among his successors in the editorial chair were Sidney Low (still a distinguished contributor to the Press), Ronald McNeill, M.P., and S. J. Pryor, the well-known editor of the *Tribune*—that most brilliant failure in the history of journalism. The *St. James's* was political in its aims, but literature was also part and parcel of its being, and the editors were proud of their contributors, who included Sir James Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, and that delightful essayist G. S. Street.

A New Policy.—I was told that the intention was to

modify the political element as far as possible in favour of light comments on topics of general interest. This was part of the larger idea to make the evening paper not only a journal for men, but one which their wives would want them to take home. Political questions, of course, were to be dealt with when they were directly interesting to the general reader, but only for what they were worth; that is to say, minute differences of party were not to be entered into unduly, but the larger significance of party was always to be considered. Apart from this, subjects which people were talking about were preferred. A feature was also made of the light article or sketch which sometimes became almost a short story, and at the same time strenuous efforts were made to maintain the old reputation for trustworthiness of news.

A Queer Experience.—The *Evening Standard* has only once or twice been guilty of what seemed like sensationalism. Perhaps the most notable example was given a day before the King of Spain's wedding. The news reached the office from what appeared a reliable source that an anarchist attempt at assassination was to be made on the Royal couple on their way to or from the ceremony. The editor being on holiday, publication was obviously an unusual responsibility, and, needless to say, there was an almost violent difference of opinion between the acting editor and his immediate advisers as to the advisability of inserting the "story." In the end it was decided to publish, and, as everyone knows, an attempt was actually made on the King and Queen the next day, so that the *Evening Standard* on the day following the wedding was able to let the public into its confidence so far as to point out the embarrassing situation in which it had been placed—the burden on the one hand of not doing its utmost to prevent a crime, and the danger on the other of risking its reputation by printing what might have been deemed a cock-and-bull story.

When the paper passed into the possession of Mr. Davison Dalziel, M.P., there was no essential change of aim, although the value attached to news of all kinds increased. Mr. Hulton, who purchased the property from Mr. Dalziel, tells me that he thinks that when he bought the *Evening Standard* in May, 1915, it had been for some time, at any rate, handicapped by the serious financial position of the morning *Standard*. He says, however, that it has already responded in the most encouraging way to extra expenditure, both editorially and mechanically, and it is hoped that an evening paper of the highest class may be established and maintained.

I should note that the editors since Mr. Pryor have been W. A. Woodward (who held the position for the longest period of any, and was extremely popular with his staff), J. A. Kilpatrick, D. M. Sutherland (now editor of the *Pall Mall*), and A. Wyatt Tilby. The present editor is Arthur H. Mann, who was born at Warwick, and started journalism with the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, then proceeded to the *Birmingham Mail*, and later to the *Birmingham Dispatch*, of which he was editor. He came to London as the London editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, Mr. Hulton's Manchester daily.

Among the others who are responsible for the new spirit which is animating the *Evening Standard*, I would particularly mention D. T. Phillips, chief sub-editor, who graduated in Manchester; J. P. Watson, the news editor; and Thomas Lloyd, the literary editor. Perhaps the best tribute to "A Londoner's Diary" is the fact that it now has its counterpart in the other penny evening papers in London.

The *Evening Standard* circulation is probably bigger than ever it was, and a large portion of the new readers must certainly have been attracted to the paper by the insight shown in this daily causerie of the world, the flesh, and the city! Its City features are more specialised than

ever. Indeed the removal to 46 Shoe Lane seems to have been a real tonic change.

The past few years have proved a period of difficulty for the penny evening newspapers, but it is quite evident that the *Evening Standard* has met the situation successfully.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

Now let me return to the *Pall Mall* to complete this story. I have always had a "sneaking regard" for the *P.M.G.* because its origin was very similar to that of the *Daily News*. The latter, as everyone knows, was founded by Charles Dickens, the former was inspired by Thackeray's "Pendennis," as "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen." It was founded by that astute and successful man, Mr. George Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., and it has a most brilliant history. The first editor was Frederick Greenwood, and it was while he occupied this position that he inspired the British Government to acquire the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal at a cost of four million pounds. Greenwood was succeeded by John Morley (now Lord Morley), who filled the editorial chair for nearly three years, when he retired and W. T. Stead came upon the scene; Stead perhaps left the greatest impression upon the public memory. Never shall I forget the effectiveness of his "Modern Babylon" articles from an editorial point of view, nor the sensation caused when he was sent to prison and edited the *P.M.G.* from Holloway. We all remember how he used to celebrate the anniversary of his imprisonment by wearing convict's clothes in his office. Stead also conducted a great campaign for naval expansion, popularly known as the "Two Keels to One Campaign."

His successor was E. T. Cook, who, however, hardly had sufficient time to make his mark upon the paper, and when the *Pall Mall* was sold over his head to

Lord Astor, he, with many of his staff, left to found the *Westminster*.

The new editor was Henry Cust. Henry Leslie, I know, held the opinion that Cust was the most brilliant editor in his time. Certainly he inaugurated a period of unsurpassed interest, assisted by the lavish expenditure which he was permitted by his proprietor, who determined to make his property a great success if money could achieve that end. It was during his editorship that the *P.M.G.* foretold the impending resignation of Mr. Gladstone in 1894, which was probably the greatest "scoop" in its history.

It was said that the leader writers, after the first edition had gone to press, used to gather together and sing a hymn, such as "Now the labourer's task is o'er," while the editor would solemnly beat time. I believe it was Cust who also originated the system by which the leader writers used to assemble in order to read their articles aloud for mutual criticism. J. L. Garvin abolished it.

With such men the *Pall Mall* renewed its youth. One might equally say that during the thirteen years of Sir Douglas Straight's editorship it certainly fulfilled the early ideal of "being written by gentlemen for gentlemen." It was during this period, I fancy, that Henry Leslie's successor as manager was F. J. Higginbottom, who succeeded Sir Douglas as editor. He in turn was followed by Mr. Garvin, who astounded the staff on the first morning of his editorship by kneeling on the floor at a table to write notes whilst he kept up a tremendous flow of conversation. They were struck as much by his brilliant talk as by his journalistic powers, and indeed he conveyed the impression that great as he undoubtedly was, and is, as a journalist, he was greater still as a conversationalist. Mr. Garvin, by the way, scored a very similar "scoop" to that of Mr. Gladstone's resignation, by announcing the forthcoming formation of the Coalition Ministry, but it

did not create anything like the same sensation, presumably because the world was satiated with far more momentous happenings.

THE "PALL MALL" TO-DAY.—On August 31, 1915, the *Pall Mall* again changed hands, being acquired by Mr. Davison Dalziel, M.P., who was formerly chairman of the company owning the *Standard* and *Evening Standard*. Mr. D. M. Sutherland, who had edited the latter paper up to the time when Mr. Dalziel relinquished control, took over the "chair" of the *Pall Mall*, and is worthily maintaining the traditions of his predecessors.

He told me, in reply to a question, that the aim of the new proprietors was to make it a newspaper without depreciating its character as a political organ, and that its policy would be one of independent support of the Coalition Government. That the paper has not lost its reputation for inaugurating popular cries, he says "may be gathered from the success of its campaign for a 'Ton for Ton' policy, which has earned wide support."

The names of the editors of the *Pall Mall* are contained in a panel over the fireplace in the library in the old building at Newton Street. I have known several of them, and many prominent members of the staff, and am bound to say that I have liked them all exceedingly. F. J. Higginbottom and my old friend A. F. Stephenson, J.P., of Southport, were inseparable. The latter, of course, is himself a prominent North Country newspaper proprietor, and his son George succeeded my late colleague George Hussey, and subsequently became manager of the paper. When J. L. Garvin took editorial charge and linked the *Pall Mall* up with the *Observer*, another old friend, J. M. Blanch, the manager of the latter paper, took over the business management.

The list of contributors is equally brilliant, including as it does George Eliot, Charles Reade, Sir James Stephen, R. H. Hutton, James Hannay, Tom Hughes, and James

Greenwood, who was responsible for its first effort in sensationalism with "The Amateur Casual."

The *Pall Mall* has had a fascinating and romantic history, and occupies a very conspicuous place in the Street of Ink upon which it has shed much brightness. Early in 1917 it was acquired by Sir Henry Dalziel, but the paper remains under the editorship of Mr. Sutherland, and up to the present there have been no outstanding changes to record.

THE "STAR"

T. P. O'Connor started the *Star* over twenty-eight years ago, as most people are aware. When I first made his acquaintance, on learning that I was connected with it, he said: "Ah! you are one of the fellows who are living on the work I commenced." "T. P." was apparently endowed with the gift of perpetual youth at his birth. Amazing as it may seem to look at him now, I believe I am right in saying that before Sala made his reputation with the *Daily Telegraph,* "T. P." occupied a position with that paper. He played a great part in giving expression to the popular note in newspapers through the *Star,* and subsequently in the columns of the *Sun,* and elsewhere. "The human touch," in fact, well describes his characteristic style, which reveals the Celtic temperament and imagination that make him singularly responsive to the feelings and aspirations of the masses. In the early days of the *Star* the top floor of the building was fitted as a complete flat for his occupation. It included a dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, and bathroom, as well as bedrooms. Thus he was able to get to his work early and late and still find time to attend to his Parliamentary duties. When he relinquished his connection with the *Star* it was, I believe, agreed that he should not be connected with any London halfpenny evening paper for two years. Anyhow, the very day that period

expired, the *Sun* appeared under his auspices. The *Star*, however, gleams as brightly as ever in the journalistic firmament from which the *Sun* has long since disappeared. "T. P." was succeeded as editor of the *Star* by H. W. Massingham, and he in turn by Ernest Parke, who had been on the paper since the beginning, having joined the staff in October, 1887, before its appearance in January, 1888. During the many happy years in which I have worked with him, I have found that the more I got to know him the more I appreciated his qualities of mind and heart. All the prime virtues of journalism, including wonderful judgment and promptitude of action, are united in him with untiring energy and wide experience. We of the *Daily News* and *Star* consider that his selection to represent the London papers on the Paper Commission was one example at least of the Government choosing the best man available for the work in view. His chief vice is an overpowering modesty, which forbids his friends to say what they would like about him.

A Typical "Star" Bill
(On the report of fighting at Damot in Somaliland which arrived during a heat wave)

There has always been an extraordinary brightness about the *Star*. It has been uninterruptedly prosperous, and no paper has been more uniformly brilliant. Not only in the London area, but throughout the radius of the Home Counties, it has exercised an enormous political and social influence of which politicians and social workers of every shade of thought are fully aware.

The *Star* has always been admirably edited. The Street of Ink attributes that to Ernest Parke, and

rightly. Its crisp head-lines, and its pithiness, struck the new note in popular journalism very firmly. There was once an artistic boy nursing his ambition and assisting in the publishing office in a very humble way. One day a member of the staff showed "E. P." (as Mr. Parke is affectionately known in the office) a cartoon of himself drawn with the wrong end of a penholder dipped in the ink. It depicted him in a particularly fierce mood, and the explanation represented him, I have no doubt, quite untruthfully, as using some very vigorous language. The member of the staff who showed it to "E. P." did so with some trepidation, but the amusement with which the latter saw it was rapidly followed by an appreciation of its cleverness, and he offered Arthur Moreland, whom he had engaged in Manchester for the circulation department, a post in the artists' room. Everyone now knows the great reputation he has made for himself.

Another artist who made a big name with the *Star* is W. Hartley. His particular gift is portraiture, which is more lifelike than photographs and for many years provided a popular feature of the paper. I am hoping that the time is not far distant when conditions will permit him to resume his admirable work.

The publishing department was beautifully organised. To show how everything was provided for, I may call attention to the old offices in Stonecutter Street, on an island site, surrounded on all sides by streets, so that the carts could be assembled and dispatched with the utmost speed. When safety bicycles came in they were bought for our carriers to supplement the carts, with which they entered into such a fierce competition that the reckless riding led to an enormous mortality among the cycles, though not among the cyclists, I am glad to say. This high proportion of fatalities was reduced very quickly by the simple expedient of making the cyclists provide their own machines. To-day, in spite of a fleet of swift cars,

the cyclists still remain, performing invaluable work and continuing to amaze pedestrians with their skill in dodging the traffic. I can recall even to-day the sensation which was caused when the first pneumatic tyres replaced the solid variety on our cycles, although even that was surpassed by the excitement when the first motor-car appeared.

I have already referred to the careers of certain members of the staff, some of whom have since left us to adorn other offices. Just about the time when I joined, the staff included Robert Donald, the present editor of the *Daily Chronicle;* T. Marlowe, the present editor of the *Daily Mail,* and W. J. Evans, now editor of the *Evening News.* A few years later Llewellyn Williams, now K.C. and M.P., was chief sub-editor. Practically all of these were appointed, and most of them "found," by "E. P." It is not generally remembered that R. A. Bennett, the editor of *Truth,* was a member of the editorial staff of the *Star* in its early days. Nor is it less interesting to recall the fact that when Joseph Pennell (whose name I have previously mentioned in this connection) was writing about art for the *Star,* years ago, his contributions were signed "A. U.," an abbreviation for "Artist Unknown." For many years the City editor was Reginald Geard, who exposed many swindles and swindlers. He is now a partner in a leading firm of stockbrokers in the City, and was for years hon. secretary of the Savage Club, where he is much liked.

To come to my present colleagues, the first to be mentioned is James Douglas, the assistant editor of the *Star,* the story of whose entrance into Fleet Street is quite along the conventionally romantic lines. He came to London from Ireland, where, in his own words, he "led an idle life as private secretary to Sir Edward Harland, founder of Harland & Wolff." Harland leased the Earl of Antrim's seat, Glenarm Castle, and Douglas read every book in the library. He also read every book in the library of another

Mr. W. E. Berry.

Mr. R. Butler.

Mr. J. L. Garvin.

Mr. Emsley Carr.

Mr. H. Swaffer.

of Harland's seats, and among his recreations wrote poetry. His first journalistic success, in fact, was a sonnet on Browning, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In London, he says, he "discovered Bernard Shaw and Walkley twinkling in the *Star*," and one day called at the office with a contribution. In that way he met "E. P.," who paid him two guineas for it and asked him to send him two special editorial notes on any topic in the last edition of the *Star*. Next day he found one of them in the paper, and received an offer to write editorial notes. He used to come into the office at 7.30 A.M., write his notes, correct his proofs, and leave in time to reach Sir Edward Harland's house at ten o'clock. When Sir Edward died, "J. D." succeeded Richard Le Gallienne as literary critic of the *Star*.

At that time Professor Stuart was in daily attendance at the office and wrote some of the leaders himself. One day he asked Douglas if he could write an article on bimetallism, and received the unexpected answer that he could write a leader on anything! Ultimately Douglas became assistant editor and settled down to write "What We Think" every day. He quickly made this feature famous for its wit and pungency. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, indeed, has described him as the best leader-writer in Great Britain. Being, he says, by temperament a limpet, he has refused offers to join the staff of two New York papers, and several London newspapers. He adds that he will be found dead with the *Star* in his hand.

Douglas once wrote a note ending with the words, "The House of Lords must be abolished. Douglas." "Douglas" was the printer's catch-line, and by inadvertence it got into the paper for a whole edition before it was noticed!

One of Douglas's brightest *Star* "scoops" was the Hyde Park demonstration against the projected bombardment of Crete by the Powers. He started the agitation on

Thursday, filled the paper with letters on Friday and Saturday, and got 100,000 people into the Park on Sunday afternoon. Lord Curzon came to the Park, saw the well-dressed multitude, and Crete was saved.

In the same year that I joined the *Star,* Wilson Pope became chief reporter in succession to Lincoln Springfield, now editor and part-proprietor of *London Opinion.* Pope was appointed news editor of the *Star* in 1898, and still occupies the position, performing his work with a versatility which is the more valuable as even the holder of such an important position must, in Pope's words, "do more or less general utility work, as there is not such a sharp division of functions on an evening paper as on a morning." As evidence of this, I may further quote his own definition of his work as "writing anything and everything from leading articles to 'Asterisks,' which were started for the purpose of getting a light opening feature on page 2, where they originally appeared."

The news editor's work on an evening newspaper producing several editions a day calls for special qualities of coolness and judgment, and to say that a man is a successful news editor on an evening paper is to pay a high tribute to his brain power and to his executive power. That tribute I cheerfully pay to Wilson Pope.

Another young veteran of the *Star* is R. S. Pengelly, who, like Pope, whom he succeeded as chief reporter, is also entitled to the proud journalistic description of "general utility man." He possesses an authoritative knowledge of municipal affairs, and his training in the courts has helped to make the *Star* a terror to evil-doers, great and small. It is interesting to have his expert testimony that the Marconi case was the hardest task he ever shared in, "when," he says, "owing to the jammed conditions of the committee room, the inadequate provision for pressmen, the furious passages of the witnesses, the difficulty of hearing, the intricacy of the financial opera-

tions described, the length of the reports required, and the rate at which they had to be turned out, our corps was generally exhausted when the committee rose."

F. W. Thomas has made a considerable and well deserved reputation through his weekly humorous articles.

There always seems to be an air of exuberance in the *Star* offices, despite the troubles which beset an evening newspaper. I remember once when paper was not so scarce as it is now, and news was much scarcer, we, in common with all other papers, were suffering from a temporary attack of "Silly Season." All at once news came that William Terriss had been murdered, and an enthusiastic reporter, unmindful of the sadness of the occasion, in his excitement at the prospect of good copy, dashed off down the Strand. I can see him now, tearing off in his shirt sleeves, having forgotten in his hurry to put on his coat.

I only wish I could refer to all the brilliant men who have been associated with the *Star's* happy family, but space will not permit me to do so. I will conclude by pointing out that the *Star* was the cause of an unwonted lapse into levity by the decorous *Daily Telegraph*. The occasion was a fire at our offices, which was put out by the use of the automatic "sprinklers" kept in the building. Our penny morning contemporary reported the affair next day under the happy heading, "Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Star."

THE "EVENING NEWS"

The story of the *Evening News* dovetails with that of the *Daily Mail,* and is incorporated in Chapter VII.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LONDON FINANCIAL AND SPORTING DAILY PAPERS

THE *Financial Times*, the *Financial News* and the *Financier* come first on the list of financial papers because they are dailies. Both the *Economist* and the *Statist* are ably edited, and occupy an important niche in the structure of our journalism.

THE "FINANCIAL TIMES"

The average reader would be amazed to learn the variety of expert knowledge represented by the staff of a financial daily. The *Financial Times*, for instance, is edited by C. H. Palmer, B.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. The assistant editor is W. H. Harland, H. W. W. Palmer is the chief leader-writer and is also an income-tax expert, and the City editor is R. C. Burgess. George Springfield (a brother of Lincoln's) was chief sub-editor for many years. The present chief "sub" is P. F. Capon. So far the description might very well apply to an ordinary daily with a speciality in finance. But the *Financial Times* requires other editors as well, in view of the subjects which must be dealt with and the technical knowledge required. There are two mining editors, J. L. Gallard (now at the front) and D. W. King, and a rubber editor, S. N. Nettleton (on active service). C. H. Palmer, the editor, who has been with the paper since its very early days, has been good enough to supply me with some particulars which further emphasise the special knowledge and experience requisite for the production of a financial daily; of course, they apply to normal times, when the Stock Exchange is busy, and

not with exactitude to present war conditions, though these involve special difficulties of their own.

The listing of prices necessitates the collating of some four thousand prices (with those of the day preceding), from the Stock Exchange Official List. These official prices, however, represent only those collected up to 3.30 daily, whereas the "House" in normal times was open until 4 o'clock, and until 4.30 on settling days, while the active markets used to continue to deal long afterwards in the "Street." (The Street Market has now temporarily vanished.)

This involved the addition of about another thousand prices, which had to be collected at the very last moment of actual dealing, and the effort involved may be readily surmised. Add to these some two thousand additional quotations which would have been received over the Exchange Telegraph Company's tape machines, and then arranged according to the class of security in alphabetical order, and the prices in chronological sequence. News is collected from every centre of finance, and from all quarters of the globe, not merely news of finance, but of produce—copper, tin, iron and steel, wheat, cotton, sugar, hops, wool, jute, frozen meat, coffee, tea and pork. When debates of a financial or commercial character take place in Parliament, when municipal finance is to the fore, when company matters are before the law courts, or railway or kindred Bills are before Parliamentary Committees, in effect when anything of financial importance happens, it comes within the purview of the financial daily. No wonder a staff of experts is required at home, and a staff of trained correspondents in every important town in Great Britain and in the market centres abroad.

The *Financial Times,* however, did not succeed until after many vicissitudes had been experienced. The real founder was Douglas Gordon Macrae. He was succeeded as chairman by F. M. Bridgewater, who died

in June, 1915. His son, Frank F. Bridgewater, is managing director (and also editor of the *Drapers' Record*), whilst another son, Mr. Howard Bridgewater, who now holds a commission in H.M. service, is also on the staff. The present chairman is Mr. William Graham. The late Mr. Bridgewater put it on record that it was due to Mr. Macrae's indomitable courage, his unquenchable belief in the future of the enterprise, and his tenacity of purpose, that the early difficulties were surmounted. "To speak of the career of the *Financial Times* for the first few years as chequered," he said, "would be to describe it in too favourable terms, because there were not even occasional patches of sunshine. It was all gloom and discouragement, and it was in spite, not only of the advice of his best friends, but in flagrant disregard of their entreaties, that he persevered with the enterprise until he had the satisfaction of seeing it achieve a large measure of success."

The policy of the *Financial Times* is summed up in the words "Without fear or favour." Mr. Bridgewater used to tell a story, which derived its point from the application of this motto. He said: "An editor was spending his summer holidays with his daughter at the seaside. They were sitting on the front, the old gentleman reading, while his daughter was admiring the reflection of the declining sun on the water. 'Oh, papa!' she said, 'do notice that beautiful sunset.' To which papa replied mechanically, without taking his eyes off his book: 'No notice without an ad.!'" "There are," Mr. Bridgewater said, "a great many promoters of doubtful ventures who would be glad if we noticed nothing that was not advertised in our columns, but we make a practice of criticising every new company without regard to whether or not it is advertised." Mr. C. H. Palmer recalls the fact that some time ago an eminent judge was so impressed with the temptations to which financial writers were exposed that he expressed surprise that any of them should die poor. Those who

did so, he said, deserved to have their names inscribed in letters of brass. It is to the honour of our financial journalism that those who do not qualify for the brass inscription are the exceptions from the rule. The early prejudice against this class of journalism has, however, entirely passed away. It is recognised now as a necessity of present business conditions, which have involved an enormous extension of the joint-stock principle. During the war the *Financial Times*, among other journals, has rendered yeoman service to the Government, and specially to the Treasury, by its careful and clear exposition of the many financial measures which the conduct of the great struggle has rendered necessary.

THE "FINANCIAL NEWS"

The *Financial News*, as everyone knows, was started by the late H. H. Marks, the first number appearing on January 23, 1884. Mr. Marks had had an adventurous career in America, and he was just the man to face the risk of starting a good London financial daily. For three or four years the struggle was a hard one, but afterwards fortune smiled and the reward came.

Up to the time of the appearance of the *Financial News* the City articles in newspapers consisted in the main of dry and colourless reviews of price movements. This newspaper sought to enliven the City article by a graceful literary touch, as well as by freedom of criticism and humour of treatment. It was, therefore, a novelty in more ways than one, and set a fashion which achieved popularity in the Press.

I do not pretend to have expert knowledge of the Money Market (I have had some experience, for which I consider I have paid a good price, but that is another matter), but no one in any sort of business position can fail to realise how great a part finance plays in national as well as business life. E. T. Powell, the editor of the *Financial*

News, is my authority for stating that the readjustment of the banking system, some fifty years ago (at the time of the Overend-Gurney crisis in 1866), created a new spirit which, at the onset of the Baring crisis in 1890, "drew the bankers into consolidation under the leadership of the Bank of England in order to prevent a colossal calamity," and again when the German war crisis burst upon us in 1914, "enabled us to roll back its menace by a series of gigantic financial fortresses presenting an adamantine barrier to the approach of disaster." The last quarter of a century, too, witnessed the growth of the small investor as a class, which proved a further source of strength, and this is undoubtedly due in the main to the work of the financial newspapers and the financial articles and news in the Press generally. Mr. Powell points out that in the early 'eighties, when the *Financial News* was established, practically the only active market was that in American railroad stocks. Then came the smaller investor, and after his advent we witnessed the growing activity of the mining markets in the early 'nineties, the great developments in industrials, and the rubber and oil booms, which could not have achieved such magnitude as they did without him.

What I have already written about the organisation of a financial daily would, of course, apply in general to the *Financial News*. Mr. Powell has graduated as a Bachelor of Law and a Doctor of Science of London University. He has written an exhaustive book on "The Evolution of the Money Market from 1385 to 1915," and another on "The Practical Affairs of Life," in which he has embodied what he terms "the philosophy of efficiency for the younger combatants in the battle of life." He is assisted by an expert staff. D. O. Croal, the chief leader-writer, combines full knowledge with literary trenchancy. Another leader-writer, H. W. Wheeler, is a veteran among City journalists, whose work was well known even before the *Financial News* was established.

W. A. Doman is familiar to a multitude of mining readers by his initials "W. A. D.," and H. H. Dick has made his mark among the younger school of City journalists by his grasp of financial topics. It is the practice of the *Financial News* to give the younger members of its staff a course of journalism in other centres of financial activity besides London. Thus Mr. Dick and the chief night sub-editor, Albert Heron, have both served in New York, while Dick has worked on the Paris *Financial News* also. George Green, who "does" the mining market, is one of the most familiar figures in Throgmorton Street of an afternoon, while among the rubber magnates few people are better known than G. V. White, who specialises in rubber and the movement of rubber shares, as does his colleague, H. W. Palmer, in the mysteries of the oil share market.

THE "SPORTING LIFE"

Another class of paper appealing to a special public, and, likewise, I am afraid, hit very hard by the war, is the sporting daily. The older of the two published in London is the *Sporting Life*. It was originally published as *Bell's Life in London*, which was first issued on March 3, 1822, and was incorporated with the *Sporting Life* on May 31, 1886. The *Sporting Life*, however, was founded on March 24, 1859, although it was not published as a daily until March, 1883.

Naturally, its history is a most enthralling one to all those who are interested in sport. In its columns one could read the story of Hermit's Derby, of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot in 1881 when Peter stopped to kick in the middle of the race, but nevertheless came home an easy winner, of the St. Leger in 1887 when Kilwarlin was left hopelessly at the post and, although seeming to have lost the remotest chance, accomplished an astounding victory.

Equally interesting are the records of other forms of

sport which have been completely covered as a matter of daily routine. I have known that excellent young sportsman, W. E. Broomfield, the manager, for many years. He explained to me that the *Sporting Life* was the property of the late Wm. Macfarlane, and is owned by his widow (now Mrs. Broomfield), for whom her husband manages the paper. Under the late George Lowe the paper gained great headway. He was one of the best authorities on horse and dog breeding England has ever known, and when he retired in 1903, Mr. William Will, now general manager and director of the *Graphic,* became managing editor. It was Will who brought the present editor, Morley Brown, to London from Aberdeen to become his lieutenant. When Will left to join the *Graphic* Lints Smith, the news editor of the *Evening Standard,* became editor of the *Sporting Life,* and a few months afterwards Morley Brown was invited to become sports editor of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's News.* He returned to the *Sporting Life,* however, in 1914, to succeed Lints Smith in the editorial chair, the latter having been appointed associate general manager of *The Times.* Morley Brown enjoys the complete confidence of his proprietor, and has given evidence of his ability during the very difficult times following the war. This may be gathered from the fact that the *Sporting Life* has achieved considerable success in raising funds for the various war charities, obtaining a substantial sum for the Prince of Wales's Fund, and assisting very materially in helping to raise £40,000 for the provision of one hundred motor ambulances presented by the Sportsmen's Ambulance Fund, of which Lord Lonsdale is president. In addition, hundreds of pounds have been collected for the paper's Boxing Glove and Football Fund, and hundreds of pairs of boxing gloves and footballs have been sent to soldiers and sailors. Moreover, many military athletic meetings for war charities have been organised to assist the

authorities in helping soldiers in their training, and a little while ago, at a big military athletic meeting held at Aldershot, King George personally thanked two representatives of the *Sporting Life* for the excellent work they were doing.

The paper has also been the medium for fixing up most of the great contests in boxing, billiards, coursing, and other kinds of sport, and has held the stakes and appointed referees for all the matches made in its office. Broomfield says that the deposits so held and paid out at different times must amount to about £50,000, although he adds: "Unlike the banks, we have no unclaimed balances."

Despite the fact that so large a proportion of their readers has joined the forces, the management, as I can personally testify, is as cheerful and enterprising as ever. The paper is doing a great work for its readers at various fronts, and is by no means losing touch with them, as thousands of copies are regularly sent to the forces. There is every indication that its records will be equalled and even surpassed in the future, and no men will deserve better luck or be wished more success than the good fellows whose offices face mine across the Street of Ink.

THE "SPORTSMAN"

One of the pleasing features of our Street are the friendly feelings which journalists on rival papers entertain for each other. The readers of papers of different political complexions, or holding different views about national policy, and pouring scorn upon one another like quarrelsome barristers in the Law Courts, would often be surprised could they see the men responsible lunching together on terms of perfect amity like the barristers referred to, who may sometimes be seen leaving the court arm-in-arm after their wrangles are finished for the day. Sometimes such papers will even speak of each other in generous terms, and gain respect in con-

sequence. The *Sportsman* gave a very handsome example of this in its jubilee number of August 12, 1915, when speaking of its first appearance as follows:

"It is not too much to say that its publication revolutionised sporting journalism. Until that time dear old *Bell's Life* held the field unchallenged, for though the *Sporting Life* had made its bow to the public before 1865, it was not then under the able management that has since made it our chief rival for public favour."

The *Sportsman* put racing in the forefront of its programme. Vigilant's Note Book, with its intimate knowledge of the betting markets, and reports from the principal training quarters, were the paper's first leading features, and it is curious to reflect in these days that the rulers of the Turf viewed the paper with dissatisfaction, and issued a decree that unless the publication of training reports were discontinued the proprietors of the *Sportsman* would be warned off the Turf. The threat, however, was never put into execution.

Despite the increasing popularity of the paper, the proprietors were passing through anxious times, and money was poured out like water. The management, apparently, although possessing an excellent knowledge of what was required by the public to which the paper appealed, lacked experience of newspaper management, and spent a lot of money unwisely. For instance, they paid George Augustus Sala £300 to write twelve articles for them, and although nobody would deny either that he was worth the money or that his writing was brilliant in the extreme, a better choice could have been made to meet the tastes of a purely sporting public.

The *Sportsman,* which appeared as a bi-weekly paper, was afterwards published three times a week, then four times, and finally in 1876 as a daily. Many well known journalists have been connected with it, including George Augustus Sala, Charles Russell, later editor of the

Glasgow Herald; John Corlett, who became proprietor of the *Sporting Times;* Charles Greenwood, who is regarded in the office as being probably the greatest personality of them all, and who enjoyed an unrivalled position in the Turf world; and Captain Coe.

To the late T. H. Whitefoot, then editor of the *Sportsman,* belonged the credit of having brought over Hanlon, the Canadian sculler, to the Mother Country, and the origination of the boom in aquatic sport that took place at that period, culminating in the presentation by the proprietors of the *Sportsman* of the Sculling Championship Cup.

Other prominent members of the staff were David Anderson, the dramatic critic, who left the *Sportsman* to go on the *Daily Telegraph;* Archibald MacNeil, who met with a tragic end by falling off the gangway of the steamer at Boulogne when returning home from a visit to the Continent on the business of the paper; and William Allison, formerly editor of *St. Stephen's Review,* still on the staff and writer of the well known "Special Commissioner" articles.

Mr. Batty-Smith, the present sole proprietor and editor, son of one the founders, joined the paper as a youth, and his professional connection with the *Sportsman* was another instance of chance deciding a man's future. He was merely putting in a few months between a sojourn on the Continent and going up to Cambridge with a view to the Bar, but the stop en route became a permanent one, and Mr. Batty-Smith has been in the Street of Ink ever since. His alert brain, coupled with energy, enterprise, and an insatiable appetite for work, took him to the top of the tree, and when the present difficult conditions give place to more normal ones, the *Sportsman* should enter upon a new era of success under his able control.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LONDON SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS

THE "OBSERVER"

J. L. GARVIN, the editor of the *Observer,* who, as everyone knows, is one of the outstanding figures in Paperland, has performed one signal service to journalism which is apt to be overlooked. He has shown that, despite modern developments, the great romantic days are by no means over, and that the man of real ability can force his way to the top by the strength of his own personality, and, supported by the right men, can even make the fortunes of the newspaper with which he is connected.

The striking success of the *Observer* under Mr. Garvin's control affords ample proof of this. No one will deny that since its foundation so long ago as 1791 it has never enjoyed a period of greater brilliancy and popularity than at the present time.

To show the effect of Mr. Garvin's work I must go back to about 1903, when the circulation of the *Observer,* which was then still a twopenny paper, had fallen to little more than 2,000 weekly. Lord Northcliffe bought it in 1905, and offered the editorship to Mr. Garvin, but he was unable to accept the invitation as he was then editor of the *Outlook,* which he had just turned into a sixpenny review, and which he did not wish to desert at a critical period. In 1906, on the occasion of the General Election, Lord Northcliffe reduced the price of the *Observer* to one penny, but the change did not have much effect. In the autumn of the following year Mr. Garvin was again offered the editorship by Lord Northcliffe. He

accepted it on condition that he was allowed, as he put it to me, "to say my own say about politics, and life, and men and women."

I am not revealing any State secret when I say that at that time the *Observer* was being produced at a heavy loss, and, despite the fact that its circulation had been increased, it was still no more than approximately 20,000 a week.

The first prominent impression made by the *Observer* under Mr. Garvin's editorship was undoubtedly obtained by means of the naval articles which appeared in 1908 and attracted wide attention. They were so well informed that Lord Tweedmouth, when First Lord of the Admiralty, had a singular passage of arms with the editor, whose action was supported by public opinion.

At the end of little more than nine years the *Observer* has reached a circulation of, roughly, a quarter of a million, and is more prosperous in every way, as well as more influential, than at any period during its long history. Such a recovery is notable in the records of penny journalism.

When Lord Northcliffe ceased to be proprietor in 1911, the new proprietor, as everyone knows, was Lord Astor, who subsequently transferred the property to his son, Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P. for Plymouth, between whom and Mr. Garvin close ties of political view and personal friendship exist.

I asked Mr. Garvin how he would summarise his policy, and he replied that he had been guided from the outset by three principles, all of which had stood the test of time. (1) To give the paper, above all, "character." (2) To restore in an age of tabloid journalism the full treatment of important subjects. (3) To give the public at need what it, at first, did not want—the only real path to moral influence.

There is no doubt that the unique editorial page gives

the paper its present decisive character, and its impartiality has been very striking. In 1909 the *Observer* took a very prominent part in the great Budget struggle, and constantly foreshadowed the developments of Unionist policy, although its own attitude towards all public affairs was strictly based on concern for national defence, in view of the life-or-death struggle which it declared to be approaching. It never, however, abused the German people, and maintained its reputation of never hitting "below the belt," however hard it fought.

Again in 1910 the *Observer,* after King Edward's death, made the first suggestion for the Constitutional Conference, which was subsequently held, to try to settle the Veto question, and later in the year attempted to save the Conference and to bring about a Coalition Government by advocating an Irish "settlement by consent." The *Observer's* support of the Insurance Act in 1911 was also notable, and it is interesting, in view of subsequent events, to remember that whilst strongly urging the Unionist party to adopt a progressive, democratic policy, the paper prophesied during the Agadir crisis that Mr. Lloyd George might yet be the nation's "animating genius" were war ever thrust upon us.

During the conflict the paper has been distinguished by the same consideration of keeping the national cause above all party recrimination and personal abuse, and its influence, if anything, has been strengthened. Mr. Garvin is a great editor of a great paper himself, and, as one would expect, gives much credit to his colleagues and staff. There is no doubt that a large part of his success has been due to the harmonious working of all departments under the editor and his assistant editors, Robert Bell—a very fine journalist—and W. J. McAliece, both of whom, he says, must share in any credit which belongs to him.

The *Observer* has been equally fortunate on the com-

Mr. J. Gennings.

Mr. E. Robbins.

Mr. Roderick Jones.

Mr. Charles Baker.

Mr. Winton Thorpe.

mercial side in its well-known manager, J. M. Blanch. I can well understand the good feeling existing between the commercial and editorial departments, as for many years I have known him to be a man whose business ability is only matched by his personal tact.

THE "SUNDAY TIMES"

As I write Merthyr has just lost one of its most promising citizens in Alderman J. M. Berry, J.P. A man of strong personality, with noted business capacity and a native instinct for affairs, he was not only a power in the town, but exercised a large influence throughout South Wales. He had three sons, and of all that a long and successful life brought him he was most proud of the position they won for themselves. The eldest, H. Seymour Berry, was in business with his father for some years, but has more recently found a wider field in association with his father's lifelong friend, Lord Rhondda, and has been that nobleman's right hand in the colliery deals that were effected in 1916.

The two younger brothers, W. E. Berry and J. Gomer Berry, struck out their own lines. Migrating to London while little more than beardless youths, they descended on Fleet Street, and, with splendid audacity, started a new paper, the *Advertising World*. W. E. edited it with a marked ability and a freshness of view that speedily got it talked about; the younger brother looked after the commercial side, and nursed it into a property. Presently they sold it for a substantial sum, for they were men of ideas, and meant to do bigger things. Two or three other papers were launched successfully, and incidentally they adventured as publishers of books of various sorts.

To men of this spirit the appetite comes with eating, and they looked round for a fresh outlet for their indefatigable activities. A little bird whispered that the control of the *Sunday Times* might be acquired at a price, for

the property had been paying handsome dividends to both its preference and ordinary shareholders. It was a matter that required not only large funds, but wary negotiation, for there were other Richmonds in the field, and the organisers of one of the great political parties were very anxious to get hold of it. The story of the deal was one of the most dramatic that Fleet Street has known of recent years, but it cannot for obvious reasons be recounted, and it is sufficient to say that the Berrys won out. W. E. Berry became chairman of the company and managing editor; J. Gomer Berry joined the board: and this united activity is writ large on the freshened life and widening influence of the paper.

The *Sunday Times* was first issued on October 20, 1822, the title-page stating that the *Independent Observer* was incorporated with it. In three months, however, it passed into the ownership of Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, sometime M.P. for Colchester, under whom it became an organ of Independent Liberalism, and rapidly grew in influence and prosperity. One of the earliest articles under his *régime* was "The Character of Mr. Cobbett," by William Hazlitt, which was afterwards included in Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age." Mr. Whittle was also the pioneer of serial fiction in newspapers, Harrison Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's" being thus published in the *Sunday Times*, for which the author was paid the sum of £1,000—so that big sums were paid by newspapers for special features even in those days. Ainsworth's "Lancashire Witches" and Sheridan Knowles's "Fortescue" came out in the same manner.

Mr. Harvey's connection with the *Sunday Times* ended in the early 'forties, and in the next half-century the paper had many changes of ownership. Among the various proprietors were Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, who afterwards became chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and whose son, the late Lord Burnham, also worked on the paper;

Mr. E. T. Smith, well known in his day as the lessee of a number of theatres; Mr. Searle, of Leicester Square; Colonel FitzGeorge, and the late Sir Augustus Harris.

The original price of the paper was sevenpence, which was reduced to sixpence in 1838, when the size was increased from four to eight pages. Later it was again raised to sevenpence, but after the abolition of the Stamp Duties was reduced to fourpence, at which price it remained for a long time. Towards the end of the 'sixties there was a further reduction to twopence, and in the 'eighties to one penny.

In 1895 (twenty-two years ago) the paper was owned and edited by Mrs. Rachel Beer, probably the most successful of all women journalists. Prior to her advent it had been edited by the late Arthur à Beckett, for many years assistant editor of *Punch* to Sir F. C. Burnand. During the changes of proprietorship, the paper, which in its sevenpenny days had attained a circulation of 80,000, had lost ground, and the net sales were hardly more than 20,000, a figure which, however, nearly doubled during the Boer War. Under Mrs. Beer's editorship it altered to an independent attitude in politics. "Standing outside the trammels of party," says a quaintly-worded article of June 30, 1895—at the time of the general election—"the *Sunday Times* is enabled to watch the struggles of party politicians as an entomologist observes the contest of rival tribes of ants." The same independence was maintained, and represents the policy of the present proprietors.

The printing and type-setting generally reflected the better-class journalism of the day. Headings were of a very modest character, and no blocks were allowed in advertisements. Editorially, the chief features were a regular succession of criticisms—then a comparative novelty—under the general title of "In the Witness-Box," and a City article by the "Cornhill Magpie," which was an authoritative exposition of the mysteries of "high finance."

In March, 1905, Mrs. Beer's interest in the paper was sold to the company owning the *Sunday Special,* a journal which, as will be remembered, had made its first appearance in 1897, and had rapidly attained a large influence and circulation. The two papers were at once incorporated, the new proprietors wisely electing to give the preference to the old title. A few months ago the property was acquired by the present owners.

The editorial standard is a very high one; indeed if one might make invidious comparisons, the Burnham tradition still seems to survive, and the tone of the *Sunday Times* resembles very much that of the *Daily Telegraph.* My friend, W. E. Berry, has every reason to be satisfied with his paper and with the work of his staff and contributors.

I am sanguine that after the war the *Sunday Times,* which already occupies one of the foremost places among Sunday journals, will move still higher up, and that the Berrys will be on top in full bloom.

THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD"

Many years ago I went to the *News of the World* office to see Mr. Fifoot on a matter of business, and as I handed my card to the hall porter a tall clean-shaven man with dark hair, who was wearing a very old squashed-in hat and a shabby tweed suit (I think he still wears them at garden parties and golf) caught sight of it. In those days the correct garb for the "Street of Ink" was a glossy top hat and a smart frock coat, and only the wealthiest or the poorest dressed otherwise. My first hasty impression when he addressed me in a kindly tone and asked "How's my friend Parke," was that the question seemed a little familiar, but the effect of his voice and a closer look at him convinced me that he was the sort of man who may perhaps best be described as a "personage," and suggested that he must be classed with those who can dress to please

themselves. I answered his question politely, and inquired what name I should mention to my chief. He replied, "Please say that Mr. Riddell wishes to be kindly remembered to him," and that is how I first met the chief proprietor of the *News of the World*.

My personal inclination would be to deal at some length with the personality and interests of Sir George Riddell, but owing to the limited space at my command all I can do is to indicate in the main the results of his activities. I know him to be a master of organisation, the personification of shrewdness and business ability, and a man with the power of stripping a problem to its bare essentials. He has frequently helped me with advice, and it was largely owing to his suggestion that I entered upon the responsibilities of this book.

Sir George is a veritable Datas, and although good memories seem more or less common amongst newspaper men, his is really exceptional. He has Mr. Lloyd George's gift for remembering events almost to an hour, and I think that, like the Prime Minister, he also remembers conversations in minute detail.

As one example of his quite unusual memory, when talking to my wife some years after he first met her, he said, "Let me see, now, you are a daughter of Dr. Creser, are you not?" Very astonished, she admitted the soft impeachment, and asked him how he knew, whereupon he said, "I heard a considerable time ago that Simonis had married a daughter of Dr. Creser—the eminent organist of the Chapel Royal who played the Wedding March for the King and Queen," which was a fact.

Sir George is also a very racy speaker, who is particularly welcome at dinners, as he tells a good story really well, and never fails to lend sparkle to such discourses with some appropriate anecdote. I remember a Printers' Pension dinner when it fell to his lot to propose the toast of the Lord Mayor and Corporation,

and he told a story of one of Sir Charles Wakefield's predecessors which was all the more piquant as the point of it was against himself. The Lord Mayor in question had responded to this particular toast some 900 times, an average of about three times daily. Sir George asked him if he did not find it very boring. "Perhaps I do, a little," he replied, "but not nearly so boring as listening to the 900 old gentlemen who propose the toast."

As to Sir George's achievements, the one of which he is proudest is the three-million circulation of the *News of the World*.

The *News of the World* was established in 1843 by John Browne Bell, who was already the proprietor of two successful weekly papers known as the *Planet* and *Bell's New Weekly Messenger*. If one could read the first contents bill one would see that the idea of the paper is embodied in the title—*News for the Million*. And the original price was "only threepence." John Browne Bell's preliminary advertisements of the *News of the World* were characteristic. Here is one of them :—

"We must positively and distinctly state that upon no account shall any alteration ever be made in the price of the *News of the World*. We intend and are resolved that it shall be sold for threepence only. We distinctly pledge ourselves to this. We enter into an inviolable compact with the public never to charge for the *News of the World* more than its present price. One of the great features of the publication is its extraordinary cheapness, and this great feature shall never be interfered with on any account whatever."

In the first number it was stated "Our motto is truth. Our practice is the fearless advocacy of truth." The paper at once proved a success, so that in 1852, when the proprietor moved to Exeter Street, Strand, the circulation had reached what was then the enormous figure of 250,000 copies per week, particularly when it is remembered that

at that time the stamp duty on newspapers was one penny per copy and the paper duty 1s. 1½d. per pound.

John Browne Bell adhered closely to the promises made in his advertisements. The paper was what he predicted, and he never altered its style. When he died in 1857, having amassed a large fortune, the paper passed to his son, who was a solicitor. He carried it on for many years, and ultimately it passed to his two sons, Messrs. W. J. and Adolphus Bell.

These gentlemen, so Sir George Riddell told me, delayed too long in reducing the price to 1d., and thus lost a large part of their circulation. The sale had fallen to a comparatively low figure when, in 1890, the property was acquired by the late Mr. Lascelles Carr, and the present proprietors. Owing to skilful effort and patient and persistent work, based upon the goodwill created during the previous fifty years, the paper which had the largest circulation in 1850 still has the largest circulation in 1917. A circulation in excess of 2,500,000 copies per week is surely a world's record. "What are your returns?" I inquired. "Under 5 per cent.," replied Sir George. The *News of the World* was, I believe, the first publication to give an auditors' certificate of net sales and to lay its books open to bona-fide advertisers. Curiously enough, the style of the publication has never changed. The dress is more modern to-day than it was in 1850, but the individuality of the paper is the same. Sir George says: "If you were to read the old files with the headings obliterated, you would at once say, 'Why, this paper is just like the *News of the World*.'" In the course of twenty-six years the paper has reached its present colossal dimensions. The growth has been slow and sure. Every year has seen an increase and, furthermore, there is no part of the world where the British language is spoken in which it is not to be found.

This success is due to the twin essentials of journalism,

editorial and business enterprise. The *News of the World* has many "scoops" to its credit. It was first with its announcement of the death of King Edward. It was first with the news of the murder of William Terriss. During the Boer War, as in the course of the present war, it made a reputation for reliability and celerity in providing important news. Probably the most interesting "beat" scored in its history was the intimation first published in its columns (on July 20, 1911) that the German Emperor had demanded the removal of Mr. Lloyd George from the Government after his momentous speech at the Guildhall at the time of the Agadir crisis—an incident which is hardly remembered, but is very significant. The Paris correspondent of the *News of the World* wrote :

"In this speech, which has done more to preserve peace than all the pourparlers which have taken place between French and German Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George said : 'I would make great sacrifices to preserve peace. I can conceive of nothing that could justify a disturbance of international goodwill except questions of the greatest national moment, but if a situation were to be forced upon us, in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure.'

"This pronouncement was, I am told, received with amazement by the German public. But amazement was quickly succeeded by rage—rage that they had been deceived by their Government, and rage that their Government should have laid themselves open to such a rebuke from a friendly Power.

"To appease the people, the German ambassador was at once instructed to demand a retraction from the British Government, and also the dismissal from office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"The information which has reached us in Paris is that Count Metternich, on waiting upon Sir Edward Grey to communicate the wishes of his Government, was informed that his request could not be complied with.

"The speech, he was also told, embodied not only the views of Mr. Lloyd George, but also the considered view of the British Government.

"The result of the interview was at once communicated to Herr von Kiderlin Waechter, the Minister for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, and the more reasonable and pacific nature of the 'conversations' which have since taken place between representatives of France and Germany may be said to date from this period.

"The action of Germany will no doubt be received with incredulity by the English people, but it has occasioned no surprise at the Quai d'Orsay, where the Delcassé incident is still fresh in the Ministerial mind."

Fiction, of course, is also a "strong suit," and many popular authors have contributed serials to the paper, among them being my friend George Edgar, well known and well liked in journalistic business circles.

Other popular features which must have attracted thousands of readers are "Answers to Correspondents" on legal, medical, and general topics, and that fascinating and romantic "Golden Column," which gives particulars of fortunes awaiting unknown owners. I eagerly scan the list every Sunday and am still hoping!

To show the enterprise of the business departments of the *News of the World*, I would point to some important innovations for which the paper was responsible. Sir George Riddell gave me an instance of one which has had far-reaching effects on the possibilities of printing huge

circulations and incidentally has saved newspaper proprietors thousands of pounds every year.

"As you know," he said, "in the old days all paper was passed through a spraying machine in the printing office. This involved the unwinding and re-winding of every reel, which was an enormous task. As our circulation grew and as our then premises were small and incapable of extension, my dear old friend, the late Lascelles Carr, one of the cleverest and most inventive men I ever met, suggested that we should abandon the spraying and print on dry paper. With many forebodings on the part of the experts we took the plunge. The example was speedily followed, and to-day the whole of the newspapers print on dry paper. In these days of huge circulations it would, of course, be impossible to re-wind the thousands of miles of paper which are used every day. The *News of the World* alone uses about 6,000 miles of paper per week. Just think of spraying and re-winding it! In the old days the English newspaper was of the blankety and absorbent order. It did not have the skin of the modern paper, which greatly facilitates dry printing."

The *News of the World* was also the first to introduce the straight-line press which is now in general use. "In the old days," Sir George said, "we were very proud of our new presses. To-day we have one of the biggest and best-equipped printing plants in the world. We had the honour of being in at the birth of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*, and in both cases printed a large part of the first issue."

During the war the enterprise of the management has been shown by the publication of the first Sunday evening edition, which must have proved a very valuable advertisement. This success illustrates the efficiency of the publishing department which ensures that the *News of the World* shall be one of the best published papers in the kingdom.

Since 1891 the editor has been Emsley Carr, one of the

proprietors and a nephew of Lascelles Carr. Emsley Carr is a courageous journalist, with the real *flair* for news. He is also a director of the *Western Mail* and of George Newnes, Limited.

Like Sir George Riddell, he is an enthusiastic golfer. In peace times he is also keen on racing and boxing. Emsley Carr tells a good story well worth recording. He relates that the caller at the office that stands out most prominently in his mind was a very old man who resembled Father Time as closely as anyone he had ever seen. He gave his name as "Dr. ——," and had the air of a man who was about to make an unheard-of request. His first words bore out that impression. "I am afraid," he said, "that I am about to ask something impossible of fulfilment, and yet my necessity is great and compels me to make it." He then explained that his daughter had been reading a serial in the *News of the World* and by some strange freak of imagination had linked her life up with that of the heroine. He gathered that some misfortune had happened to the hero which had had a serious effect upon the heroine, who took to her bed. The latest instalment showed that her life was despaired of, and the visitor made the extraordinary statement that his daughter, who was not a strong girl, had also taken to her bed, and that her life was hanging by a thread. "I give you my professional word," he explained, with emotion, "that if in your coming issue the heroine dies, my daughter will die too. I want this heroine to live so that my daughter may have as bright and happy a future as any heroine ever had." Emsley Carr tersely summarised the result of the interview by saying: "The lady is now the happy mother of a large family."

Edgar Fifoot, the business manager, and also one of the proprietors, has been in the newspaper business for about forty years. He started young in the offices of the *Western Mail*, and joined the *News of the World* in 1893. Few men

know the newspaper trade as well as Fifoot, who has the proud distinction of being the father of Captain Fifoot, one of the winners of the D.S.O. Captain Fifoot himself is in the service of Messrs. Lloyd, the paper-makers. Unfortunately he lost the sight of one of his eyes in fighting for his country.

R. Power Berrey, the assistant editor, has been with the *News of the World* for about twenty years. He is a good-looking Irishman with a graphic pen, and the author of several books for boys which have attained wide popularity.

No account of the *News of the World* would be complete without a reference to Mr. Crafter, manager of the mechanical department, who has printed millions of papers week after week without a hitch. He is an inventor of no mean order, and has devised several useful mechanical appliances in connection with the printing trade.

The paper with the largest circulation in the world is produced in an unpretentious-looking building which gives no indication that it is the home of a publication with a three-million circulation. It, however, covers something like half an acre in Bouverie Street and Whitefriars Street, the streets which probably produce more papers than any thoroughfare in the world; for here are to be found the offices of the *News of the World*, the *Daily News*, the *Star*, the *Daily Chronicle*, *Lloyd's*, the *Daily Mirror*, and the *Sunday Pictorial*, not to forget dear old *Punch*. It has been estimated that in peace time sixty thousand miles of paper pass every week through the Bouverie Street and Whitefriars Street presses. Can any other streets equal this?

"Well, good-bye, *News of the World*," I said, as I picked up my hat. "But before I go, tell me, what is your trade-mark?" Sir George smiled. He said, "To misquote Robespierre, 'News of the people, for the people.'"

THE "WEEKLY DISPATCH"

The *Weekly Dispatch,* from a descriptive point of view, suffers from two handicaps. Its identity is, to a large extent, swallowed up in the multifarious activities of Carmelite House, and up to about two years ago it suffered from a succession of vicissitudes.

The editor is Hannen Swaffer, who is known in the office as "The Poet." He is a familiar figure in the Street of Ink, and more stories are told of him than of almost any other journalist. I can add to these from my own experience. Meeting him early in the year, he placed his hand in his breast pocket, and as he was rummaging for something there, said that owing to the war it was not good form to give presents, but, all the same, he would like me to accept something from him as a token of regard. He then pulled out a very curious slip proof which had sets of three lines of very diminutive type zig-zagging all over it. Tearing off one of these sets, he handed it to me with the air of a man bestowing a priceless jewel, and I read the words:

HANNEN SWAFFER
WISHES YOU
A HAPPY 1917.

This was real paper economy! Soon afterwards I had a letter from him written on copy paper in blue-black ink, and headed at the top in blue pencil, "From H. S. to H. S."

He has the distinction of writing one of the most curious "hands" that I have come across. If you see a piece of copy which seems to have been produced at break-neck speed by a writer who apparently desired to show that he found even that monotonous and wished to impart variety by introducing capital letters in the middle of words and elsewhere where they didn't belong, you will be fairly right in assuming that it is Swaffer's. He succeeded the

late Captain M. F. Cotton, who relinquished the editorial chair in order to join the Army. Rather a melancholy coincidence linked him up with the paper in the end. One day, during a spell of leave, he visited the office and had a chat with Swaffer and another man. They were jokingly discussing the relative importance which would be given to their respective obituaries by the *Weekly Dispatch*. Swaffer told Cotton that he, of course, would be "worth" a notice on the front page illustrated with his photograph. Shortly after he returned to the front he was killed in action, and his obituary and photograph appeared on the front page of the following number.

I asked Swaffer my favourite question as to how he became a journalist. He told me that as a youngster he lived on Clapham Common, next door to a family that was apparently wealthy, since the father and mother and their child all had beautifully-plated bicycles. He was consumed with a burning ambition to possess one for himself, and made inquiries to find out who and what the wealthy neighbour was. He found that he was a journalist, and forthwith made up his mind that he would be one, too. The neighbour, by the way, was then the editor of the *Football Evening News,* and is now on Swaffer's staff on the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Hannen Swaffer has been an "ink-slinger" for twenty years, and thirteen of the last fourteen he has spent in one capacity or another under Lord Northcliffe. He was in turn, news editor, art editor, night editor, and assistant editor of the *Daily Mirror,* and during the odd year he was art editor of the *Daily Sketch*. There, I believe, he originated the "Mr. Gossip" feature which, as he prophesied at the time, would be extensively copied by rival publications.

He told me that the *Weekly Dispatch* has several new contributors every week, because the policy is to make a live paper of it by securing contributions on topical

subjects by the best authorities. The celebrated "Smith-Dorrien" controversy on the modern places of entertainment gained the paper considerable publicity.

Naturally, it is strong on news and the usual features which tend to make a popular Sunday paper successful. Very considerable enterprise was shown, for instance, in giving the first story of the battle of Neuve Chapelle. War correspondents were, as usual, under strict censorship, and to counter the difficulty a new and effective way of doing war correspondence was invented. It was delightfully simple, though somewhat arduous, as it consisted of interviewing scores of wounded men and piecing together a connected narrative from their various stories. The same method was employed in connection with the Battle of Loos, and again after Hill 60. In both cases the *Weekly Dispatch* was able to print the first stories of the battles, and in each instance the report ran to seven columns in length.

These stories were written by Bernard Falk, one of the most prolific writers for the *Weekly Dispatch*. It is commonly known in the Street of Ink that he was formerly news editor of the *Evening News*, after which he helped to start the *Week-end*, an ambitious literary venture, which started off with articles by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Walter Long. While the *Week-end* was still being published he helped to found the *Evening Times*, which, however, was discontinued after eighteen months. Afterwards he became acting editor of *Reynolds's*, and later political correspondent of the *North Star*, Darlington. This is not a complete summary of his activities, but it justifies my description of him as a rolling stone who has gathered moss. Swaffer, with his inimitable gift of phrase, summed Falk up to me as "A young Manchester man who has turned a space-writer's desk into a sort of Ministry of Munitions, who is able to write anything to order, from a sporting paragraph to a

history of the war, and who, if he is called up, will be an armed 'liner.'"

The assistant editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* is William Caird, brother of Andrew Caird. J. J. Brebner is responsible for the sports page, James Waters is the dramatic critic, and the very interesting book notes are contributed by John C. Austin, who produces the *Overseas Mail*. A very popular feature of the *Weekly Dispatch* is "Secret History of the Week," which has been started since the outbreak of the war, and is one of the most piquant weekly paper features.

There is plenty of "go" in the *Weekly Dispatch* in the one hundred and sixteenth year of its existence, and the enterprise shown in the editorial and business departments has resulted in an increased popularity which, as shown by the circulation figures, is greater now than at any time in its history.

THE "REFEREE."

It may be said that the popularity of the *Referee* is to some extent due to the fact that it does not compete with the average Sunday paper. It is, as the proprietors claim, "a unique Sunday journal," and it has remained so despite the war.

It is not generally remembered that the parent paper of the *Referee* was the old *Weekly Dispatch*. In 1877, when the *Referee* started, sporting journalism, in the words of Richard Butler, the present editor, "was a curious product. The men with expert knowledge were mostly unable to write about sport, while the men who could write attractively did not know enough to inspire the confidence of readers with practical experience."

There was, however, a man possessing the double qualification in the person of Henry Sampson, whose contributions to the *Weekly Dispatch* over the signature "Pendragon" made him a power in the world of sport.

A New Note in Journalism.—Early in 1877 the *Dis-*

Mr. C. P. Scott.
Mr. J. Croal.
Sir Edward Russell.
Mr. J. S. R. Phillips.
Mr. A. G. Jeans.

patch became the property of Mr. Ashton Dilke, who for a time edited the paper and highly appreciated the quality of his contributor "Pendragon." Mr. Sampson had long desired to start a Sunday newspaper devoted to sport and the drama. He submitted his scheme to Mr. Dilke, who at once realised its possibilities. The project was indeed a very sound one. Dilke had already a well-equipped newspaper office, with what was then considered "the last word" in up-to-date machinery, and all necessary facilities for distribution. Sampson, on his part, had not only executive and organising ability, but a great public following. So the bargain was struck, a partnership was arranged, and the first number of the *Referee*, edited by "Pendragon," was issued from the offices of the *Weekly Dispatch*, then printed in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, on Sunday, August 19, 1877.

When Dilke died in 1883, Sampson acquired his share and thus became the sole proprietor of the paper.

With "Pendragon" as the editor's pseudonym it was appropriate that the other signatures should conform to the Arthurian legend. In the early days of the *Referee* there were but three of these Knights of the Round Table—"Carados," who was responsible for the "Dramatic Gossip," "Boris," who wrote the Turf Notes, and "Dagonet"—the King's Jester—whose three columns of "Mustard and Cress" written by George R. Sims were destined to achieve world-wide fame.

Changes and Progress.—The connection with the *Weekly Dispatch* lasted, on and off, up to the time when the *Dispatch* was acquired by the Harmsworths and the offices were removed to Carmelite House. Up to 1894 the initial arrangements were continued, but when the *Referee* was enlarged at that time it became necessary to acquire additional facilities for printing. It was accordingly moved to the office of the *Morning* (then edited by J. F. Nisbet, whose name is prominently associated

with the *Referee*) in St. Bride Street. Later, when Sir George Newnes acquired the *Weekly Dispatch* and it was being printed at his offices in Tudor Street, the *Referee* again renewed its old connection, and though the *Weekly Dispatch* moved with a changed proprietary, the *Referee* has remained in the same offices ever since.

Henry Sampson made it his business to surround himself with a brilliant staff. He did not hesitate to recognise ability and take advantage of it. The origination of the famous "Handbook" shows this. In the spring of 1886, he took a "Round the World" trip, and was away for six months or so, during which time the "Sporting Notions" was taken over by Martin Cobbett. According to Mr. Butler, who had sole charge of the paper, Cobbett was a notable personality, and perhaps the best all-round writer on sport that the *Referee* ever had. While on his travels, Sampson contributed a series of "Letters from Pendragon," which were very popular, and on his return, finding Martin Cobbett's work had been so highly appreciated, he wisely decided that he should continue the "Sporting Notions," while he himself inaugurated "Pendragon's" "Handbook" in order that he might have an outlet for the expression of his views on things in general. The feature was a great success and soon gained for him a wider public. After Sampson's death the "Handbook" was written for many years by J. F. Nisbet, then dramatic critic of *The Times*, who found in the *Referee* full scope for his philosophical reflections, as did his successor, David Christie Murray, who signed the "Handbook" "Merlin."

Christie Murray died in August, 1907, and Arnold White (the present "Vanoc") became the "Handbooker." Richard Butler, who was managing sub-editor (a unique position even for a unique paper) until Sampson's death in May, 1891, then became editor, and has controlled the *Referee* with conspicuous success ever since.

Some Well Known Contributors.—About the time

when Christie Murray joined the staff other signatures were introduced, and naturally enough they all took colour from the romance of the British King. Martin Cobbett adopted the pseudonym of "Geraint," and when he died in 1906 his successor, Alfred E. T. Watson, who still writes the "Sporting Notions," took the signature of "Gareth."

"Carados" became a multiple personality. The original "Carados" was George Spencer Edwards, at that time the principal contributor to the *Era,* and obviously a man peculiarly suitable for the dramatic notes. He retired in 1909 and died in August, 1916, in his eightieth year. Mr. Butler himself soon became associated with Edwards, and so did H. Chance Newton, who is still a valued member of the staff and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most popular theatrical journalists of the day. For many years Edward A. Morton, who also wrote over the signature of "Mordred," was among those who assisted in the "Carados" article, but three or four years ago he had a nervous breakdown, which unfortunately has prevented him from working since. Sydney F. Brookfield was another partner in the "Carados" combine, in addition to which he contributed regularly to the *Referee* as "Pellinore." He joined the Army early in the war, and after a brief but brilliant career was killed in action in France last September. His place in the "Carados" partnership was filled by S. R. Littlewood, who also writes over the signature "Agravaine."

When the late H. F. Frost contributed the musical criticisms these were included in the "Carados" dramatic and musical gossip, but they were subsequently given the dignity of a separate heading, "Matters Musical," which F. Gilbert Webb, who is one of the ablest critics of the day, contributed over the pseudonym of "Lancelot." The first Paris article was contributed by the late E. Pugh, who wrote as "Galahad," and when he died his place was

taken by John N. Raphael ("Percival"), whose delightful "Gossip from the Gay City" was a popular feature until his recent death.

"Tristram" hides the personality of Bernard Marks, who has been on the staff of the *Referee* for many years, and is responsible for most of the "Variety Stage" articles. Many able men have written Turf Notes over the signature "Boris," but there has been only one "Handbooker" at a time and one "Dagonet" for all the time. "Dagonet" needs no introduction. As a journalist and dramatist George R. Sims is perhaps one of the best-known men in England, and his weekly page, contributed uninterruptedly since the beginning, has undoubtedly proved a source of strength to the *Referee*. I have not missed "Mustard and Cress" for many years—my one regret being that I can only get it on Sundays.

A list of names and pseudonyms is a dull thing, but the names I have mentioned represent, as all journalists know, a galaxy of talent. Every feature is bright as well as authoritative, and interesting to boot. In no other way could a paper which is rather a commentary than a newspaper justify its existence and provide a record of unbroken success. One feels in reading the *Referee* that a dinner party composed of its contributors would indeed be an intellectual feast. When a paper creates that impression it may safely be set down as being on the right road.

THE "PEOPLE"

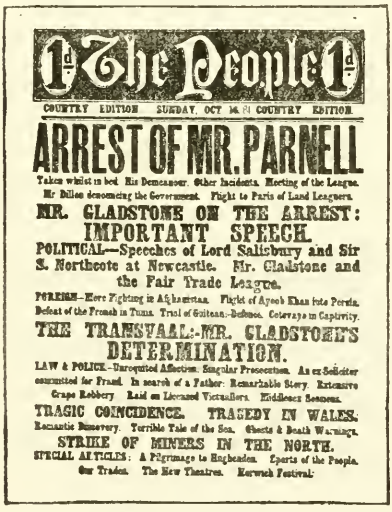
Samuel Smiles, if he were now writing "Self-Help," would find a splendid example in the career of Mr. W. T. Madge, of the *People*, who I think may be described as the doyen of the Press. He told me that he started life at the bottom rung of the ladder, as soon after the *Western Morning News* was founded in Plymouth he obtained a position as junior clerk in the office. For a year or two he was in the commercial office (a most excellent training

ground, by the way), where his quickness at figures soon earned him promotion. He gained experience in the reading-room and in the publishing office before being promoted to the reporting staff, and I think the first of his many personal "scoops" was the one he achieved when he attended an execution at Bodmin and made the acquaintance of Calcraft the executioner, with the result that his senior interviewed that official on behalf of the *Western Morning News*. On the *Western Morning News*, by the way, he was a predecessor of Mr. J. M. Le Sage, of the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1863 his proprietors sent him to act as assistant publisher of the *Western Daily Express*, of Exeter, but the paper was discontinued and he returned to Plymouth.

Now events were to shape themselves and provide the necessary opportunities for his future success. The *Plymouth Mail* was acquired by Messrs. Saunders and Spender, the then proprietors of the *Western Morning News*, and young Madge was transferred to the former paper. About this time a movement was inaugurated by the Conservative Party in Plymouth to start a paper to represent their views. The project fell through, but Mr. Charles Wescomb, the proprietor of the *Exeter Gazette*, who was one of those concerned, soon afterwards acquired the *Globe*, then a Liberal organ, on behalf of the party leaders, and through him Mr. Madge came to London in August, 1866, to become advertisement clerk in the office of the transformed Conservative organ, the imprint of which was to bear his name as publisher twelve months later. Thus he started a connection which was to extend over forty-seven years. The price at that time was 4d., which was subsequently reduced to 2d., and then to 1d., and Mr. Madge was enabled to use his journalistic gifts from the outset, as he used to write the contents sheet. He has mastered every department of a newspaper, and has always been quick to appreciate new ideas.

When you go into his office you find yourself in an atmosphere of Conservatism, for the walls are decorated with portraits of leading Conservative statesmen, with many of whom he was on terms of intimacy. No journalist ever gave a party more unselfish and whole-hearted support. In return he received the confidence of his political friends and formed many intimacies, one that pleased him most being his friendship with the late W. H. Smith.

THE INCEPTION OF THE "PEOPLE."—It was W. T. Madge's connection with the Conservative Party on the *Globe* that led him, with the late Sir George Armstrong, to start the *People*. There was no popular weekly paper like *Lloyd's* to voice the interests of Conservatism, and they determined to remedy the deficiency. So the *People* was started in October, 1881, at 110 Strand, the *Globe* having just before moved to the opposite side, with new premises and plant. The *People* also, by reason of its growth, had to move into larger (its present) premises, and install new and greatly increased plant. The first contents bill (here reproduced) is an interesting reflection of the first number. As I told Mr. Madge, it is a moot point whether the newer form of bill featuring one item is an improvement. He agreed with me, and expressed his opinion that the advantage of the


1d. The People 1d.

COUNTRY EDITION SUNDAY, OCT 16, 1881 COUNTRY EDITION

ARREST OF MR. PARNELL

Taken whilst in bed. His Demeanour. Other Incidents. Meeting of the League. Mr Dillon denouncing the Government. Flight to Paris of Land Leaguers.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE ARREST: IMPORTANT SPEECH.

POLITICAL—Speeches of Lord Salisbury and Sir S. Northcote at Newcastle. Mr. Gladstone and the Fair Trade League.

FOREIGN—More Fighting in Afghanistan. Flight of Ayoob Khan into Persia. Defeat of the French in Tunis. Trial of Guiteau.—Defence. Cetevayo in Captivity.

THE TRANSVAAL:-MR. GLADSTONE'S DETERMINATION.

LAW & POLICE.—Unrequited Affection. Singular Prosecution. An ex-Solicitor committed for Fraud. In search of a Father. Remarkable Story. Extensive Grape Robbery. Raid on Licensed Victuallers. Middlesex Seamen.

TRAGIC COINCIDENCE. TRAGEDY IN WALES. Romantic Discovery. Terrible Tale of the Sea. Ghosts & Death Warnings.

STRIKE OF MINERS IN THE NORTH.

SPECIAL ARTICLES: A Pilgrimage to Hughenden. Sports of the People. Our Trades. The New Theatres. Norwich Festival.

Original Contents Bill of the "People"

latter lies in the fact that it can be read while a motor-car is dashing through the street. On the other hand, a detailed bill often tempts a buyer in a newsagent's shop to purchase the paper, in addition to the one he takes in regularly, on account of some item on the bill, and thus tends to create a new subscriber.

For six years the *People* had an uphill fight. Its first great success came in 1888. Mr. Madge was in the office at 2 o'clock one Sunday morning, while the paper was at press, when a man came in and said, "Guv'nor, there's been a murder in Whitechapel." He at once had the machines stopped and proceeded in a cab to the East End. As usual, little information was obtainable from the police, but he managed to find the house, and saw into the room in which the body of the woman victim of Jack the Ripper was lying. He then found that there had been a second "Ripper" murder the same night, and also discovered the house, which was about eight minutes' walk away. Returning to the office at 5 A.M. he wrote his account, with the result that early in the morning every number of the *People* that had been printed was sold out. The stock of paper was exhausted, and Mr. Madge took a most unique step—went to the residence of the general manager of one of the big trunk lines, had that gentleman fetched out of church, and obtained from him an order to get deliveries of reels stored in the trucks on the sidings at the railway station which otherwise would not have reached the office until the following week. This enabled him to continue printing until late in the evening, so that a record sale was obtained. After that the paper forged steadily ahead, and became the successful property which it is to-day. Another personal "scoop" of which he is proud was the confession of the Tichborne claimant, which he obtained for the *People*.

Enterprise on the editorial side was amplified by equal enterprise in the business department. In those early days

the sales of the popular Sunday papers in the United Kingdom, so Mr. Madge tells me, were confined in the main to towns not far distant from London. He saw the possibilities which presented themselves, and eventually, after some negotiations, the Great Western Railway Company ran the midnight service to Penzance, and similar trains on other lines to the Midlands and the North were taken advantage of.

In this way he was responsible for the wide distribution and the increased circulation which most popular papers enjoy to-day.

Features of the "People."—Much attention has always been paid to sport. In its early days the back page was devoted to "Sports of the People," and no one will deny that for many years one of the most popular features of the Sunday papers was Joseph Hatton's "Cigarette Papers." Good fiction is another "strong card," and I believe that the *People* was the first London Sunday paper to publish a serial by a popular author when it printed "I Say No," by Wilkie Collins.

The *People* is owned by a family limited company, of which Mr. Madge is the managing director, but in the "Street of Ink" Madge and the *People* are synonymous terms. He is the actual editor and director of policy himself, although he gives much credit to J. Samsome, his righthand man, and E. J. Moyle, the news editor, and under his wise and energetic guidance the paper still maintains its great hold upon a solid and prosperous class. No man has gained more recognition for services rendered than he, and judging by his work and the many presentations he has received, this appears to have been thoroughly well deserved.

"REYNOLDS'S"

Reynolds's Newspaper was born ten years after the *News of the World*. Its first editor was G. W. M. Reynolds, who came of a highly aristocratic stock, being

the son of an old Tory, Admiral Reynolds. He was, however, a man with democratic leanings, and enthusiastically adopted the policy of the promotion of the new venture which was to provide a newspaper devoted to the interests of the masses at a time when other papers catered for the favoured classes. That policy, as is pretty well known, has been steadily maintained.

A sort of manifesto announcing the publication of *Reynolds's Newspaper* voiced the policy, and concluded:

"Under these circumstances Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds has resolved to issue a weekly newspaper which will be devoted to the cause of freedom and in the interests of the enslaved masses. In its political sentiment it will be thoroughly democratic; while as an organ of general intelligence it will yield to none in the copiousness of its news, the interests of its miscellaneous matter, and the variety of its information. It will, therefore, prove not only a staunch, fearless, and uncompromising friend of popular principles, but likewise a complete and faithful chronicle of all domestic, foreign, and colonial events of interest or value. Arrangements have been made with some of the most eminent democratic writers of the day to ensure their assistance in the columns of *Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper,* and the services of able correspondents have been obtained in Dublin, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, New York, etc. The acquaintance of Mr. Reynolds with the principal foreign patriots now dwelling as temporary refugees in the British metropolis will likewise enable him to afford his readers the best and most accurate views of the progress of events upon the Continent of Europe, and one of the leading features of his journal will be the weekly exposure and refutation of the diabolical falsehoods and wilful misstatements so shamelessly published by several London daily newspapers

relative to the progress of democracy and the characters of the leading democrats in foreign climes.

"The price of fourpence has been fixed upon as the one best calculated to ensure a fair trial for the new venture; so that there may be an adequate margin for conducting the journal with the utmost liberality, and leaving a proper remuneration for the labour and time devoted by Mr. Reynolds to the undertaking. But, while he promises to diminish this price should circumstances eventually permit, he distinctly and emphatically pledges himself on no account to augment it. An amount of circulation surpassing his hopes at the outset, or the removal of the oppressive taxes upon knowledge, will prompt the former course; but he would rather carry on the enterprise at a considerable pecuniary loss weekly than have recourse to the latter expedient."

It seemed to be the fashion to promise not to increase the prices of newspapers in those days! And it may be remarked that it was certainly a bold policy to fix the price of fourpence for the working man's weekly newspaper.

The price was reduced to one penny in 1864, following the abolition of the stamp duty, the advertisement duty, and the paper duty. Mr. Reynolds died in 1879, but he had had the satisfaction of watching the paper grow. In point of fact, the circulation reached the figure of 350,000 weekly in 1870. He was succeeded as editor by his brother, Edward Reynolds, who died in 1894, when W. M. Thompson became editor. He was a distinguished journalist and was also a well-known barrister, and having acted as counsel for most of the Trade Unions of the metropolis, possessed unique qualifications for the post in view of his democratic sympathies.

About that period revolutionary changes were being made in the printing and publishing of newspapers. *Reynolds's* did not move with the times, and the pro-

prietors decided on changes in the management. Their choice fell on Henry Dalziel (now Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P.), who besides being one of the rising lights of the Radical Democratic Party in Parliament was a journalist with a thorough knowledge of newspaper production. The change was certainly necessary. To give an example, twenty-one years ago all the type-setting was done by hand, and *Reynolds's* was the last of the great London weeklies to abandon the method, the feeling of the proprietors being against what they considered the hardship which follows the introduction of machinery.

Reynolds's has had many distinguished men on the staff or as contributors. The list includes "T. P.," Spencer Leigh Hughes, J. Morrison Davidson, who died recently, and Labour leaders like George Howell. Sir Henry Dalziel, however, was not content to appeal to Labour alone, as one can see from the principal features of the paper, which include in normal times the famous column "Secret History," which must have made many readers, a serial story, a Pension Bureau, Health Talks by an eminent doctor, a Women's Home Page, the words and music of a popular song, Missing Relatives and Friends, Correspondence and Answers on Legal, Medical, and General Subjects, a sporting letter, cartoons, and, of course, very exhaustive news and comments on political affairs.

Like most papers which are tersely described as "not everybody's meat," *Reynolds's* has a very loyal set of readers; indeed, letters are often received from the sons of former readers saying what pleasure their parents had in reading "good old *Reynolds's*." Another pleasing feature about the organisation is the length of service of many of the men employed. In the composing-room alone are to be found men of fifty-five, fifty, forty-five, and a dozen over thirty years' service, grandfather, father, and son in some instances having worked for the firm.

Both editorial and business departments are conducted with spirit and enterprise. *Reynolds's* was, I am told, the first to announce the serious illness of the late King Edward and the possible postponement of his coronation —a week in advance of its contemporaries. Philanthropy, of course, receives practical support.

As regards the business side, *Reynolds's* has a considerable circulation in the Colonies through the medium of special Australian, Canadian, and South African editions.

It will be remembered that the *Sunday Evening Telegram* is issued from the office of *Reynolds's*. The first words in a title corner panel of the initial number directed attention to an article by Sir Edward Carson which the paper featured—truly a sign of the times!

"LLOYD'S NEWS," THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" AND THE "SUNDAY HERALD"

I have already written in detail about *Lloyd's News,* in connection with the *Daily Chronicle,* about the *Sunday Pictorial,* in the chapter dealing with the *Daily Mirror,* and included the *Sunday Herald* with Messrs. Hulton's other activities. Those chapters would otherwise have been incomplete and disconnected, but for a similar reason the papers in question must be mentioned here.

The Sunday papers certainly hold their own as regards enterprise and initiative, and the success is all the more notable in view of the difficulties they have had to surmount which do not confront their daily contemporaries. As some compensation their enterprise seems to provide greater scope. The most popular dailies have not yet attained to the same heights in their sales as the most popular Sunday newspapers, although one never knows what will happen in the future!

CHAPTER XV

THE NEWS AGENCIES

REUTER'S

THERE is no more romantic chapter in the history of the "Street of Ink" than that which treats of the great news agencies, and in no department of journalistic activity is the result of enterprise and imagination better shown. Even this brief and necessarily incomplete summary will make these facts perfectly clear. It would be impossible to cite a better proof of this than the rise of the world-famous Reuter Agency.

EARLY HISTORY OF REUTER'S.—The history of the early days of the Agency is incomplete, but through the kindness of Mr. Roderick Jones, who occupies the late Baron Herbert de Reuter's chair, I am enabled to give some of the most interesting facts which are known. The founder was a young bank clerk, later to become Baron Julius de Reuter. He conceived the idea of anticipating the news which was conveyed by means of mail coaches, and of supplying an accelerated service of information concerning the daily changes in the financial markets to those who cared to subscribe for it, realising that numbers of people would be only too glad to have such news, so that they could buy and sell with advance information in their possession.

There were no cables or telegraphs in those days, and Mr. Reuter purchased a number of carrier pigeons in order to establish communication between Brussels and Aix la Chapelle, where he made his start. The system was extended to other centres as the scheme developed. When

the local bourses were closed, the latest prices of bonds, stocks and shares in which the two markets dealt were rapidly copied on to thin sheets of tissue paper. These were placed in silken bags, which were then attached to the necks of the pigeons, and the birds, being thrown into the air, made for their own dovecotes. The bags were at once opened, and the news was copied out and distributed to the subscribers, who received it some hours in advance of the arrival of the mail. Mrs. Reuter used to help her husband in the work of writing out the quotations.

When the telegraph was being brought into practical use, Mr. Reuter at once supplemented his pigeon service with the new invention, using the telegraph where possible, and linking up spaces between the telegraphs with the pigeons and relays of horses. Throughout his career he displayed similar enterprise and capacity for organisation which later caused *The Times* to describe him as the "most intelligent" man of his day. Ere long every capital of the Continent was directly connected, and soon after the first cable between Calais and Dover was laid Mr. Reuter became a naturalised British subject, and transferred his head office to London, which has been the headquarters of the service ever since.

The first office consisted of two rooms only, and was at No. 1 Royal Exchange Buildings, to secure close proximity to the Stock Exchange. In the course of time the members came to appreciate the fact that Reuter's "latest prices" were essential to their success, but much hard work and many anxieties were encountered before the London business was put on a prosperous basis. Baron de Reuter used to tell a story of those early days which is worth repeating because it is authentic, and because it has sometimes been applied to another city magnate.

An Enterprising Junior.—"I had just made a start in London," he said, "and had gone to eat a modest chop

in Finch Lane—and I can assure you that at times I hesitated to spend the money—when my little office boy, who had been told where to find me, rushed in breathlessly to say that a gentleman had called to see me—'a foreign-looking gentleman,' he added. 'Why did you let him go?' I exclaimed, 'I would have come round at once to see him.' 'Please, sir, I didn't,' was the reply. 'He is still at the office. I've locked him in!' And so one of Reuter's earliest and most prized subscribers was successfully secured."

That office boy, whose name was F. J. Griffiths, subsequently became secretary, and later a director of the company.

Gradually the service was extended geographically and internally. News of Exchange and Bourse prices was amplified by information about commercial commodities. Long before there was cable communication with India and the Far East these particulars were mailed by agents to Suez and thence wired to London. As the organisation grew so did the possibilities of further expansion present themselves, and about 1857 Mr. Reuter, having to utilise the services of his agents for collecting and transmitting news of interest to the general public, made his historic overtures to Mr. Walter, the proprietor of *The Times*. The first proposal was promptly declined, and a second met with the same disappointing result. Unabashed, Mr. Reuter matured his plans, and in 1858 made a concrete proposition that *The Times* should receive his daily service of news for one month free of charge on condition that they should acknowledge the source of origin, whilst Reuter's should be at liberty to supply the service to other proprietors also. This time the offer was accepted, but for a while no special item of news was forthcoming to prove the value of the system. The opportunity at last presented itself, and Mr. Reuter made his first grand "scoop."

An Early Enterprise.—The relations between Austria

and France were becoming increasingly strained, and in February, 1859, the Emperor Napoleon's speech at the opening of the Legislature was awaited with keen interest, as it was believed that he would announce his policy in relation to the dispute. Mr. Reuter made the unusual request to the authorities for an early copy of the speech for transmission to London. This was granted on condition that the sealed envelope containing it should not be opened until the Emperor started his speech. Arrangements were then made with the cable company for dispatching the news, and the cable was practically placed at Mr. Reuter's exclusive disposal for one hour. When the Emperor began to speak at noon a signal from the Chamber of Deputies intimated that the sealed cover could be broken, and by 1 P.M. the third edition of *The Times* was on sale in the City with a full report of the speech, with the result that Reuter's name was made.

In connection with the campaign which followed, Reuter's had special correspondents with the French, Austrian, and Sardinian armies, and on one occasion was actually able to furnish the Press with three accounts of the same battle from the three armies.

As time went on the organisation was steadily strengthened and enlarged. New agencies were arranged and contracts were entered into for reciprocal services with similar associations like the Havas Agency of Paris. When the American Civil War broke out in America in 1861 Reuter's had efficient representatives on the spot to deal with any call which might be made on its energies, and was consequently enabled to strengthen its prestige.

Cable there was none, and the news from America was sent by the mail steamers and telegraphed to Reuter's London office from Roches Point, County Cork. Later a rival concern entered into competition as regards the supply of American news. Mr. Reuter squashed it with characteristic enterprise. He had the dispatches from his

Mr. John Oakley.
Mr. A. E. Spender.
Mrs. Broomfield.
Mr. R. J. Walling.
Mr. David Duncan.

agent in New York enclosed in an hermetically-sealed tin box on which a little flag was hoisted. He had purchased a small steamer which met the liner, and the box was thrown overboard by the purser, and, detected by its flag, was recovered by Reuter's boat. It was then conveyed to Crookhaven, where Reuter's had secretly erected a private telegraph wire, and by these means eight hours were gained, which put competition hopelessly out of the running.

Another Great Exclusive.—It is worth recording that the pacific answer to the British ultimatum for the release of the two Southern Commissioners who were seized on board a British vessel and taken back to American soil was first conveyed to Lord Palmerston by Mr. Reuter on a Sunday morning immediately after he had received it by wire from the Irish coast.

The representative of the Agency, who, by a fine stroke of enterprise, pursued in a hired tug and caught an outgoing steamer, which had left New York for Ireland, and threw on board a tin case containing the news that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated, used to tell, in after years, with a certain satisfaction, how Baron Reuter hailed him when he came back many months later to London with the words, "Here comes the murderer of Lincoln." With this momentous news of the tragic death of the illustrious President, Reuter was for a week ahead of anyone.

These are typical instances of the vision and resolution which have built up the business of to-day.

If it required genius to create Reuter's, no less capacity was required to develop and control the vast organisation that sprang from the pigeon post. Reuter's would not be the worldwide power which it undoubtedly is to-day if it were not for the indomitable energy and business gifts of the late Baron Herbert de Reuter, the founder's son, and his assistants. He may be said to live to-day in the spirits

of those who worked with him and were trained by him. I asked Mr. F. W. Dickinson, the distinguished chief editor, and the present doyen of the Agency, to tell me one or two personal recollections of his late chief. He spoke of him in the way that a son would speak of a father of whom he thought all the world. To those whom he knew he was kindness personified, and if he could be stern on occasion when sternness was demanded, it was not because it was natural to him, but because it had become a necessity of the moment.

An Interesting Admirable Crichton.—The business was in his hands completely, and was controlled by him down to the last detail. Mr. Dickinson says that all who knew him well came to the conclusion that he was the best-informed and best-read man of their acquaintance. His memory was astonishing. "If," Mr. Dickinson said, "a visitor came to see him from, let us say, Mongolia, in the course of conversation with the Baron he would inevitably learn some fact about Mongolia of which he had previously been ignorant, despite the fact that it was his native land." On one occasion, in the course of conversation with a learned Italian visitor, the latter quoted a line from Dante which the Baron instantly completed. At another time a verse of Schiller's was cited, and for about ten minutes he quoted the rest of the poem to which it belonged.

Even in his hobbies he was intellectuality incarnate. He revelled in abstruse mathematical calculations which he worked out on large blocks of paper with pencils of enormous length. Some hundreds of the latter were found after his death, but where he had obtained them nobody knew.

So amazing, indeed, was his intellectual equipment, and so suited was it to the task of controlling the vast organisation, that the staff used to wonder where a man could be found to succeed him. Some years ago a young member

of the staff was sent to South Africa to act as Reuter's chief there and in Central Africa when problems of unusual difficulty had to be solved. Mr. Dickinson told me that owing to the brilliant way in which the work was performed he himself came to the definite conclusion that Roderick Jones was the one man who was qualified to assume Baron de Reuter's mantle. "When you have lost contact with a man for some time," he said, "however well you have known him, you often find when you meet him again that he has developed unsuspected qualities. This," he added, "was the case with the present chief who, as everyone knows, actually succeeded to the founder's chair, and the control of the Agency, on the death of Baron Herbert de Reuter in 1915. I am a journalist," Mr. Dickinson said to me, "and if you showed me a mass of figures I should scream! Roderick Jones is not only a great journalist, he is also a great business man (which is a most unusual combination), and he knows every department and detail of the business intimately."

Reuter's Chief Editor.—Mr. Roderick Jones has an equally high opinion of his chief editor, whom he described to me as "the pillar of Reuter's," adding, "I can only speak of him in superlatives." He has been a member of Reuter's for more than forty years, and his colleagues both in London and all over the world are happy in the hope that, as able, as alert, and as widely judicial as ever he was, he long will feel disposed to retain his present responsible position.

When I saw Mr. Roderick Jones on this occasion, he had been working until six o'clock in the morning, but at ten o'clock he was again at his desk in Old Jewry brimming over with vitality. You are conscious of his energy at once. In appearance (especially about the eyes) he is the personification of keenness, and the moment he speaks you become aware of the intellect behind the words. One look at his desk showed me the evidence of a mastery

over detail that I have frequently observed with great organisers. Practically it was bare except for the papers representing his labours during the night, and that he unites great tact to his other qualities was shown by the fact that almost the only other conspicuous object was a copy of the *Newspaper World* containing an article of my own.

As is commonly known, the property was recently sold for £550,000 to the Hon. Mark F. Napier, who has been a director of Reuter's for over thirty years, Lord Glenconner, Viscount Peel, and Sir Starr Jameson, in co-operation with Mr. Roderick Jones, who, although still a young man, has added to the great reputation he made as Reuter's chief in South Africa, since he assumed his present important office, and is certain to gain still further laurels as time goes on. In S. Carey Clements, the manager and secretary, as in F. W. Dickinson, he possesses an admirable righthand man. Mr. Clements has a long record of useful and advantageous service to his credit, and as principal executive officer of the Agency he plays a highly important part in its affairs. Next to him I must mention W. L. Murray, secretary to the managing director, and also assistant secretary of the Agency. His vigilance and tireless energy are greatly prized by a chief who knows the value of these attributes.

World-wide Activities.—The history of Reuter's is written largely in the columns of the daily Press. Those, however, who read Reuter's telegrams in the London papers see only a part of the Agency's work. Reuter is not only a receiver but a dispatcher of news. Day by day, from a few rooms in an old house in the City of London, goes forth an unceasing record of the events of the world, so that China is informed of what is passing in Peru, and Australia learns the events of Europe. Thousands of words are telegraphed every twenty-four hours from London to the Continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, America

and Australia, and this service is so continuous that distant colonies can follow, for instance, all the details of the European War as closely as if they were in London. The traveller who leaves England is pursued as closely by Reuter's telegrams as by his own shadow. In the heart of Africa, in Persia, on the confines of India, and in the interior of China, Reuter's daily telegrams are included in the most important reading of the day. And the whole of this great fabric, with its offices, general managers, managers, and many hundreds of correspondents, all over the globe, has been built up on the small foundation laid, well and truly, by Julius Reuter in the middle of the 19th century.

It is a wonderful and intricate organism, a tremendous machine, performing colossal labours, and the power-house is situated on the unencumbered table in the room of its young chief, whose personality is stamped upon every one of the myriad details that make up the most widely operating news agency in the world. And the Reuter staff? "Don't, please, forget the staff!" said Mr. Roderick Jones, when I saw him. "No man could have a more loyal and more zealous band of colleagues, from the highest to the most junior, than they! They are a splendid lot of fellows, both at home and abroad, and I am grateful to them."

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION

If any evidence were required of the great enterprise of the provincial Press and of its importance (both of which are thoroughly well recognised in the Street of Ink) one would only have to point to the Press Association, which was founded by the owners of the provincial newspapers in 1868, when the British Government was authorised to acquire, on behalf of the Post Office, the telegraphs hitherto owned by private companies. These had gathered Press matter in addition to transmitting it, but the system had to cease, and the provincial newspaper proprietors decided to

organise mutually a collection of news on a more satisfactory and completer basis. The Association began work simultaneously with the taking over of the telegraphs on February 5th, 1870, and so admirable were the arrangements, and so carefully were its developments fostered, that the subsequent record has been one of continued usefulness and success. The shares, as is well known, are held by the provincial newspapers alone, each member being allotted only a certain number, which varies according as the paper is a morning, evening, or weekly one. The London papers have always used the P.A. service very largely, which is a practical expression of their opinion of the facilities offered to them by the provinces.

A Great Organisation.—The management is in the hands of a committee, each member of which serves for five years, one of them retiring every year so as to provide the necessary "new blood" and new vitality. In addition, there is a consultative board of five members (each of whom has usually served on the committee of management), which always meets the main committee twice a year, and oftener should the occasion arise.

At the beginning an agreement was entered into with Reuter's Agency for the monopoly in the United Kingdom outside the metropolis of that organisation's service of foreign news. The special telegrams which are supplied to the London papers as "Reuter's Special Service" appear in the provinces as "Press Association's War Special" or "P.A. Foreign Special."

The institution is a very excellent one indeed, as in addition to a large permanent staff at the Head Offices, and London Service Office, there are special staffs for dealing with the Parliamentary reports, Law Courts reports, racing, cricket, golf, football, and Stock Exchange and commercial news. In addition, the P.A. has over 1,300 correspondents of its own throughout the United Kingdom, to say nothing of numberless occasional contributors.

Some notion of its business may be gained from the Agency's payments to the Post Office for the transmission of its news, which amount to about £50,000 annually, and make the Association the biggest individual customer of the State in this respect.

The system of collecting and dispatching news is very complete. There are special wires and a pneumatic tube to the G.P.O. for the reception and dispatching of telegrams, a special wire from the House of Commons to the Head Office, and, of course, a large number of telephones.

Some Important Services.—The perfection of the organisation is also shown by the news services which are arranged equally to meet the requirements of the biggest papers or of the smallest weekly ones, and the P.A. also undertakes to look after the local interests of provincial subscribers. An important feature of its work consists of the special verbatim and summary reports of the speeches of public men, for which the P.A. has deservedly gained a high reputation.

The enormous labours and far-sighted enterprise required for the building up of this great Agency are due to the journalistic capacity of the successive committees of management and to the executive ability of the managers, of whom there have only been two in the history of the Association. The first of these was a former editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, the late John Lovell, who resigned from the P.A. in 1880 to become editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. He was succeeded by the present manager, Edmund Robbins, who joined the staff as sub-editor before it actually began operations, and who fourteen years later had been appointed secretary and assistant manager.

Well-known Personality of the "P.A."—Mr. Robbins is one of the most familiar figures among British journalists, and despite an active connection with the profession extending to nearly sixty years, he is still happily able to work as hard as ever, and to plan for the continued

success of the business with the same keenness and zest as before. It is interesting to record that as chief morning sub-editor it fell to him to prepare the first telegram sent out by the P.A., which incidentally was the first Press message accepted by the British Government as owner of the telegraphs. He possesses an intimate knowledge of newspaper work, a close acquaintance with political affairs, and is endowed with an excellent memory, to which he, like so many prominent men in the Street of Ink, attributes much of his success in life. The chairman of the P.A. is Mr. Meredith T. Whittaker, of the *Scarborough Evening News,* a man of broad outlook, wide experience, and keen business instincts, and an acknowledged authority where figures and finance are concerned. All these qualities have been exhibited when acting for the newspapers and Master Printers' Federation in disputes and negotiations with the Typographical Association.

THE CENTRAL NEWS

The Central News, hereafter called the C.N., as the lawyers would say, was founded in 1870 (two years later than the Press Association) by the late William Saunders, M.P., a philanthropist, social reformer, and very shrewd business man. When it was turned into a limited liability company ten years afterwards, one of the first directors was Bennet Burleigh, who was the C.N.'s first war correspondent, and at that time had not long been in the company's employ. Two years later Burleigh left, having been invited to join the *Daily Telegraph,* owing to the brilliant manner in which he did his work in connection with the first Egyptian campaign. He beat everyone with the news of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the capture of Arabi Pasha, and gave the C.N. a big lift in reputation. Egypt again afforded the C.N. one of its biggest scoops when the Agency was twelve hours ahead of everybody with the exclusive news of the fall of Khartoum and the

death of Gordon. Mr. John Gennings, the present general manager, says it was no accident, but was the result of plans most carefully made in London. He tells me that the greatest scoop made by the C.N. was undoubtedly the deathless story of the South Polar adventures and heroic fate of Captain Scott. Indeed, for its importance, intense human interest, length, and the circumstances of obtaining this dispatch, it remains one of the greatest "exclusives" ever achieved by a news agency. It involved the sending of a special envoy, B. J. Hodson, chief C.N. reporter, to a remote spot on the coast of New Zealand, the cabling of many thousands of words, the making of difficult and complicated arrangements for simultaneous, or as nearly simultaneous, publication throughout the world as geographical circumstances permitted, and also precautions for the prevention of "leakage."

Mr. Gennings himself personally carried out the negotiations with Captain Scott, and the contract was signed, sealed and delivered a considerable time before the gallant officer left London on what was destined to be his last voyage. Naturally the tragic end of the expedition and the heroic leaders added considerably to the money value of the story, and one result of this was that the C.N. had the satisfaction of paying nearly £5,000 for it.

Sometimes, however, much money may be spent and time, enterprise, and energy devoted to the obtaining of an exclusive which does not "come off." Mr. Gennings gave me one example in which the C.N. suffered from real bad luck. "At the time of the Whitechapel murders," he said, "a couple of big bloodhounds were installed on the C.N. premises ready to be put on the track of the maniac assassin upon the first renewal of his crimes. After several weeks had passed without anything happening it was decided that the murderer had gone out of business, and the dogs were sent back to their kennels in the country. Two nights later there was another White-

chapel murder, and no bloodhounds to put on the miscreant's track."

Some C.N. "Beats."—He gave me another instance where similar bad luck was narrowly avoided. At the time of the sinking of the battleship *Victoria,* after collision with the *Camperdown,* in the Mediterranean, the London correspondent of a big South American newspaper was domiciled in the Central News office. Late at night he was given the news of the terrible disaster by a certain Ambassador. He took a cab from the West End to the cable office in the City, passing the C.N. office *en route.* As he drove through Ludgate Circus he thought for a moment of stopping and giving the news to his friends of the C.N., but on second thoughts decided that that would mean the loss of several precious minutes, "and quite needlessly, as the C.N. would be sure to know all about it." But neither the C.N. nor any other news agency or newspaper in London knew anything about it until noon the following day, when it was issued officially from the Admiralty. As a matter of fact, however, the C.N. even then had a "beat" with the news, but only by the narrow margin of a few minutes instead of twelve hours. Luck gave the C.N. another scoop in connection with the same sad occasion in the shape of an exclusive interview on the subject with Lord Charles Beresford. His Lordship happened to be passing the C.N. office when the newsboys were shouting out the news, and he at once walked in and talked freely with the editor. "Charlie's" heart was full, and tears were in his eyes, for his dearest friend, Admiral Sir George Tryon, went down with the *Victoria.*

The C.N. also scored an exclusive with the first news of the suicide of Whittaker Wright after a sensational trial at the High Court which lasted many days. It will be remembered that, having been sentenced, Wright was removed to a room adjoining the Court to await removal to prison, and in the very midst of his guard managed to

swallow poison, which clearly had been conveyed to him by some friend. The evening papers were running off a special edition with the finish of the trial and sentence when the C.N. machines ticked out, long before any other source, the news of the thrilling *dénouement*.

How "Exclusives" are Obtained.—The C.N. also was twelve hours ahead with the news of the suicide of the South African millionaire, Barney Barnato. He jumped overboard from a liner *en route* from Capetown to Southampton, the ship called at Madeira, and there the C.N. man got the news and gave his office a big "scoop" with an urgent rate dispatch.

Mr. Gennings very rightly lays emphasis on the fact that, as far as C.N. experiences go, big "beats," of which I have only given typical instances out of a very considerable number, are usually due not to luck but to foresight and organisation. For example, the C.N. has always been strongly represented in the City, and its editor there enjoys a solid reputation in the highest financial quarters. One of the results has been that the C.N. has been first with practically all the great banking and commercial failures of the past quarter of a century.

The C.N., as every newspaper man knows, has always done exceptionally well in wars. Apart from the incidents of the 'eighties already mentioned, Fleet Street will recall the Agency's splendid work during the South African war, at the very opening of which it scored a great "exclusive" with the battle of Glencoe. The level thus set was well maintained, and the first news of the signing of peace at Vereeniging was made known in London through the C.N. upon a certain memorable Sunday forenoon.

Modern Agency Problems.—The Great War has presented numerous new and difficult problems to newspapers, and more particularly to news agencies, apart from the universal and severe censorship which virtually prevented any newspaper or agency from scoring a scoop

with a big item of actual *news*, or at any rate, made it a matter of pure luck. The "Wireless Press," otherwise Marconi, secured daily scoops of a sort with first publication of various official communiqués, when enjoying an absolute Government-granted monopoly of wireless communications and other privileges denied to other news agencies. Protests were, of course, put on record, and at the time of writing I hear that part of the monopoly at any rate is being removed. In the early part of the war the best work was done by special correspondents with "roving commissions," and C.N. men scored heavily, notably Alfred Rorke in Northern France, and B. J. Hodson in Antwerp. Both men became officers at the front, leaving newspaperdom the poorer for their patriotism, and Rorke fell in action at the beginning of 1917. Rorke had the credit of sending to the British Press through the C.N. the first real story of British troops in action. Its publication thrilled the country, and leading articles were devoted to it. Nor will newspapermen readily forget the series of excellent stories of the Battle of Jutland sent by the Scandinavian correspondents of the C.N.

A comparatively recent enterprise of the C.N. is its Press Photographic Department. The C.N. acquired at the beginning of 1910 the business of the small agency known, and very favourably known, as "Halftones," and upon this modest foundation has been built in the short interval that has elapsed a new business of enormous proportions and world-wide organisation.

Developments Abroad.—The C.N. has from its establishment in 1870 been both a Home and a Foreign News Agency. The latter branch has been greatly developed during the past ten years, and provides an alternative service to that of the Reuter Agency. But to obtain the best idea of its quality and comprehensiveness one has for some reason to study the evening newspapers. It has always been noted in particular

for its service of American news; nor is this surprising, because it has from the first maintained a British staff in New York and Washington, and its allied organisations embrace the New York News Bureau Association, an exclusively financial news agency, with branches in a dozen important cities in the United States; the Stock Quotation Telegraph Company, the biggest "ticker" business in the world, operating over two thousand automatic telegraph machines in New York alone; and finally the Central News of America, a young and rapidly growing agency.

Mr. Gennings humorously observes that the C.N. is at this moment probably the only newspaper office that can say that it has only one Scotsman on its staff. Its founders and most of the men prominently connected with it in its earlier days were West of England men. Its present chief was Sussex-born and London-reared. Many former C.N. men are to be found in prominent positions in the newspaper world to-day. Two of them are managers and one editor of London daily papers, and any number occupy such positions as assistant editor, chief sub-editor, and so forth.

The C.N. Staff.—A high standard of ability and efficiency is demanded in a modern news agency. A C.N. sub-editor must write and speak at least two languages, French and German, for there are no watertight compartments in the Agency's sub-editors' rooms, each man being expected to deal with both home and foreign news as it comes to hand. Sub-editors are also required to be expert typists, as are also the reporters. Incidentally, I may mention that the C.N. was the first office in Fleet Street to use the typewriter, and the first to supply typewritten stencil copy to the newspapers and the Post Office.

The C.N. in its later years has enjoyed the character of treating its staff exceptionally well. It is honourably

known as "a comfortable office." Promotion is by selection, not necessarily by seniority. It has been often remarked in the street that when C.N. men get old they are able to retire into modest comfort, if not into comparative luxury. Only a short time ago two ex-chairmen, one ex-secretary, and one chief ex-reporter were all living in happy retirement. Ex-chairman Alfred Kinnear, for years one of the best-known and most brilliant of Parliamentary Lobbyists, and a great war correspondent in his day, enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* at Plymouth. Ex-chairman John Moore, who was also manager for a good many years, took to farming and pig breeding (he came of West of England yeoman stock) in his retirement. Ex-secretary John Lanyon lives to-day, cheery and flourishing, at Newquay, whence he edits, owns, and produces one of the brightest of shorthand magazines, the *Phonographic Observer,* and writes letters to editors and statesmen correcting their grammar, a matter on which he is an authority and a purist. Ex-chief reporter Josiah Henry Harris has written a score of novels since he went into retirement in a beautiful house on the cliff overlooking Mevagissey Harbour, away in Cornwall. There must be a good many journalists who have revelled in his "Cornish Saints and Sinners."

I hope that Mr. Gennings will remain in command of the C.N. organisation for many years, but when he, too, takes his retirement, may it be equally happy!

THE EXCHANGE TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Exchange Telegraph Company might be described as a perpetual newspaper. Where its machines are installed news from all over the world comes ticking on the tape throughout the day, literally hot from the wires. Personally, I never lose the fascinating sense of expectation which those wonderful machines create as one spells out word after word. When the news is of an

important character they seem like someone talking who is breathless with excitement.

The Exchange Telegraph Company was founded by Sir James Anderson, one of the pioneers of Submarine Telegraphy, who was captain of the *Great Eastern* when she laid the first Atlantic cables, and Mr. Cyrus Field, who was also associated with him. They brought to England from America one of the first type-printing telegraph instruments, which were the invention of Edison, and were already being worked in New York by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company for sending out the rapidly changing prices on the Stock Exchange, and also the prices for gold, which at the time fluctuated considerably and caused a great amount of speculation. At first they printed about six words a minute, but now their speed is only limited by the individual skill of the operator working the transmitter.

Distinctive Services.—The company was established in 1872 for the purpose of reporting the fluctuations in prices on the London Stock Exchange, and in 1884 took up the supply of general news, rapidly developing its services, of which among the best known to-day to the public are the sporting services and the general news service. The former includes a racing service, and a cricket and football service, and is, of course, especially popular with clubs. The latter is explained by its name and provides news to the extent of some 10,000 to 16,000 words a day. It is, of course, extremely valuable to the newspapers.

These two form, with the Stock Exchange service, the backbone of the business, although there are a number of special services which have been organised by the enterprise of the management to meet the needs of particular classes of the community. These I will specify later.

The perfect organisation of the Agency may be gathered from the arrangements governing the supply of sporting news. In general it may be said that within one

minute of the finish of a race the result is flashed from the course to the London office, transmitted from there and received in all the great centres throughout the country. Nothing but the most complete arrangements could achieve such a result, which is due primarily to the efforts of a couple of reporters, one on the grand stand and the other by the winning post, who are in communication with each other. First of all a brief account of the scene is sent over the wire to London. When the race starts the reporter on the grand stand at once advises his colleague, and the news reaches London almost simultaneously that the horses are off. As soon as the winner is announced the result is dispatched with equal rapidity. A delay of a minute in receiving the report is regarded as serious and inquiries are instituted to ascertain the reason. So exact, indeed, is the system that the average time occupied in running a classic race has been worked out and by such means the work of the Agency's representatives is checked. The system is much the same for reporting cricket and football matches. It comes within the normal routine to lay special wires to the field of play.

Some Notable Achievements.—The system is, of course, invaluable to the evening newspapers. In normal times, for instance, it is an ordinary event for the crowd leaving one of the metropolitan football grounds to buy copies of the *Star* containing the result of the match! The news is received before the players have left the field, is printed on the waiting machines, and rushed away to the ground by swift motor vans.

Equally perfect are the Agency's reporting methods. When Mr. Winston Churchill paid his memorable visit to Belfast, a direct telephone was cleared between the city and London for the Exchange Telegraph Company, and the speaker's words were reported in the metropolis practically word by word as he uttered them. So we have progressed from the old system of taking the speech down

Mr. C.W. Starmer, J.P.

Mr. A. Cozens-Hardy.

Mr. H. A. Gwynne.

Mr. R. H. H. Baird, J.P.

Mr. G. R. Sims.

in shorthand, transmitting the notes, telegraphing the report, and then transcribing it into longhand again.

The "Exchange" is telegraphically connected with the Stock Exchange, and is the only Agency with reporters and telegraph clerks on the floor of the House. Its service of Stock Exchange quotations is amplified by a commercial service which supplies reports on the doings in the London markets, such as Billingsgate, the Hop Exchange, the Meat Market, and so on, to say nothing of such reports as those concerned with Eastern Exchanges, American produce, Bankers' Clearing House returns, bullion movements, and other matters.

There is also a Legal Service, which is operated from the Law Courts, by which the reporters telegraph their copy as the case goes on; a Parliamentary Service, which is organised in similar fashion, and a Temporary Service, by which any person can receive news of a particular character either in the United Kingdom or abroad in any place where telegraphic communication can be maintained. The cost of such a temporary service varies from the modest sum of twelve messages for one guinea! The rates charged for the other services vary from some 50 guineas to 150 guineas a year.

The Organisation.—The Agency's most striking "scoop" was probably the achievement of the first cabling of the stories of the *Titanic* survivors to Great Britain. The report ran to 3,200 words, which, of course, involved a large expense in cable charges, although that was regarded as trifling in view of the results secured.

The reader will gather from the foregoing that journalistic ability and organising power are required in a marked degree for the conduct of a business such as this. Quite apart from the routine arrangements for obtaining news from all over the world by the company's own representatives, a highly qualified engineering staff is required to maintain the efficiency of the instruments supplied to

subscribers. This branch is under the supervision of E. G. Tillyer, the company's chief engineer. The invaluable Annunciator (the invention of the company's late engineer, F. Higgins) is installed in various parts of the House of Commons to announce to members the names of the various speakers and the matter under discussion. When the public reads in the newspapers that the House filled when a certain speaker rose to continue the debate, it little thinks that the rush of members has been caused by the work of the Annunciator.

The present directors of the company are Wilfred King, chairman and managing director; E. C. Barker, S. Christopherson, G. A. D. Goslett, H. L. Hotchkiss, and the Earl of Sandwich. The secretary is G. F. Hamilton.

THE LONDON NEWS AGENCY

One of the charms of the Street of Ink is that true merit is sure to be recognised and enterprise will bring its own reward. An organisation that has grown in a brief time from humble beginnings entirely through the ability of those responsible for its conduct is the London News Agency. It came into existence about the time that I began my own journalistic career. Twenty-one years ago the staff consisted of one reporter and one messenger. To-day it has contributed forty men from all departments to the army.

It is largely due to the L.N.A. that "penny-a-lining" is now no longer a recognised profession in London. Ernest Perris, now, as I have previously mentioned, with the United Newspapers, was the original founder, proprietor, and reporter. At that time, and for many years afterwards, the Agency was a sort of multiple "penny-a-liner."

The system in vogue was to obtain the news supply from casual journalists who sent out their copy through the L.N.A. and took a speculative reward of two-thirds of the proceeds on publication. Mr. Winton Thorpe, the

present managing director, says that it was the change over from space work to a contract system which marked the real growth of the Agency in output and usefulness.

A Good "Spec."—Ernest Perris conducted the Agency for two years as a side-show to his regular journalistic work. In 1896 Winton Thorpe (who was associated with him on the *Sunday Times*) became his partner by buying a half-share in the goodwill and assets for the sum of £10. "The assets," he says, "were a table, two chairs, and a packet of flimsies housed in a single room above a ham and beef shop at 118 Fleet Street. The staff consisted of a messenger."

The first act of the partnership was to remove to a two-roomed attic in Falcon Court, and one salaried reporter was engaged, then another, and still another. But it was not until 1898 that the Agency got into its stride. It removed to a three-roomed office situated at 46 Fleet Street, and carried out a vigorous campaign with a staff of seven salaried reporters. In those days it possessed no sub-editors. The reporter was his own sub-editor, and in not a few instances his own messenger as well. The system of trading was, of course, by linage, necessarily very fluctuating, but with occasional good hauls; but in March of that year the Agency secured its first contract with the *Morning*, afterwards the *Morning Herald*, which it held till the paper ceased publication in September, 1900.

It was not until some years later that linage was abolished in favour of contracts all round. In 1901 the business was incorporated as a limited company, though for all practical purposes it remained the property of the two partners; and in 1903 Thorpe purchased Perris's interest, and has since continued in sole management.

Growth of the "L.N.A."—The old system of linage work necessarily made the Agency reports irresponsible, and they were mainly concentrated on happenings which were likely to produce an abundance of copy, ignoring altogether things which savoured of dullness. Ordinary

meetings were very rarely reported, as the newspapers used to include them in their own diary engagements of the day. The growth of the halfpenny Press and the changes which have since taken place led to newspapers utilising their reporting staffs on stories and specials which give character to the paper. The London News Agency was then able to cover the routine engagements, which, of course, was, and is, a great advantage to the news editor. Mr. Thorpe tells me that the irresponsibility of the Agency in the early days is shown by an interesting entry in its diary for June 21, 1897: "Queen's Jubilee.—Staff takes a week's holiday." He says that the Agency's business in life was then to report murder and sudden death, strikes, disasters, and the unexpected happenings of the day, with an occasional swoop on some police court, coroner's court, or county court which was known to be inadequately covered, so that with papers filled to overflowing with Jubilee matter its occupation for the moment was gone. But when King Edward was crowned in 1902 the staff had no holiday, for by that time the L.N.A. had come into its own and had accepted obligations under which it was covering daily practically every engagement of importance in London; and on Coronation Day it turned out a ten- or twelve-column report of the proceedings from its representatives in the Abbey and the streets, which was freely used.

A New Photo. Agency.—The growth of the pictorial papers led the Agency in 1908 to start a subsidiary company, the London News Agency Photos., Limited, with E. H. Wroughton as managing director. A further enterprise is a department with a separate staff known as the Official Reporting Association, Limited, which undertakes official shorthand writing and does a good deal of Government work.

Many well-known journalists graduated with the L.N.A., including Harold Ashton, who was for some years my colleague; G. E. Beer, the news editor of *The*

Times (formerly news editor of the L.N.A.); Charles Dawbarn, who became the very able Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Observer,* and afterwards a member of the Paris staff of *The Times;* and Anthony Ellis, now manager of the Criterion Theatre, whom, of course, I knew as dramatic critic of the *Star.*

As I write news comes that Winton Thorpe has been appointed head of the Press Bureau, established by Lord Devonport in connection with the Ministry of Food Department. It is a great tribute to him and to his work at the London News Agency.

THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE

While I am writing about the international activities of the Press I would like to refer to the valuable work of my friend Harry Brittain.

He is best known, of course, as secretary of the British section of the Pilgrims, which he founded with Lord Roberts and some American friends in 1902. The club, as everybody allows, has done most valuable work in cementing the friendly relations between the British Empire and the United States. He showed his vision and his organising capacity when he arranged the great Imperial Press Conference of 1909. The idea, he told me, occurred to him when he was on a visit to Canada. He discussed it with Lord Grey (then Governor-General), who was tremendously enthusiastic about it, and on his return to England chatted the matter over with his newspaper friends, particularly Lord Northcliffe, the present Lord Burnham, Sir Arthur Pearson, Mr. J. A. Spender, and Mr. Robert Donald. All agreed that a meeting should be called of the British Press, and this was done.

Brittain was asked to undertake the organisation of the conference, and as the result of his enthusiasm and ability all difficulties were overcome, and a great number of delegates representing newspapers all over the Empire

met in London. Apart from showing them the "sights," including the Fleet, the Army at Aldershot, and giving them such social pleasures as a visit to Chatsworth and a tour through the chief industrial and educational centres, a ten-days' conference was held in London, which had some very practical results. One of these was the reduction of the Press cable rates to every part of the Empire with the exception of Canada, and another which grew out of it was the increase in the home news sent out. The head of one of the leading Press Agencies told Brittain that since the days of the Imperial Press Conference practically 50 per cent. more home news was sent out to the ends of the Empire. As he remarked to me, "News is the very basis of mutual understanding, and the effect of this spread over the intervening years is hard to overrate." It would, indeed, be hard to estimate how beneficial the Imperial Press Conference proved in the light of subsequent events culminating in the war.

Brittain describes himself as "a non-newspaper man," which is not strictly true, though his connection with the Street of Ink has been mostly with periodical journalism. He was for two years private secretary to Sir William Ingram, and later joined Sir Arthur Pearson, with whom he worked in the formation of the Tariff Reform League. He was also on the *Standard* and *Evening Standard* for a while before he became associated for a short period with the *Sphere* and *Tatler*. Although he prefers to be a free-lance in his journalistic work, I hope his energy, enterprise, and vision will lead to his making an even stronger impression upon the developments of the Press as an Empire force in the future. Brittain is a most amusing and sparkling conversationalist, and possesses an unusual amount of vitality.

He signalised a visit to the Western front by producing a very successful book, "To Verdun from the Somme," which he told me he wrote in a fortnight.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS

(CLASSIFIED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER OF TOWNS FOR CONVENIENCE OF REFERENCE)

In my personal history of the Street of Ink I have been compelled to omit the names of many men and papers, some of the former deserving a place in any record by reason of their eminence, and the majority of the latter entitled to mention because of their influence and interest, however small or restricted their sales. Many magazines and provincial dailies, and hundreds of weekly provincial newspapers cannot be mentioned, simply because nothing but a large public library and an army of historians could cope with the task and do it justice.

Before dealing with a few typical provincial newspapers, let me say this. The reader of a suburban or provincial newspaper is relatively catered for with the same intelligence, skill and enterprise as is the reader of a London daily. He forms part of a class over which the editor of his paper exercises a great influence. He is given something that suits a particular need which cannot be supplied, generally speaking, by the national daily, and the paper which supplies this has behind it many of the resources on which the metropolitan paper relies. It will perhaps increase his admiration for his particular local paper to know that the big men in journalism look upon the smaller papers in the provinces with admiration none the less sincere since many of them have graduated in the same school. Taking such papers as a whole, they represent an enormous outlay of capital, an enormous revenue, a decided influence which is wisely exercised, and a sum

total of ability and knowledge that makes them in every way worthy of the Street of Ink.

I would like to write fully about the important provincial papers, but all I can do is to deal with just a few of the many—there are, of course, scores of others—from which the reader will be able to gather, I hope, a picture of the whole. Some day I may be able to fill in many of the important gaps in a further volume when the conditions due to the war give place to less strenuous times, and my brief leisure is not taken up almost wholly by business problems of unusual complexity.

THE "ABERDEEN FREE PRESS"

I am particularly grateful to the editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press* for what I may term a little journalistic epic, showing the resourcefulness of a district reporter. The incident happened some thirty years ago when a serious wreck had occurred between Aberdeen and Peterhead, and the reporter, William Ogston, at the latter place was isolated from the head office owing to the breakdown of the telegraph wires. It was, of course, long before the days of motors, and he was at his wits' end how to get his story to Aberdeen, when it occurred to him to use the Northern cable which runs from Peterhead to Norway. Acting upon his idea, he sent his message to Aberdeen via the Continent, a journey of nearly two thousand miles to cover a direct distance of twenty-six miles. The present editor might well be content to point to this incident as representing the enterprise of the paper.

The *Aberdeen Free Press* was founded as a weekly in 1853, and became the first daily in the North of Scotland in 1872. Its allied evening paper, the *Evening Gazette,* was founded in 1882. Its editors have been successively William McCombie, the author of several volumes of essays of repute in their day; Dr. William Alexander, the author of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," one of the

best specimens of Scottish dialect and humour; his brother, Henry Alexander; and the latter's son, Henry, who is the present editor. Another name closely associated with the paper is that of William Watt, the author of the county "History of Aberdeen and Banff," as well as journalist. His son Edward W. Watt, now on the paper, is at present on military service, being a lieutenant-colonel in the Gordons (T.F.). The publisher for many years has been Alexander Marr, and the manager is John Bruce, whose son, Robert Bruce, also on the staff, is on military service as a major in the Royal Engineers (T.F.). Other names include those of William McCombie Alexander, a brother of the editor; Alexander MacKilligan, leader writer; and T. P. Gill, chief reporter. William Russell and William Diack are the chief sub-editors of the morning and evening papers respectively. Alexander Mackintosh, the London correspondent, has represented the *Free Press* in the House of Commons Gallery for over thirty years, and his London Letter is a feature of the paper. The chief compositor, John Lawson, was an apprentice when the paper started, and his continuous service on the staff ever since must be a record in newspaper printing. In addition to giving attention to the important fishing industry (of which Aberdeen is the centre), in the *Free Press,* the management has started a weekly paper, the *Fishing News,* specially devoted to the interests of British fisheries.

THE "ABERDEEN JOURNAL"

The *Aberdeen Journal* in its weekly and in its daily form is now in its one hundred and seventieth year, and not only continues publication, but is going very strong. It makes a feature of bright treatment of news and of special literary articles, and as regards local affairs systematically and successfully cultivates the exclusive. It obtained a very interesting scoop during a strike

of caddies in 1912 when Mr. Asquith was spending the autumn near Lossiemouth Golf Links, over which he played daily. A member of the staff donned caddie clothes, and during the strike succeeded in carrying the Premier's "sticks." The result was the first and only detailed description yet published of how Mr. Asquith plays and what golfing language he uses. The account was quoted in newspapers all over the country. The *Weekly Journal* is likewise a very successful property.

The *Aberdeen Evening Express,* which is owned by the same proprietors, is one of the most popular evening papers in Scotland, exercising considerable influence in the municipal and social affairs of Aberdeen. The *Express,* by the way, issues a Sunday war edition. The editor of the *Journal* and *Express* is William Maxwell, who began his career on the *Scotsman,* and after twelve years in London on the *St. James's Gazette,* the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and the *Standard,* returned about 1909 to his native country. The assistant editor is Alexander Wood, whose knowledge of the genealogy of the county families throughout the North of Scotland is unrivalled. The news editor (chief reporter) is A. Catto, whose local "scoops" are legion. James McIntosh, who was for a time in the Far East, is chief sub-editor of the *Journal,* and D. B. Ross, formerly of South Africa and of the *Scotsman,* is chief sub-editor of the *Express.* The manager, James A. C. Coutts, has been at the business helm of the three papers since the beginning of this century, and to his ability the papers owe very much of their present position as dividend-paying properties.

THE "BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH"

The *Belfast Evening Telegraph* has the distinction of being the first halfpenny paper established in Ireland. It was first issued on September 1, 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war excitement, and the story of its

origin from comparatively small beginnings to the attainment of the influence and power which it enjoys to-day is in effect the biography of its moving spirit, Mr. Robert H. H. Baird, J.P., the managing proprietor. The paper, as a matter of fact, was launched in three working days in order to forestall a prospective rival which had been announced, and notwithstanding the difficulties the venture was crowned with complete success. At one time the paper turned out twenty-eight editions daily, although the number has been reduced in consequence of the war.

The papers allied to the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* are the *Belfast Weekly Telegraph, Ballymena Weekly Telegraph, Larne Times, Ireland's Saturday Night,* and the *Irish Post,* in addition to the *Irish Daily Telegraph,* a halfpenny morning paper issued from the same office. The unqualified success of these papers is due to Mr. Baird's practical imagination and energy, aided by a very competent staff. Mr. Andrew W. Stewart, the managing editor, joined from the *Northern Whig* in 1888 as chief leader writer and special commissioner. He has a corps of forty reporters, who are all keen in co-operating with him.

The staff of leader writers includes Thomas Moles, who wields a virile pen, and besides dealing with the political questions which excite the Province of Ulster, has a reputation in the realm of sport as an authority on athletics, motoring and kindred topics, John Sayers has a reputation as an expert in mercantile and shipping matters, and a knowledge of military affairs which has enabled him to deal promptly with honours, casualties and promotions in the course of the war, and A. W. Kerr, LL.D., B.Sc., who, so I am informed, has a thorough grasp of economic and social questions and a close familiarity with European history. J. A. Watson is well known under the pen name of "Flambeau," Robert Sayers is a

competent descriptive writer, and Patrick J. Keenan, a law court specialist. The sub-editorial work is shared by a staff including Stephen Williamson, Charles Darcus, Edwin McClure, and T. A. Ross. E. R. Cree (now a sergeant in the R.I.R.) was also a member of this staff, and quite a number of reporters and photographers are also serving in the Army. The musical critic, W. B. Reynolds (Rathol), has much more than a local reputation.

News of the Churches has for years been a feature of the paper. This department has been entrusted to the Rev. Richard Cole, a lifelong journalist, and the Rev. Dr. Lowe, who occupies the position of clerk to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

The editing of *Ireland's Saturday Night,* a weekly paper devoted to football, cricket, and all forms of sport and amusement, physical and intellectual, is under the care of Robert McComb, who was at one time on the staff of the *Liverpool Courier* and *Evening Express,* and has a wide and varied experience, as well as a pronounced reputation as a scoop writer. One of his most notable achievements was an interview with Field-Marshal Sir George White on the Stranraer steamer, when the distinguished soldier was returning from Ladysmith.

THE "BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST"

The *Birmingham Daily Post* has a link with Fleet Street in no less a person than Dr. Johnson. A bookseller in the city, named Thomas Warren, started the *Birmingham Journal* in 1733 as a weekly, and Boswell records that he obtained the assistance of Johnson's pen to furnish "some numbers of a political essay in his newspaper." The *Journal* was discontinued after some seven or eight years, but the title was revived in 1825 by Mr. William Hodgetts, who was starting a Saturday Conservative paper. It was bought in 1843 by Mr. John Frederick Feeney, who soon afterwards invited Mr.

Jaffray (who subsequently became Sir John Jaffray, Bart.) to become editor, and the association developed into a partnership. They issued the *Daily Post* on December 4, 1857.

Mr. Jaffray took the utmost interest in the business side of the paper, and indeed, after a while devoted the main part of his energies to it. The circulation steadily increased, and in view of the success obtained it was decided in 1870 to establish the *Birmingham Daily Mail,* in order to issue an evening newspaper from the same office.

Sir John Jaffray retired in 1894, and the ownership of the paper passed to Mr. John Feeney, his partner, and the son of its founder. Mr. Charles Hyde, his nephew, became proprietor when Mr. Feeney died in 1905.

Like most of its contemporaries, the *Birmingham Daily Post* realised the importance of establishing a branch office in London about the time that the Government took over the telegraphs, and it played a leading part in organising the Press Association. Indeed, Mr. John Lovell was originally on its staff, and a further link exists to-day, as Mr. A. F. Robbins, the London correspondent (one of the best-known figures in Fleet Street, by the way), is a brother of Mr. E. Robbins, the present manager of the Press Association. Sir Henry Lucy was for some years Parliamentary correspondent.

THE "BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL"

The *Birmingham Daily Mail,* as mentioned above, was first issued in 1870 in response to the public demand for the latest news of the Franco-German War, in which the people of Birmingham took the keenest possible interest. Its success was immediate. Years ago an old city coroner christened it "the Birmingham Bible."

The *Mail* has always been very intimately identified with the public life of the municipality and its many

charitable enterprises. Every year it raises and administers a fund of £3,000 to £4,000 for the benefit of the poor children of Birmingham, whom it provides with boots and clothing, with treats and entertainments, with Christmas dinners, and with summer holidays in the country. A famous editor of the *Mail* was W. C. Sullivan. The editor since 1907 has been Herbert Frost Harvey, a Hertford man, who served on the staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Manchester Dispatch* before going to the *Birmingham Daily Mail* as assistant editor in 1904.

THE "BOLTON EVENING NEWS"

The *Bolton Evening News* claims to be the first evening halfpenny newspaper of its kind. It is owned by Messrs. Tillotson, of Bolton, who also publish the *Football Field* and the *Lancashire Journal* series of seven weekly newspapers. In addition, practically all the leading writers have written at one time or another for Tillotson's Newspaper Syndicate, which supplies stories to subscribers all over the world. Robert Sheppard is the manager of Tillotson's Newspaper Literature Bureau. My colleague, G. G. Armstrong, the editor of the *Daily News* Northern Edition, was formerly on the staff, and also Philip Gibbs, the well-known war correspondent and novelist, who began his career with Cassell and Company.

THE "BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO"

The *Bristol Evening Times* was started in October, 1904. The editorial control is in the hands of three directors, and the executive chief under them is H. Slater Stone. The *Bristol Echo,* which was the *Evening Times'* most effective opponent, was purchased in 1909 and amalgamated with the *Evening Times.* The chief sub-editor is V. Reece, formerly of the *South Wales Daily News* and *Bristol Evening News,* his chief assistant being A. J. Spurll, formerly of the *Bristol Times and Mirror.*

When the docks were closed to the Press, S. J. Hobbs was shipping expert of the *Mirror,* and is now on the staff. Mr. Slater Stone has had a wide experience in provincial journalism, which enables him, in his own words, to "carry on" during the difficult times caused by the war.

THE "BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR"

The *Bristol Times and Mirror,* which celebrated its bicentenary quite recently, is one of the oldest of the provincial papers. In its long and continuous history in recording what the editor described to me as "the small play and politics of an ancient city," it has had many well-known contributors, the most interesting of whom was the "Marvellous Boy," Chatterton, who used its columns for the publication of some of the forged "Rowley" manuscripts. Coming to more recent times, Mark Lemon, the late Joseph Hatton, Charles Pebody, who left it in the 'seventies to become editor of the *Yorkshire Post,* and Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back," were on the editorial staff or among the contributors. Other men it has sent into the world of wider journalism are Sir Stanley Reed, editor of the *Times of India;* T. McDonald Rendle, of *London Opinion;* Ernest D. Lee, editor of the *Pioneer of Allahabad;* and R. D. Davies, editor of the Singapore *Free Press.* The work of chief leader writer has been undertaken by R. J. Michie. Another valued writer of local influence on the staff is Charles Wells, who for a generation has served on the Council of the Institute of Journalists. Mr. Walter Hawkins, the managing director of the firm, has been well known in West Country journalism for more than half a century. He has had the distinction of serving as chairman of the committee of the Press Association, following an example which was set him by a former manager, John Matthew Gutch, who was the first president of the newly formed Newspaper Society in 1836.

THE "CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER"

The *Cambria Daily Leader* is the oldest of the Welsh daily journals. It was started as a morning paper and subsequently, in the words of Mr. J. D. Williams, the editor, "settled down to a very successful career as an evening." The paper was at one time the property of Sir George Newnes, and is now owned by a company. Howard Corbett, the manager of *The Times*, was formerly manager of the paper, and gave early proof of his capacity by producing the largest industrial supplement ever issued by an evening paper in England. The present editor—who succeeded Thomas Rees, who had edited the paper with ability for many years previously—has grown up with the *Cambria Daily Leader*, having started as an errand boy twenty-four years ago. He has been through all the departments. The general manager, A. P. Higham, was for some years Parliamentary correspondent of the *Western Mail*.

THE "DUNDEE ADVERTISER"

The *Dundee Advertiser* is an old-established newspaper, having been founded in 1801. It was a comparatively small paper until Sir John Leng (a brother of Sir William Leng of the *Sheffield Telegraph*) reversed the usual tradition by going North from his native town of Hull to the Scottish city, and turned it into one of the most successful papers in the provinces, with ramifications extending all over Scotland, and into England and Ireland as well. So great a figure indeed did he become in Dundee that he had the distinction of representing the city in Parliament. The *Dundee Advertiser* makes a feature of London correspondence as well as agricultural and shipping news. It also caters specially for the world-wide business interests which are associated with the district it covers, by means of special commercial telegrams from the business centres of the world. My recollections of Mr. J. D. Cunnison, of

Mr.
Newman Flower.

Mr. Carmichael
Thomas.

Mr. Arthur
Spurgeon, J.P

Mr. G. A. Sutton.

Mr. Kennedy
Jones, M.P.

the London office, go back to the time when I first came into the Street of Ink. He was even then a very well-known figure in the business circles of that thoroughfare. The Leng printing presses in Dundee are constantly busy in the production of popular reading in the shape of weekly newspapers, periodicals and other publications. The most famous of the family are the *People's Journal* and *People's Friend,* which are familiar to every Scot at home and abroad. The enterprise which Sir John Leng showed in his day and generation is well sustained by those who are following in his footsteps.

THE "EASTERN DAILY PRESS"

In writing about the newspapers in East Anglia, I must mention the Norfolk News Company, in which the Colman family has a controlling interest, and which, indeed, in a sense, is linked up with my own papers through its editor, Archie Cozens-Hardy, whose brother, as I have mentioned, is an esteemed colleague of my own on the *Daily News.* A. Cozens-Hardy has been editor of the *Eastern Daily Press* and three other subsidiary concerns for the last twenty years, and has successfully cultivated the happy knack of keeping on good terms with Liberals, Conservatives and Labour representatives, with bishops, deans and dissenters, and with landlords, farmers and agricultural labourers.

The *Eastern Daily Press* is Liberal in politics, and has no Conservative rival, the only other morning daily published in the eastern counties being the *East Anglian Daily Times,* whose constituency has Ipswich and not Norwich for its centre.

Some years ago a Unionist venture, inspired from London, attempted to establish a clientèle in Norwich. It retreated out of action, having suffered heavy casualties.

Jacob Henry Tillett, one of John Bright's old Free

Trade and Chartist associates, was editor of the *Norfolk News* a generation ago. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the *Nation*, for many years wrote its weekly London Letter. Arthur Spurgeon, the enterprising head of the House of Cassell, started his professional life on the staff at Norwich, and afterwards took charge of the National Press Agency, which has long been responsible for the Parliamentary Letter of the *Eastern Daily Press*. A particularly brilliant *E.D.P.* leader writer was L. F. Austin, Chesterton's predecessor on the *Illustrated London News*. One of the present leader writers on the *Eastern Daily Press* is Fred Henderson, who was a Labour member on the first London County Council, and has since done splendid work in firing the eastern counties with a fine recruiting zeal.

"EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES"

A few years ago I was entertained by an angel unawares, to adapt a familiar saying to the circumstances. The occasion was one of those delightful Press trips of the Great Eastern Railway, which are such a happy recollection of pre-war days. It was the first occasion upon which Mr. H. W. Thornton acted as host, and I learned that he, like all the leading railway men I know, had the bump of hospitality well developed. One day I was lunching with a new acquaintance, and our conversation turned to politics. From what he told me I found that my *vis-à-vis* was Sir Frederick Wilson, the principal proprietor of the *East Anglian Daily Times,* who during the short time he was managing director of the *Star,* assisted to found the *Morning Leader*. He started the *East Anglian Daily Times* in 1874, and has edited the paper since that time. He was actively assisted by the late T. R. Elkington, whose son, Bertrand Elkington, is now his righthand man.

"Many perils incident to the birth and progress of a

daily newspaper were encountered," Sir Frederick says, "the most dangerous and important being an action for libel, with large damages claimed, for the report of a clerical refusal to bury an unbaptised child. The Burials Bill was at the time a leading subject of discussion, and national interest attached to the trial, which took place in the High Court at Westminster, in June, 1879, terminating in a verdict for the plaintiff for 40s. only. The result was to pass the Burials Bill through Lords and Commons, while the costs in the case, amounting to £900, were repaid to the proprietor of the *East Anglian Daily Times,* accompanied with a testimonial, in grateful recognition of services rendered to the cause of religious freedom and humanity."

East Anglia, being an important sporting district, hunting articles became a popular feature. A long run with the foxhounds would be graphically described next morning in the newspaper. The London Letter is also a notable feature, written at one time by Sir Henry Lucy, subsequently by the late Mr. Alfred Kinnear, and now by Mr. Bray, of the Central News.

In 1895 Sir Frederick Wilson entered Parliament as member for Mid Norfolk, which he represented for ten years, during which he rode fourth in the Parliamentary Steeplechase which "Jack" Pease won. He is J.P. for Suffolk, Deputy-Lieutenant for Norfolk, and his experience as editor-proprietor ranges over fifty years. He told me that he holds the firm opinion that newspaper men should qualify for all-round work, going into the machine-room as well as the editorial sanctum, recognising the high importance of the man who knows the value of news, and having intimate relations with the genius who provides the sinews of war, the advertisement manager. He added wittily that fifty years ago the chief constable of the town told him that he should give up the paper and take in the contents bill.

THE "SCOTSMAN"

Those who might be inclined to look down upon what they are pleased to call provincial journalism would change their views if they were to inspect the palatial *Scotsman* building, which must form one of the handsomest and most perfectly equipped newspaper offices in the world. The whole building, including the site, cost no less than half a million! It is the largest ever erected by private enterprise in Edinburgh.

The original office, from which the first number was issued on January 25, 1817, consisted of two small rooms for the publishing and editorial offices, the printing being done by contract. The amount of matter corresponded roughly to about twelve columns of the present daily issue, and the price charged was tenpence.

The paper began in a very humble way, as the ambition of the proprietors was to obtain three hundred subscribers, which they calculated would pay their expenses. For six years, until the end of 1830, the paper was issued as a weekly, after which it was published twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It was issued as a penny daily in 1855, but the publication of the two issues a week was continued simultaneously for some years.

The name of Alexander Russel is as inseparable from the *Scotsman* as the name of Delane from *The Times*. Russel was one of the greatest editors in the history of the Press. He joined the *Scotsman* as assistant editor, and in three years, during part of which time he performed the editor's duties, he took sole responsibility, eventually becoming one of the proprietors. During the thirteen years of his direction the *Scotsman* acquired increased influence and popularity, the ability shown by the editorial department being supplemented by the enterprise of the business management, particularly as regards distribution. When it was decided to seek a larger field than Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, the utmost energy was shown,

and in the course of a few months the *Scotsman's* list of country agents had grown from eighty to upwards of one thousand, and the circulation had grown also.

The *Scotsman* was one of the first papers to install a private wire from London, and to establish a staff of sub-editors and reporters in the Metropolis. No expense is spared in maintaining an efficient service from this office, as may be gathered from the fact that on occasion a review of an important book is often telegraphed from London to the offices in Edinburgh. The editor is Mr. J. P. Croal, in whose hands the traditions and influence of the *Scotsman* are fully maintained.

I cannot conclude this brief note better than by quoting an extract from a reference to the *Scotsman's* centenary number published on January 25, 1917:

"A remarkable fact in its career, to which the centenary leading article in the paper calls attention, has been 'a continuity of influence' in its editorial and business management, which is 'perhaps unparalleled in the record of any other journal.' 'To be one of the few newspapers that have lived through the nineteenth century—there are only three in London which have had this vitality—is itself a distinction; to be able to say that on its business side the paper has been through all its hundred years of activity under the control of two men, the younger of whom was closely associated for thirteen years with the elder, and is still in active supervision of its affairs, and that on the editorial side its direction has been in the hands of only four men, and that continuous personal association links up in this department the ''forties with the centenary year—a span of seventy years—is to present an extraordinary chapter in journalism.'" The editors referred to are Charles Maclaren, Alexander Russel, the late Dr. Charles Alfred Cooper, and the present editor, Mr. J. P. Croal; while the business heads whose periods of management have spanned the century are Mr. John Ritchie, who

died in December, 1870, at the age of 92, and Mr. James Law, who reaches his diamond jubilee as manager this year [1917].

When one speaks of the greatest papers in the United Kingdom, the *Scotsman* is always included.

THE "EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH"

The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* was started by the *Scotsman* in 1886. They believed that before many years had passed the evening newspaper would appeal to a wider constituency than it had done previously, and as circumstances proved, they were justified in their predictions. The Boer War in 1899 gave the paper its first great opportunity, and in those days the first edition was sometimes printed about ten o'clock in the morning, and as many papers published before noon as would represent an ordinary day's circulation. The first editor was Alexander Riach, who had previously been on the sub-editing staff of the *Scotsman*, the *Edinburgh Evening News*, and the *Daily Telegraph*. He was succeeded by T. B. Maclachlan, formerly editor of the *Weekly Scotsman*.

THE "GLASGOW EVENING NEWS"

The *Glasgow Evening News* needs no better recommendation than the fact that two first-class newspaper men in London received their initial training in its office. I refer to Kennedy Jones, M.P., and James Heddle, both of whom I have already mentioned in connection with the enterprises of Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Hulton. It has been edited and managed for the past thirty-two years by James Murray Smith, and in less than half that time developed under his sagacious guidance from a four-page sheet to a paper of twelve pages.

Its extension of size was no less rapid and marked than its growth of influence, largely due to its opening up of

new features of public interest which had previously been regarded as outside the scope of halfpenny evening journals. Some years ago Sir William Robertson Nicoll described the *News* as "one of the best dailies in the United Kingdom." To him, as doubtless to many southern journalists, its most striking feature, and one at the time unique among halfpenny newspapers, may have been its social and literary pages, to which, from week to week, many of the most prominent writers in the country have contributed signed articles. Exclusively engaged on work of this character for the *News,* and also as a writer of very clever topical verse, Mr. R. J. Maclennan has been on the staff for many years. Municipal, theatrical, art, musical, feminine, and sporting interests have been no less zealously fostered, and at the same time there has been nothing wanting to make the *News* a complete chronicle of the very latest events of the day. It has a private telegraph wire between its Fleet Street office and the head office in Glasgow.

Associated with Mr. Murray Smith on its board of directors are Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., an ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, and Neil Munro, the novelist, who has a connection of thirty years with the paper. The assistant editor, George Farquhar, has also been on the staff for a similar period, beginning, like Mr. Munro, as a junior reporter. The other leader writers are W. S. Ballantyne and George Primrose, both trained on the *News,* and thoroughly capable journalists. The news editor is Alexander Ralston, who joined the staff after completing his education at Glasgow University, and the chief reporter, D. S. Robertson, is *persona grata* with every public man and official in the City. Musical matters have always been prominently discussed in the *News* by J. J. Brodie, author of "Talks on Music," who has been critic on the paper for thirty years, and in the course of his work has attended almost every great festival

and opera in London and the provinces, as well as those at Bayreuth.

The editorial interests of 67 Hope Street, as far as the London end is concerned, have throughout its history been in the hands of a succession of well-known Fleet Street men. For years the London Letter was written by the late Mr. Peacock, of the *Morning Post,* and the more urgent political leaders associated with events at late sittings in Westminster were the work of the late Mr. Ross, of *The Times.* Since the beginning of the war, Mr. James Nicol Dunn has been responsible for the editorial management in Fleet Street, and for the London Letter, having associated with him Mr. David Hodge. So long as John D. Irvine was lobbying for the *Morning Post* he acted as Westminster correspondent of the *News;* in recent years this function has been admirably undertaken by Falconer Geddie, who is at present serving in the Army. The London business and advertising manager is Arthur Bettany, who is in daily contact by the private wire with David Loudoun, the business manager in Glasgow, who has also been connected with the paper for many years. Early in its development the *News* was widely known for its prompt and rapid publication of events and results of all kinds. It was the first evening paper that brought out a football edition, and before the modern fudge box was designed the black square on which results were stamped was devised in the *News* machine-room.

It should also be mentioned that George Whitelaw, the clever artist on the *Passing Show,* was trained on the *News,* and for many years his brilliant daily cartoons delighted the Glasgow public. His successor is Robbins Miller, a capable young artist who was trained in the famous Art School of the city.

Another London journalist brought up on the *News* is J. A. Kilpatrick, for a time editor of the *Standard.*

He did some clever black-and-white work while on the staff, and wrote "Literary Landmarks of Glasgow," which ran through the columns of the paper and was illustrated by himself.

THE "GLASGOW HERALD"

We have to go back to January, 1783, for the birth of the *Glasgow Herald,* when the *Glasgow Advertiser* (as it originally was called) was first published by John Mennons. The paper started with a "scoop," as by the courtesy of the Lord Provost it was enabled to print a dispatch from Lord Grantham, one of the Secretaries of State, "intimating the arrival of a messenger from Paris with the preliminary articles between Great Britain and France, and between Great Britain and Spain," signed at Versailles on the 20th of the month—seven days before. "From this lucky start," the proprietors say, "the paper has never seriously looked back."

In 1789 we find the paper issued twice weekly as the *Glasgow Advertiser and Evening Intelligence,* price threepence per single copy. In 1794 the paper reverted to its original title of the *Glasgow Advertiser,* and the price was raised to fourpence. On November 1, 1802, the name appeared as the *Herald and Advertiser,* and in 1805 the title *Advertiser* was finally dropped, and the name became the *Glasgow Herald.* After the abolition of the taxes on knowledge the *Glasgow Herald* became a penny daily newspaper, the first number in this form being issued on January 3, 1859.

The *Glasgow Herald* is one of the pioneers of our daily Press, and it may be said that it has always been to the fore with the methods of enterprise which have made it one of the best known papers in the world. Its notable succession of editors includes Colonel "Sam" Hunter, a prominent Volunteer figure of Napoleonic days; George Outram, the witty author of "Legal Lyrics"; Dr. James Pagan,

memorable as organiser, local historian and social investigator; and Dr. J. H. Stoddart, a poet and a brilliant leader writer.

For nineteen years, up to 1907, the editor was Dr. Charles Gilchrist Russell, who for thirteen years previously had been assistant editor. He maintained all the characteristics established by his predecessors and handed on others to his successors, notably the prominence given to current literature. Commercial news has long been given a foremost place in the *Glasgow Herald*. Dr. Russell was succeeded by Dr. William Wallace, a well known littérateur, who had been a member of the staff for many years, but ill-health compelled him to retire from the editorial chair in 1909, when Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin was appointed.

Mr. Kitchin, after a brilliant career at Malvern and Cambridge, subsequently joined the editorial staff of *The Times* in 1895, and became founder and editor of its Financial and Commercial Supplement in 1904. He was assistant manager of *The Times* from 1908 to 1909, when he left to take up the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald,* which he resigned in 1917. Under Mr. Kitchin's able control the paper continued to flourish as of old and to justify the belief put forward at the centenary celebration in 1882 by Dr. Stoddart, who was then editor, that it would pursue "the policy of freedom and independence which has characterised its past history."

Mr. Robert Bruce, the present editor, was Mr. Kitchin's chief assistant. He began his journalistic work on the *Alloa Advertiser,* and was a member of the head office staff of the *Aberdeen Journal* from 1892 until 1898, when he became a member of the *Glasgow Herald's* Parliamentary staff, and was then successively chief of the Gallery staff, Lobbyist and descriptive Parliamentary sketch writer, and London editor before arriving at his present position.

The *Glasgow Herald* was one of the first, if not the first, among provincial newspapers to lease a private wire from the Post Office, and it was one of the first to appoint a special correspondent to act for it in London. To-day it employs in London alone the exclusive services of six Parliamentary reporters, a City editor and his assistant, specialists in shipbuilding, music, art, the drama and kindred subjects, as well as two sub-editors to deal with the copy received in the Fleet Street office.

Associated with the *Glasgow Herald* are the *Glasgow Weekly Herald,* the *Bulletin,* which is a daily picture paper, and the *Glasgow Evening Times.* The last-named is one of the best known evening journals in the provinces, and rivals its great sister daily in enterprise. The proprietors relate an amusing episode connected with the carrier pigeon service employed by the paper for sending football results in the old days. "There was unholy glee," they relate, "when it became known in the offices of the rival evening papers that the pigeon bearing the result of an important game had sat outside its cot calmly pecking the message on its leg to pieces."

THE HULL "DAILY MAIL"

The Hull *Daily Mail* claims to be the first evening newspaper to publish illustrations, and to be the pioneer of six-page halfpenny evening newspapers in England. It certainly enjoys the reputation of being enterprising and popular. The editor, Edgar S. Lewis, was formerly chief sub-editor of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian,* and has also edited the *Westmorland Gazette* and *Preston Herald.* He has edited the Hull *Daily Mail* and the Hull *Weekly Times* from 1890, and is on the board of directors of the company owning these properties. He tells me that the *Mail's* greatest scoop was the publication of the Dogger Bank incident. His assistant editors are Charles Watson, formerly a sub-editor on the *Bradford*

Daily Telegraph, and E. Wills Lewis; W. J. Blyton is the dramatic critic, and the chief sub-editor is R. W. Binns.

THE "IRISH INDEPENDENT"

Every year on Shamrock Day a box containing a sprig of shamrock reaches my office table from Mr. W. T. Brewster, the secretary and manager of the Independent Newspapers, Limited, the owners of the *Irish Independent, Dublin Evening Herald, Dublin Saturday Herald, Irish Weekly Independent,* and the *Sunday Independent.* I have therefore a high opinion of his tactfulness. He is secretary of the Irish Newspaper Society, and is much beloved by the staff. The head of the firm is Mr. William Martin Murphy, and the managing director was his son, E. Martin Murphy, who was keenly interested in the successful newspapers whose fortunes he had helped to build up. T. A. Grehan, the advertisement manager, and William Chapman, the works manager, are two very capable officials. Arthur J. Wall is the London representative of this enterprising group of Irish newspapers.

T. R. Harrington has ably filled the editorial chair of the *Irish Independent* since its conversion into a halfpenny paper. He is said to be one of the "biggest" editors in the three kingdoms—at any rate, there is no question but that he is so physically. The editorial "command" of the *Irish Weekly Independent* and the *Sunday Independent* (Ireland's first Sunday newspaper) is in the competent hands of J. P. Lynch. J. J. Ryce is the editor of the *Dublin Evening Herald* and *Saturday Herald.* In a letter to me he said:

"An American editor recently wrote: 'Another Irish Industry—Raising Hell in "The Little Bit of Heaven."' But the American writer forgot one other growing Irish industry—raising printers' devils; and many of them make excellent stokers in the ships that float on the Transatlantic

seas of journalism. Many men who now occupy editorial chairs in the leading newspaper offices of the country began their careers in the reading-rooms of the provincial press. I am very proud to be of the number."

THE "IRISH TIMES"

The *Irish Times* of Dublin appeared as a penny daily paper on June 8, 1859, having been founded as a tri-weekly at the end of the previous March, and the time was well chosen, for great events were happening and the public was ravenous for news. Major Lawrence E. Knox decided that the name was the best he could choose to indicate the policy of the paper, which was intended to reflect the sentiments of the thinking classes in Ireland. A successful start was maintained by an enterprising management, which took advantage of every facility for gathering news and for distributing it to the public. On the death of Major Knox in 1873 the property was acquired by Sir John Arnott for £35,000, and he signalised his advent by means of a personal address to the readers, in which he announced his intention of "attempting to carry out the aims and aspirations in which the late generous and high-minded proprietor so well succeeded." Under Sir John Arnott's control and the management of the late James Carlyle the paper in which he took a justifiable pride gained prosperity and won the respect of all its contemporaries. Shortly after his death in 1898 a limited liability company was formed, of which the present Sir John Arnott, Bart., became chairman and managing director, the other directors being Major Loftus P. Arnott, Mr. Maxwell Arnott, and the manager, Mr. John J. Simington. John E. Healy, B.L., M.A., has been editor since 1907, and the London correspondent is W. Algernon Locker, and I might add that the present management has equal cause for pride in its journal.

Associated with the *Irish Times* is the *Weekly Irish Times* and the *Irish Field.*

THE "LEEDS MERCURY"

The *Leeds Mercury* is one of the oldest-established newspapers in the British Isles, as it was first set on foot in May, 1718. In 1801, when still in its comparative youth (it was only just over eighty years old!), it was edited by Mr. Edward Baines, a man of somewhat caustic wit, as may be gathered from the following footnote to a leading article: "It will be seen by referring to our Parliamentary Proceedings on the last page that in consequence of His Majesty's indisposition Mr. Pitt still continues Minister. May God send the King a speedy recovery." Sir T. Wemyss Reid was editor of the *Leeds Mercury,* which he left to become general manager of Cassell's. He and Sir Edward Baines were the two most distinguished occupants of the "chair." The present editor, Ernest Outhwaite, tells me that in 1885 the *Leeds Mercury* announced exclusively among provincial newspapers Mr. Gladstone's intention to introduce his first Home Rule Bill, and the news caused a tremendous political sensation.

The *Leeds Mercury* is one of the most interesting examples of the modernisation of an old-established provincial paper. When Lord Rothermere bought the property in June, 1901, he at once converted it into a half-penny news picture paper, and at the same time laid the foundation for enhanced popularity.

THE "LEICESTER DAILY POST"

The *Leicester Daily Post* is owned by F. Hewitt and Son, Ltd., who are also proprietors of several other publications, their general manager being W. J. Basford. The editor is W. G. Gibbs, who was for nearly twenty years chief sub-editor of the *Leicester Daily Mercury.* C. Hagon is the chief sub-editor, and both are very promi-

nently engaged upon local public work, the former as hon. secretary of the Leicester War Hospitals Committee, Mr. Hagon as chairman of the Leicester Board of Guardians. W. Scarff, the chief reporter, has been a member of the staff for over thirty years, during two-thirds of which he has been chief of the department. Cyril Tole, a member of the reporting staff, is a specialist on musical and art matters, and critiques over his initials are a feature of the paper.

THE "LIVERPOOL COURIER"

The Liverpool analogy to the Street of Ink is indisputably Victoria Street, from which ten newspapers are regularly issued. Of these the *Liverpool Courier*, *Liverpool Evening Express*, *Liverpool Weekly Courier*, and *Liverpool Football Express* emanate from one establishment. The *Courier* is the parent of the quartette, and its friends claim that in the 109th year of its existence it combines the buoyancy and vigour of youth with the vision and stability of mature age. During its long career the *Courier* has either conducted or taken a leading part in many campaigns, national and local, but its most remarkable achievement was witnessed a few years ago, when as the leading Unionist organ in Lancashire it boldly took the initiative of urging that Tariff Reform should be postponed as one of the vital issues of the party programme, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the final triumph of its advocacy.

The *Courier* "discovered" the late lamented Dixon Scott, whom Sir William Robertson Nicoll described as "our greatest literary critic," and who lost his life so gallantly in the Gallipoli expedition. Lascelles Abercrombie, the poet, won his spurs as a member of its literary staff. Miss N. Desmond Hackett, the organiser of the Women's Emergency Canteens in

France, has been a regular contributor of clever sketches of life among the French soldiers.

Alfred Burchill, the managing editor, took the reins some five years ago after a journalistic career mainly spent with the *Courier*. He has been through the mill, and has gained a knowledge of newspaper theory and practice in all departments. He brings to his work a special quality of alertness and prevision, and there can be few newspaper offices where efficiency and happiness go so well hand-in-hand as the result of a mutual loyalty between the editor and his staff. Other names that should be mentioned are those of J. H. Varwell, the literary manager, who joined up and saw service in the trenches; G. H. Peacock, who after five months' service as a sub-editor was made editor of the *Weekly Courier,* and left that post for his present one of night editor and literary editor of the *Daily Courier;* L. H. Chesterton, leader writer, who has the reputation of being a descriptive writer of the first class, and is one of the foremost of the *Courier's* staff of reviewers; W. Jamieson, a highly popular member of the staff, who is news editor; and J. Robertson, editor of the *Express,* who gained experience on the *Aberdeen Journal,* and now controls a live and lively paper.

Associated with the *Courier* is the *Liverpool Express,* one of the best-known of the North Country evenings. The *Liverpool Weekly Courier* is a paper of wide domestic circulation in Lancashire, Cheshire and North Wales, and the *Liverpool Football Express* is a Saturday night publication devoted mainly to field sports.

THE "LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY"

In another chapter I have referred as an example of journalistic enterprise to the display of machinery by newspapers for the inspection of the passers-by in the street. This is unknown in London, but one paper at least—the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*—has a press

Mr. Bruce Ingram.

Mr. J. M. Bulloch.

Mr. C. K. Shorter.

Mr. E. Huskinson

Mr. George King.

room in full view of the street in the building recently added to its head office, and the public beholds the printing with never-failing interest through the big windows. As a further example of enterprise, I may add that this extension was planned so as to produce a complete newspaper in the event of a fire burning down the main building. In this respect the premises are probably unique, although I gather from Mr. Jeans that they are already fully occupied, and the present site, big as it is, is a source of worry, as it does not allow for future expansion!

The *Liverpool Mercury* is the older portion of the amalgamated property, having made its appearance on July 5, 1811. It was established by Mr. Egerton Smith, a literary man and philanthropist, as a weekly paper, and was originally a small eight-page sheet, the price of which was sevenpence. In 1847 the paper began to appear twice weekly, and eleven years later a daily edition was published at the price of one penny, in addition to the weekly which continued to maintain (as it does to-day) its popularity as a family journal.

The *Liverpool Post* is a survival of the *Liverpool Journal,* which was founded in 1830 (price twopence), and is now incorporated with the *Weekly Post*. The *Liverpool Post* began its career on June 11, 1855, and was ahead of the London dailies by being a penny paper from the outset. The management has always been enterprising. Thirty-five years ago it distinguished itself by dispatching three correspondents of its own to the Egyptian war.

The *Liverpool Post* and the *Liverpool Mercury* were amalgamated in 1904 by Mr. Jeans, the present managing director, who engineered the combination so quietly that no one in Liverpool knew of it until the day before it was accomplished, and the *Liverpool Echo, Liverpool Football Echo, Liverpool Weekly Post,* and *Liverpool Weekly Mercury* are consequently all under the same management. The amalgamation was an undoubted success. The papers

covered the same territory, and each had a strong following. They eliminated competition, and formed a strong combination with the valuable additional asset of the experience of Sir Edward Russell and Mr. A. G. Jeans, the latter of whom started the *Liverpool Echo* to satisfy the demands for a new Liverpool evening paper in 1879. Its record has been one of constant growth.

The *Weekly Post* was founded in 1878, and is one of the most popular journals in the provinces. There are various editions according to the news demands, and its pages contain in addition many acceptable features (including pictures), of which fiction is one of the strongest. One of its successes was "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine, who was originally a member of the staff of the *Mercury,* as was Sir Henry Lucy.

Sir Edward Russell, now over eighty-two years of age, is editor-in-chief of the allied papers. His name is a household word among journalists, by whom he is regarded with the admiration and respect that his character and abilities command. Originally intended for the ministry, he became associated with the *Islington Daily Gazette,* of which he was afterwards editor. (This paper, by the way, deserves mention in view of its unique position as a London local daily.)

Sir Edward became associated with the *Liverpool Post* as assistant editor in 1860. There was a period during which he returned to London and acted as leader writer on the *Morning Star,* of which Justin McCarthy (and subsequently John Morley) was editor, but he kept up his connection with the *Post* until he returned to Liverpool as its editor in 1869.

Mr. A. G. Jeans has been engaged in the management of the *Daily Post* since 1871, in which year he joined the literary staff. To his business instinct and organising skill much of the success of the papers must be credited. He is a member of a well-known and honoured journalistic

family, the traditions of which are being worthily carried on by his son, and assistant, Mr. Allan Jeans. Mr. Egerton Castle, the novelist, is a director of the papers.

THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN"

"What Manchester thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow," used to be a favourite saying—with Manchester folk. No one, however, would deny that what the *Manchester Guardian* thinks to-day carries due weight throughout the United Kingdom. Clear thinking, fearless advocacy of its views, and dignity of utterance are all characteristics of this noted newspaper.

It was literally born out of politics. In 1819 a young business man, John Edward Taylor, sought election as one of the assessors of the township of Salford. The returning officer took it upon himself to raise objection to his election, and made several misstatements which so exasperated young Taylor that he called the official "a liar, a slanderer and a scoundrel." Next morning he had to appear at the Lancaster Assizes on a charge corresponding to the modern criminal libel, and by his own advocacy secured a verdict of "not guilty." Riding back to Manchester in the coach, an acquaintance said to him: "It is now plain that you have the elements of public work in you. Why don't you set up a newspaper?"

It was apparently young Taylor's habit to translate thought into action. He founded the *Manchester Guardian* as a weekly in 1821, and it was not until thirty-four years later, in 1855, that it was converted into a daily. It was believed in 1830 that each copy of the *Guardian* had a very large number of readers in Manchester, which accounted for its influence, despite the fact that the circulation was kept down owing to the cost to the purchaser. The price was reduced to one penny in 1857, two years after its conversion into a daily. About 1867 a London office was established in the neighbourhood of the

Houses of Parliament (illustrating the importance which the proprietors attached to political news), and it was only within the last few years that a change was made to Fleet Street.

Like others of the larger provincial dailies, the *Manchester Guardian* has been served by very distinguished journalists in London. Mr. Massingham and Mr. Harold Spender were both at one time members of its London staff, and Mr. J. B. Atkins was for a number of years its London manager. J. J. O'Neill, who joined the London office in 1913 after an association of about three years with the commercial department of the *Daily Express,* is one of the young men of the Street of Ink who are seeking Parliamentary election, and as he is not yet thirty his selection as a candidate does honour to his abilities. The paper has certainly been well served in the Metropolis, and by men who are well-informed and see that it is not behind any of its contemporaries, as is shown by the frequent quotations which are made from its columns.

Mr. C. P. Scott, the nephew of the founder, is one of our great editors to-day. During the forty-five odd years of his control he has surrounded himself with a brilliant band of workers and contributors, of whom the best-known are probably the late W. T. Arnold (a nephew of Arnold of Rugby), to whom the paper owes much of its tradition of critical acumen and scholarship; C. E. Montague, Mr. Scott's son-in-law and righthand man, who, like his chief, has the reputation of being a master of our craft; and L. T. Hobhouse, author of various well-known books on politics and social development. It will be remembered that the late Stanley Houghton, author of "Hindle Wakes," one of the most talented of the Manchester school of playwrights, was one of its dramatic critics. Other prominent names at various times associated with the paper are those of Andrew Lang, Richard

Jefferies, J. M. Synge, Comyns Carr, Sir Claude Phillips, Laurence Housman, George Saintsbury, Richard Whiteing, and Spenser Wilkinson, to name only a few of the most eminent. Literary and musical criticisms are given much prominence, and every feature carries the stamp of weight without heaviness, which gives the paper the influence which everybody concedes to it. The history of the *Manchester Guardian*, particularly under Mr. Scott, is a continuous record of work performed in accordance with the highest principles of British journalism.

THE "NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE" AND THE "NORTH MAIL"

The *North Mail* was established in 1901 by Sir Arthur Pearson, and was one of a group of modernised halfpenny papers which, in conjunction with the *Daily Express*, were introduced into the provinces. A big circulation was rapidly obtained, and five years later the property was acquired by the late Lord Furness, who changed the political tone of the *North Mail*, providing Newcastle and the democratic counties of Northumberland and Durham with a militant Liberal organ. For several years Newcastle Liberalism, saturated though it was with traditions of Joseph Cowen and John Morley, had been without a Liberal paper, and the sturdy *North Mail*, with its breezy personality, brought an entirely new vigour into the political affairs of the North-East Coast. At the 1910 elections Liberalism and Labour swept the board in Northumberland and Durham, with the exception of two constituencies. In the many triangular contests at subsequent by-elections Liberalism invariably won the day, enthusiastically supported by the ardour with which the *North Mail* plunged into the fray.

Edward Tebbutt, the present editor and managing director, was appointed by the late Lord Furness—or Sir Christopher Furness, as he was then—when the paper

changed hands. Mr. Tebbutt was twenty-seven years of age, but he speedily justified the choice. He is now one of the busiest newspaper men in the provinces, being solely responsible for editorial and managerial control. Besides writing most of the political and leading articles, he takes a keen interest in advertising, in the scientific development of which he is a firm believer. He is also well known under a *nom de guerre* as a writer of popular newspaper fiction, many of his serial stories having appeared in Great Britain and America.

The *North Mail* was recently purchased by Colonel Joseph Cowen, the principal proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle,* who is now the chairman of the board. Miss Jane Cowen is another director, as is Colonel Joseph Reed, the general manager of the *Newcastle Chronicle.* In spite of acquisition by the older firm, the *North Mail* scrupulously preserves its own identity, and is conducted as an entirely separate enterprise.

THE "NORTHERN ECHO"

The *Northern Echo* may, I think, be regarded as the first halfpenny morning newspaper in England, as although the London *Echo,* which appeared in 1868, preceded it by two years, the latter was, of course, an evening newspaper, and its earliest edition did not appear till mid-day. The *Northern Echo* was founded by Mr. J. Hyslop Bell, J.P., still one of His Majesty's coroners for the County of Durham. W. T. Stead started his brilliant career as a member of its staff, and became editor within eighteen months of its first appearance. In 1895 Mr. Christopher (afterwards Lord) Furness, and Mr. Edward Daniel (now Sir Edward) Walker, both of whom were associated in the *Northern Echo,* entertained thoughts for the acquisition of the paper, and Mr. Walker, who has often been described as the "W. H. Smith of the North," became the sole proprietor. Sir Edward Walker was an

alderman, and afterwards thrice mayor of the borough of Darlington. In 1903 it became necessary for health reasons that he should relinquish some of his duties, and the present company—the North of England Newspaper Company—was formed, Sir Edward Walker retaining considerable interest in the concern. Mr. Arnold Rowntree, Senior M.P. for York, was elected chairman, and the directors were Alderman J. B. Morrell, J.P., and Ernest Parke, J.P. Afterwards Alderman C. W. Starmer, J.P., who had been managing the paper for some years, and who, like Sir Edward Walker, became mayor, was appointed managing director. The story of the *Northern Echo* is one of progress and success, and those responsible for its conduct have played no unimportant part in the development of a robust public opinion in those north-eastern counties whose mining, iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding industries have contributed so largely to Britain's supremacy.

Starmer, who is one of the most progressive journalists in England and a veritable Napoleon of the Provincial Press, also controls two other morning papers—the *Sheffield Independent* and the *Birmingham Gazette,* two evening papers—the *Birmingham Dispatch* and the *Northern Despatch,* and seven weekly newspapers—the *Sheffield Weekly Independent,* the *Birmingham Illustrated Mercury,* the *Lincolnshire Chronicle,* the *Derbyshire Courier,* the *Yorkshire Gazette,* the *Auckland and County Chronicle* and the *Stanley News.* I cannot do more than chronicle his activities, which, however, are well known. His record needs no endorsement of mine, but I may give myself the personal gratification of saying that during the many years I have known him I have always admired his alertness, his energy, and his up-to-date methods. He has "won out" by sheer ability, and would make a success of almost anything he touched. On November 16, 1916, he produced the one hundred and

seventy-fifth anniversary supplement of the *Birmingham Gazette,* which was truly a wonderful production.

The chairman of the company owning the *Birmingham Gazette* series of newspapers is Mr. J. B. Morrell, and the managing editor is Mr. T. T. Stanley. The latter began his newspaper career on the *Northern Echo* at Darlington, and the great work he has put in with regard to the reorganisation of his newspapers has been highly successful. Mr. J. B. Hobman, the editor, has occupied the chair with distinction during the past four years. He is a versatile journalist of progressive views, and was formerly assistant editor of the *Sheffield Independent,* which he joined as a leader writer.

The *Sheffield Independent,* of which Starmer is managing director, was founded in October, 1819. During the course of its successful career it has absorbed several papers which have enabled it to widen its area of appeal. During more than half a century there have been only five editors, the present occupant of the chair being W. W. Chisholm. He had been a member of the literary staff since 1880, and was promoted from news editor to editor in 1909. W. T. Bailey has proved a valuable lieutenant to Mr. Starmer in the management of the *Independent.* Of the very large general printing business which has been built up and housed in a separate building, Mr. T. Booth is in charge. At no previous period of its history has the *Independent* shown such steady progress as under its present go-ahead management.

THE "NOTTINGHAM DAILY EXPRESS"

The *Nottingham Daily Express* and its allied paper, the *Nottingham Evening News,* have formed a very strong training ground for prominent journalists, which in itself indicates the enterprise and skill with which these papers are conducted. Among those who have

filled the editorial chair have been Mr. (now Sir James) Dod Shaw and John Derry, and graduates from the office include John Foster Fraser, Arthur Mee, J. A. Hammerton, J. B. Firth, of the *Daily Telegraph,* and George Renwick, of the *Daily Chronicle,* whilst it was with the *Nottingham Journal,* amalgamated afterwards with the *Express,* that Sir James Barrie spent a period of his early career in bashful solitude. The papers are ably conducted by A. Lloyd Edwards, who succeeded his father in February, 1916, and the chief news editor is H. A. S. Grant.

THE "NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN"

The earliest of the papers published from the *Nottingham Guardian* office was the *Nottinghamshire Guardian,* of which the initial number appeared on May 1, 1846. It was established by the Protectionists, headed by Lord George Bentinck, to champion the views of the agricultural interests in the Corn Law controversy. The price was reduced to one penny in 1887. In 1848 the company disposed of their venture and responsibilities to the publisher, the late Thomas Forman, in whose family the proprietorship has since continued. The paper first appeared as the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* on July 1, 1861, and the price has always been one penny.

The *Nottingham Evening Post* started on May 1, 1878, at a halfpenny, and the *Football Post* (published during the football season) on September 5, 1903, also at a halfpenny.

Without going to the extremes of the American Press, the *Guardian* and associated papers are now generous in the use of headings, making the pages bright and attractive and yet dignified. The leaders were given headings some years ago.

It may be added that the *Nottingham Guardian* was one

of the first papers in the United Kingdom to introduce the linotype, two of the very earliest machines being used for a period of years before the general installation took place.

A great loss was sustained in May, 1916, by the death of Mr. J. T. Forman, J.P., the senior proprietor, to whose guiding hand and business capacity the continued success of the papers during recent years has been so largely due.

The *Nottingham Guardian* has always been staunchly Conservative. In illustrations it has kept pace with the times, and now publishes a daily page of pictures. The *Weekly* is a copiously illustrated paper, with a series of cartoons prominent on the back page. In these topical drawings also the *Football Post* specialises.

The success of the papers may be attributed to enterprise in providing the best services of foreign and general news, attention to local trade requirements and conditions, and provision for all classes of readers. The aim has been to combine the advantages of a London newspaper, supplying the latest news up to the hour of going to press, with those of a journal catering especially for local needs.

As a schoolboy, the editor of the *Guardian,* Richard Ivens, contributed to the *Birmingham Gazette* during the reign of Dr. Sebastian Evans, and thus laid the foundation of a journalistic career, the last thirty-two years of which have been spent in his present post.

A. G. Smith, chief of the day staff, was in at the birth of the *Moray and Nairn Express* (now more familiar as the *Northern Scot*) in 1880, and also served on the *Aberdeen Journal.* For over a quarter of a century he has been associated with the *Guardian* and *Evening Post.* The first sub-editor of the latter paper, J. T. Garrish, recently returned to the field of his earlier work after holding the chief sub-editorship of the *Globe* for twenty-five years.

Of the younger members of the editorial staff,

F. P. Pointon is a graduate who won double honours at the University of London, and H. C. Midwinter has had charge of the *Weekly Guardian* for over twelve years. The sporting editor, J. A. Burrow, was apprenticed on the *Blackburn Times* and *Preston Guardian*. After serving in Lancashire and the Staffordshire Potteries he received his appointment in Nottingham over twenty-five years ago.

THE "SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH"

No more remarkable story was ever told in the Street of Ink than the founding of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, which, I fancy, will be new to most people. Early in 1855 a rather dilapidated-looking Scotsman named Benson appeared in Sheffield and called on Joseph Pearce, a printer and bookseller in High Street. He announced his intention of starting a penny morning paper, and asked Pearce to undertake the printing and publication. When the latter consented to do so, Benson organised a band of canvassers and collectors to obtain orders and subscriptions. The first and second days' results were sufficiently encouraging to warrant a start being made. The money received was chiefly copper, and this being too heavy for the table in the room set apart for the *Telegraph's* editorial department, a heap was made on the floor in one corner of the room and covered with old newspapers. The first number, which appeared on June 8, 1855, was a four-page paper consisting largely of extracts from London papers sent down by train or by telegraph. Ten days later Benson disappeared. There was a rumour that he had enlisted for the Crimean War, but nothing definite was ever heard of or from him afterwards.

Mr. Pearce carried on for some years without making any great profit, until in January, 1864, Mr. Frederick Clifford, a London barrister who was assistant editor of

The Times, heard that he was anxious to sell, and suggested the purchase to Mr. William Christopher Leng, then a journalist in Dundee, with the result that they became joint proprietors. As Mr. Clifford did not go to Sheffield, the actual management of the paper fell to Mr. Leng, who had a piece of good fortune, from the newspaper point of view (if one may associate the words "good fortune" with a sad tragedy), less than three months after the new proprietors took the paper over. The Bradfield dam, nine miles away from Sheffield, standing many hundred feet above the level of the town, burst, and millions of tons of water came thundering down the valley into Sheffield. More than two hundred lives were lost, and a vast amount of property was destroyed; but this terrible episode had a wonderful effect upon the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph.* Leng was a writer of brilliant descriptive powers, and he made such good use of the news that copies of the paper were sent for from all over the country both by those interested in Sheffield and by other newspapers seeking the best available account of the disaster. His enterprise was shown in other ways which startled his competitors. On one occasion, in connection with an execution at Leeds, he chartered a special train to bring back a couple of reporters, and thus outdistanced his contemporaries by several hours. His partner in London aided him with shrewd and wise advice and suggestions, and so played his part in securing the success of the joint enterprise, but no one will deny that it was chiefly due to Mr. Leng's brilliant powers. Mr. Leng received the honour of knighthood in 1887, and died in 1904.

The property, which includes the *Weekly Telegraph,* the *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star,* and a number of subsidiary publications, is owned by a private limited company, which includes two sons of the late Mr. Frederick Clifford and two sons of the late Sir William Leng, so

that the proprietorship is still divided between the two families. Three of the proprietors, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Clifford, Major Arthur Clifford, and Mr. W. St. Q. Leng, are on active service, as are Major Eric Clifford and Lieut. Douglas Leng. Mr. C. D. Leng is managing director in his partners' absence. The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* is well edited by Mr. John Oakley, under whose guidance it worthily maintains its reputation. His three predecessors since Sir William Leng retired from the active editorship about 1895 were R. H. Dunbar, T. H. Parkin, and D. M. Sutherland, the present editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star* was founded by the proprietors of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* in 1887, and is edited by H. L. Cooper, who is responsible for one of the most popular features, a "By the Way" column, which he has conducted for nine years. Another popular feature is "Queries Answered" on legal, general, and sporting matters.

The *Weekly Telegraph* was originally a local weekly paper. After the Education Act in the 'seventies had added enormously to the reading public it was turned into a penny weekly magazine, and is now one of the leading (as it was one of the earliest) publications of its class, with a circulation running into hundreds of thousands. The editor is C. R. Simpson.

Last, but by no means least, the general manager is G. E. Stembridge, whose name is known and respected throughout the newspaper world. It was due to his untiring efforts that the leading dailies discontinued publication on Christmas Day, and he unites with commercial ability and enterprise a gift of writing, which has enabled him to carry on editorially in times of emergency. In 1888 Mr. Stembridge went to Birmingham, and whilst there introduced electricity, being the first newspaper manager in the world to print newspapers with that power

—an interesting fact seeing that all newspapers are now more or less produced that way.

THE "SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS"

The *South Wales Daily News* (morning), the *South Wales Echo* (evening), and the *Cardiff Times* (weekly) are the property of Messrs. David Duncan and Sons, Limited, a private company, of which the shareholders are all members of one family. The *Cardiff Times,* the parent journal, was founded by the late David Duncan in 1857, the morning paper being established in 1872, and the evening in 1884. Mr. Duncan took his three sons into partnership, and after his death in 1888 the rapidly growing business was in the hands of the late Sir John Duncan, Mr. David Duncan, and Mr. Alex. Duncan. David Duncan, now the senior director, was formerly chairman of the Press Association and of the Newspaper Society, and is the present chairman of the Southern Federation of Newspaper Owners, as well as a member of the Admiralty, War Office, and Press Committee.

The editorships of the journals have always been retained by the proprietors. Since 1888 the assistant editor has been H. Read, a brother of my friend, Bromley Read, the chief sub-editor of the *Morning Post*. The present manager and secretary is H. T. Thomas, who has been with the firm since 1886. The manager of the mechanical department is H. J. Wheeler, who entered the office forty-two years ago, having previously served on the London *Sun* and on the *Scotsman*. Length of service has always been a marked characteristic of the staff of David Duncan and Sons. It is only recently that there died the last surviving member of the staff who brought out the first issue in 1857. J. Kelly, the chief collector, entered the service of the firm in the dim past, and now at the age of seventy-six is still a familiar face in the Street of Ink.

The doyen of the editorial staff is Percy Shuttlewood, who came from the *Western Morning News* in January, 1883. The chief sub-editor of the morning paper, F. Newling Jones, also joined from the *Western Morning News*. The *Echo* is under the control of John Smurthwaite, an old member of the *Northern Echo* staff, although it is twenty-six years since he left Darlington. Earlier still he was the first chief reporter of the original staff that brought out the *North Star*. The chief reporter is J. R. Stephens, whose journalistic career of twenty-six years has been spent in Cardiff. For many years he was responsible for the football criticisms which, over the name of "Old Stager," are authoritative in all matters relating to the Welsh national game. Such notes are now common to all newspapers, but the *South Wales Echo* was the first paper in the country to specialise in this way.

Of the leader writers, Samuel C. Fox came to Cardiff twenty-six years ago from the *Burnley Gazette*. Mr. Fox has had the happy experience of writing a daily column of notes on "every topic under the sun" for an unbroken period of over twenty-three years.

James A. Walker, leader writer during the past six years, was previously sub-editor and special correspondent on the London *Daily News*, for three and a half years chief sub-editor of the Birmingham *Evening Dispatch*, and four years sub-editor, reviewer, and special correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*.

In London the commercial editor is Walter R. Skinner, who has been connected with the papers for the last thirty years. The Lobby correspondent is H. Woodward, who began his journalistic career in Gloucester and South Wales. He left Cardiff for New Zealand and returned to London to represent the associated newspapers of that Dominion. Then he became connected with the *South Wales Daily News*, which he has now served for the past twenty years.

THE "SOUTH WALES DAILY POST"

Originally founded and a failure as a Liberal organ, the property was acquired by the Conservatives twenty-two years ago. It "made good" promptly, in the overwhelmingly Radical area of South-West Wales. Within two years, in its altered character, it was chiefly instrumental, according to the public testimony of the party leaders, in securing the return to the House of Commons of Sir John T. D. Llewelyn, the first Conservative member for Swansea Borough. The proprietors made a speciality of foreign politics, and the paper took a strong line from the start in respect of reform in municipal administration. From its propaganda emerged the Municipal Reform Party, of which the editor and managing director, Alderman David Davies, now Mayor of Swansea, was and is the leader. An outstanding feature of the *Daily Post* is its activity in the promotion of philanthropic and patriotic funds. For nearly two years parcels have been sent to soldiers from West Wales who are prisoners of war in Germany, thousands of pounds having been collected through various kinds of entertainment originated with and managed for the *Daily Post,* chiefly by Mr. John Jones, the commercial manager, and Mr. Hayward, the sports editor. The paper has made good, and apparently has made "Tommy" feel good, too.

THE "ULSTER ECHO"

The *Ulster Echo* was established in 1874 as an evening Liberal newspaper, and supported Mr. Gladstone till he introduced Home Rule, since when it has been identified with Liberal Unionism and the Unionist cause. Under the same proprietary and editorship the *Witness,* a weekly, has been published in the interests of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, who has published many works on her travels alone in many parts of the world off the beaten track, began her literary career

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

Mr. H. W. Massingham.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., P.C., M.P.

Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

as a member of the staff. Mr. A. McMonagle has edited both papers from the beginning. A column of gossip and comment which he contributed for many years, under the signature of "The Man in the Street," has been a popular feature in each. Under the signature of "Southern Presbyterian," the Rev. Dr. Prenter, an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly and a leading member of the Irish Presbyterian Church, has contributed to the *Witness* a series of articles on public questions, which have attracted attention by their pungency and brilliancy.

THE "WESTERN MAIL"

As one would expect, among the most enterprising and best-known provincial newspapers is the *Western Mail* of Cardiff, with its allied publications, the *Evening Express* and the *Weekly Mail*. Sir George Riddell was chairman of the board of directors until he relinquished his interests in 1915. The present directors are Captain D. Hughes Morgan, Emsley Carr, of the *News of the World* (vice-chairman), D. Watkin Thomas, the general manager, and William Davies, the editor of the company's papers. Emsley Carr, by the way, has acted as London and Gallery correspondent of the *Western Mail* for a quarter of a century.

William Davies, the editor, entered the service of the company as junior reporter in 1888. He has been editor since 1901, and the influence wielded by the papers under his supervision is shown by the fact that Captain Scott, just before he left for the South Pole in 1910, personally assured him that the expedition could not have started when it did but for the assistance he had received from the *Western Mail*. Watkin Thomas has been general manager since 1906, and has been with the *Western Mail* since 1874. He is chairman of the Cardiff Master Printers' Association. The news editor is Garwood H. Sutton, who began his career on the *Mail* as

junior reporter in the Newport office. W. Pegg is the chief leader writer. Although hailing from Birmingham, Mr. Pegg knows Wales more thoroughly than most Welshmen. The day assistant editor of the *Mail* is F. J. Hodson, who entered the service of the paper as a boy.

The London office of the *Western Mail* and *Evening Express* is at 176 Fleet Street. The commercial side is in charge of W. E. B. Lawrence, and its literary side under Edward James, one of the many Welsh-speaking Welshmen on the staff of these papers, among others being Elliss Hughes, the chief reporter at Cardiff.

The *Western Mail* has published a daily cartoon since 1893. Its cartoonist, J. M. Stainforth, has been with the company for over thirty years, and was probably the first artist to deal with Mr. Lloyd George in cartoons.

The editor of the *Evening Express* is Charles A. Barnett, who is personally known throughout the wide area in which his paper circulates. The whole of the *Western Mail* and *Evening Express* advertisement department is under F. R. Rainey, who has been with the firm for thirty years. A. H. Mann, the present editor of the *Evening Standard,* and that capable journalist, W. Holt White, as well as J. A. Sandbrook, editor of the Calcutta *Englishman,* are old members of the staff.

THE "WESTERN DAILY MERCURY"

The *Western Daily Mercury,* which has taken rank among the leading provincial morning journals and become one of the most successful concerns in England, was established at Plymouth in the summer of 1861. The founder, Mr. Isaac Latimer, combined in himself the two essential elements of newspaper success. He was at once a born journalist and a far-seeing business man. He was also an able newspaper writer, and a still abler judge of newspaper writing. Charles Dickens consulted

him about some of the appointments to the staff of the *Daily News* when he was organising the paper with which I have the honour to be associated.

Isaac Latimer had long owned the *Plymouth Journal*, one of those vast, sober, well edited Victorian weeklies which were the solid pabulum of the steadygoing provinces before the telegraph let in upon them a never-ceasing flood of news incapable of being confined within the narrow channels of the weekly Press. No sooner had the *Western Morning News* been started than Latimer was approached with a request to set up a rival. His account of the negotiations throws an interesting light on the ideas current in the early 'sixties about the capitalisation of newspapers.

"I knew," he said, "what an immense responsibility the daily newspaper was and what it involved. I was on intimate terms with the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who told me that when it was proposed to bring out the *Standard* he considered that £20,000 should be handed to him before they set a line of it."

Financing a provincial newspaper in a town then containing about a hundred thousand inhabitants (it is a quarter of a million to-day) was, of course, a very different story from competing with the long-established interests vested in London daily journalism. It required no £20,000 for Latimer to begin. But he put the whole of his resources into the enterprise and conducted it with rare nous and power for some thirty years, helped by a line of clever editors which included his own brilliant son, John Paddon Latimer, the late Edwin Goadby, William Digby (who afterwards won fame in India), Henry Whitfeld, and Robert Horwill Walling.

In 1890 the Latimer interest was bought out by a local company, and the paper was subsequently acquired by the late Mr. Thomas Owen, M.P. for North-East Cornwall, who formed the Western Newspaper Company. The chief

event of the Owen *régime* was the foundation of the *Western Evening Herald* in 1895. This was an immediate triumph, and the scheme for its establishment was a signal tribute to Mr. Owen's clear perception of a business opportunity.

Upon the formation of the Western Newspaper Company Mr. Owen called to his assistance Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, J.P., then of the National Press Agency, and now managing director of Cassell & Co., Limited, as an expert adviser. Mr. Spurgeon and his colleague at the National Press, Mr. John Reburn, were both asked to join the board of directors. The latter has been secretary of the company from the first, and Mr. Spurgeon, succeeding to the chairmanship upon the death of Mr. Owen, has held that position ever since. Mr. Spurgeon, like Mr. Latimer, is by instinct and training a journalist. Though his organising mind and his powers of initiative have extended his activities in many other directions, his interest in newspaper work remains as keen as when he was serving his articles on the *Eastern Daily Press,* editing the *Lowestoft Weekly News,* or representing the National Press Agency in the Gallery and the Lobbies at Westminster. That interest finds congenial occupation in the direction of the newspaper property at Plymouth.

One of the earliest acts of Mr. Spurgeon was the appointment of Harry Jones to the editorship of the *Western Daily Mercury*. "H. J." was one of "T. P.'s" discoveries. "T. P." brought him up from Cardiff, where he was a sub-editor of the *South Wales Daily News,* to take charge of the *Weekly Sun*. He afterwards became acting editor of the *Sun*. When that evening luminary changed hands and shone from the Conservative side, Jones resigned, and almost immediately received the appointment at Plymouth. He was very popular with the staff, and did uniformly fine work from 1897 onwards till he resigned to take up the post of Parliamentary repre-

sentative of the *Daily Chronicle* in 1904. He was succeeded as managing editor by R. A. J. Walling, who had previously edited the *Western Evening Herald* since its birth. He still occupies the chair. Mr. Walling fills an influential position in the West Country, and his sane, level-headed judgment is a great factor in the public life of Plymouth. He shines brilliantly as an editor, as a magistrate, or as chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce. He is assisted on the *Mercury* by W. E. Linaker as leader writer, and by a large and enthusiastic literary staff. The commercial management is in the capable hands of G. E. Easterbrook. Upon Mr. Walling's promotion, the editorship of the evening paper was handed over to Mr. J. J. Judge, who, after training on the *Freeman's Journal,* had been associated with the paper from the beginning. The *Weekly Mercury,* a popular illustrated paper with a large circulation in the colonies and abroad, is edited by Mr. John Fergusson.

The maxim, faithfully followed, which has brought such eminent success to the undertakings of the Western Newspaper Company, is that the business of newspapers is to provide news. Every stage in the amazing growth of general news facilities during the last quarter of a century has been seized upon, and at the same time the utmost care has been given to the development of the wide local interests of the western peninsula. The naval and military work, which is of much importance, is under the charge of Mr. Herbert Russell, the well-known war correspondent. The shipping work is also in normal times a department in itself. With a large area—the sphere of influence of the *Western Daily Mercury* extends from Taunton in Somerset to the Land's End, a distance of two hundred miles—and a diversified population to cater for, specialisation and departmental organisation have had to be carried to a high standard. The directors have always seconded the efforts of the staff in this work of expansion and ex-

tension by equipping them with the latest labour- and time-saving machinery. Their policy has been one of determined enterprise in ideas and practice, tempered by a wise conservatism in finance, and it has brought gratifying results, of which they have good reason to be proud.

These papers have taken the lead in many public movements. They pressed for years the scheme of the unification of the Three Towns which came to fruition in 1914. They have raised large funds to relieve sufferers in the frequent disasters round the rugged coasts of Devon and Cornwall. Two local institutions of real value are due almost entirely to crusades conducted by the *Western Evening Herald*. They are the Civic Guild of Help and the admirable system of *crèches* for the children of working women. In these ways the journals that have grown out of Isaac Latimer's venture have become household words and daily necessaries in that West Country which has contributed so many fine writers and so much good work to the common stock of English journalism.

THE "WESTERN MORNING NEWS"

The *Western Morning News* was the pioneer of daily journalism in the westernmost part of England. It first appeared on January 3, 1860, the founders being Mr. W. Saunders and Mr. Edward Spender, the latter being the father of the present managing editor, Captain A. Edmund Spender, who also holds the important position of president of the Newspaper Society. They were men of the utmost enterprise, and from the first the paper was a success. They wished to secure better arrangements for the prompt transmission of news to Plymouth, so in 1862 Mr. Saunders promoted the Central Press, and his partner journeyed to London to take editorial charge of the new venture (which started work in January, 1863), although still keeping up his connection with Plymouth.

Mr. Edward Spender was the originator of the "London Letter," and gained such distinction in political circles that he was familiarly known by Parliamentarians as "the Prince of the Lobby." Widespread was the feeling of pain and sorrow when the threefold tragedy of the death of himself and of his two eldest sons whilst on a bathing expedition on Whit Sunday, 1878, became known.

"London Letters" soon became a popular and important feature of the provincial Press, and many of them were written by journalists whose names are famous in the Street of Ink. The extension of telegraphic facilities naturally tended to modify the personal note and greatly enlarged the scope of London correspondence.

Many prominent journalists graduated in the office of the *Western Morning News*. I have already mentioned Mr. Madge and Mr. Le Sage, but it will be news to many readers that the latter earned the reputation of being a first-class reporter, remarkably rapid in transcribing and capable of producing copy twice as fast as his colleagues. He resigned because the chief reporter cut down his copy in what he termed a ridiculous manner, and was at once engaged by the *Daily Telegraph*, where apparently he sees that good writers do not suffer as he did. Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., the present Chief Secretary for Ireland, was on the staff as reporter and descriptive writer, becoming the paper's first representative in the Press Gallery in 1879, and it was whilst so employed that he studied for the Bar. Eventually he became M.P. for Plymouth, and also Recorder.

Mr. Nisbet, to whom I have already referred as dramatic critic of *The Times* and the "Handbooker" of the *Referee*, attracted Mr. Walter's attention on account of his brilliant work for the *Western Morning News*, and T. McDonald Rendle, whom I have mentioned elsewhere, as well, served his articles as a reporter on the same paper. Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke was for a time the London

correspondent, and I may mention that the *Western Morning News* was the third provincial daily to establish a London office.

Captain A. Edmund Spender, after leaving Oxford, where he studied for the Bar, decided not to follow the career of a barrister, and after being "called" joined the staff of the *Liverpool Post,* subsequently taking up the duties of London manager of the *Western Morning News.* He acted on occasion as representative of *The Times* and the *Field,* and has been a frequent contributor to the *Windsor Magazine* and other periodicals. He succeeded Dr. S. M. Russel Rendle, his uncle, as managing director in 1900. In 1902 he was chosen as one of the special delegates of the Moseley Education Commission to visit the universities and schools in the United States, and his report on the juvenile courts gave the first stimulus to the introduction of this excellent system in Great Britain. In 1908 he was elected Mayor of Plymouth, and it was during his year of office that a scheme for increasing the wharfage of Plymouth for extensive commercial docks was heard before a Committee of the House of Lords.

The general manager and secretary of the *Western Morning News* and its allied papers, the *Western Weekly News* and the *Naval and Military Record,* is Ernest Croft, who had previously been accountant of the *Observer,* and subsequently district manager of the *Sussex Express* and commercial manager of the *Stockport Advertiser,* and of the *Cheshire Echo,* which he started while on the latter journal. Under his management the papers have made great strides.

T. Canning Baily, the editor of the *Western Morning News* since 1902, had a wide experience in different parts of the country from 1870 to 1882. In the latter year he became sub-editor and leader writer on the *Liverpool Courier,* and eight years later took up a similar position

with the *Liverpool Post,* where he remained till he joined Mr. Spender. He is a man of varied tastes, who is highly esteemed among his brethren of the Press.

The London correspondent is J. B. Maxwell, a brother of William Maxwell, and the paper's commercial interests in Fleet Street are ably looked after by A. Bettany, whom I have known for many years, and who is a well-known figure in the business circles of journalism.

THE "WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR"

The *Express and Star* was acquired by the Midland News Agency in 1884. It caters for a dense population within a radius of twenty miles of Wolverhampton, a district which it dominates. Its main features are essentially local. The editor and staff are proud of the fact that the paper was the means, by its insistent advocacy, of compelling the Corporation to widen Queen Square, the condition of which had always been an eyesore as well as a danger to pedestrians and vehicular traffic. Now it is one of the finest squares in the Midlands.

When the Wolverhampton Wanderers won the English Cup in 1908, the proprietors of the *Express and Star* had a special telephone wire laid from the Crystal Palace to the sub-editorial room. By this means thousands of enthusiasts who assembled in the street in which the office is situate were kept constantly informed of the changing phases of the game, and within a few minutes of the end of the contest a full report of the match was on sale in the streets of the town. On the occasion of the American Cup races a large map, with toy yachts mechanically manipulated, was fixed outside the front of the office, and the waiting crowds were enabled to "watch the race," the movements of the competitors being in conformity with the cablegrams received.

When the Duke of Connaught opened the Wolverhampton Exhibition in 1902, the *Express and Star* trans-

mitted the report of the opening proceedings, descriptive and speech-making, by telephone from its office in the grounds direct to the linotype operators, who were equipped with telephone headgear for the occasion. As a consequence, when H.R.H. took his departure from the town, shortly after the conclusion of the opening ceremony, a representative of the newspaper was able to present to the Duke copies of the *Express and Star* containing a report of his speech and other proceedings at the exhibition.

During the past twenty years quite a number of the members of the literary staff have migrated to Messrs. Hulton, of Manchester. Two have filled the position of special commissioner of the *Sunday Chronicle* and its allied journals—James Dunn and Peter J. Somerville. Both are now in the Army, and prior to joining the colours were war correspondents, the former representing the *Daily Mail* at Rotterdam for a long period, and the latter the Manchester *Daily Dispatch* in France. Another old member of the staff, Will Standring, is one of Messrs. Hulton's most valued sporting journalists. The editor of the *Yorkshire Observer* (Bradford), Mr. Binns, commenced his successful journalistic career in the *Express and Star* office.

A. Meikle, the editor, has been associated with the Midland News Association, publishers of the *Express and Star,* for thirty-three years. His wide experience in journalism began with an apprenticeship as a compositor on the *Dunfermline Press.* Other members of the staff include B. W. Molton, the chief sub-editor, who has been connected with the paper for twenty-two years, and of whom Mr. Meikle speaks in the highest terms. Thomas Ross is a leader writer who must be mentioned, and other names to be included are those of H. J. Whittick, who has proved himself an able special commissioner, and William Small, at the head of the report-

ing staff, who has the reputation of being one of the best all-round journalists in the Midlands.

THE "WORCESTERSHIRE ECHO"

The *Worcestershire Echo* is one of the provincial papers which has trained many well-known journalists. According to W. G. R. Stone, the present editor and manager, the keen learner has the best of opportunities to try his hand at all kinds of press work. To name a few, the brothers Lowndes, both of whom joined *The Times* editorial staff; T. Colsey, assistant editor of *Truth;* A. Roe, assistant editor of the *Birmingham Post;* Herbert Mumford, of the *Evening News;* Horace Sanders, some time on the Paris edition of the *New York Herald;* H. Martin, editor of the London News Agency; Harvey Marson, who has edited Nice and Channel Islands dailies; and T. Brown, who is doing good free lance work in London, are all old members of the staff of the *Worcestershire Echo* and its allied weekly papers, the *Worcester Herald* and the *Worcestershire Chronicle.*

Mr. Stone has edited these weeklies for twenty-five years. For fifteen years he has had charge of the daily issue as well, and now is manager also. His principal colleague on the literary side is R. G. Perkins, a versatile journalist, with forty-two years' record of service. His most important contribution in recent years has been a series of papers bringing the history of Worcestershire institutions up to date. On the commercial side E. J. Porter has scored successes first with the *Chronicle* half a century ago, and later with the other two papers forming the present "combine."

THE "YORKSHIRE POST"

The *Yorkshire Post* was founded in July, 1866, and a great deal of its success was due to the ability and persistent effort of the late Mr. William Beckett, M.P.,

who was the first chairman. Since Mr. Beckett's death in 1890, it has, however, experienced steadily increasing success under his able successor, Lord Faber.

The *Yorkshire Post* has always been fortunate in its editors. The names which, I suppose, are best known in Newspaper land are those of Mr. C. Pebody, who became editor in 1882, Mr. H. J. Palmer, who was appointed in 1890, and Mr. J. S. R. Phillips, who was Mr. Palmer's chief assistant for many years until he succeeded him in 1903. Mr. Phillips for over thirteen years combined the offices of leader writer and assistant editor, and has the reputation of being one of the most competent and most rapid of writers. He thinks nothing of writing his leader an hour before the paper goes to press. In Vol. XIV. of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" is an article by him on "The Growth of Journalism."

No word is needed concerning the influence and prestige of the *Yorkshire Post,* or of the respect in which it is held by journalists, but some mention should be made of the men who with Mr. Phillips are responsible for maintaining its reputation. His chief assistant is James Sykes, an ex-president of the Institute of Journalists, and he is also assisted by his eldest son, E. R. Phillips, B.A. (Balliol College, Oxon.). Charles Hammond has for nearly twenty-four years occupied the onerous post of chief sub-editor. J. E. Thornton has been commercial manager since 1904, and L. Howarth and W. H. Scott have upwards of thirty-six and thirty years' service respectively on the literary side.

The *Yorkshire Post* has always made a feature of commercial intelligence. Its City office is in Cannon Street, where W. H. Hackett has looked after its interests for more than a quarter of a century.

The Parliamentary sketch, a brightly written and interesting feature, is the work of R. L. Dixon, while its Lobby correspondent is Gilbert Watson.

The London editor is F. Hinde, barrister-at-law, who prior to his removal to London in 1893 was the chief sub-editor at Leeds. He is a well-known member of the Institute of Journalists, having succeeded the late Sir Douglas Straight as Chairman of the Executive Committee, and is very highly respected in the Street of Ink.

Recently the chief sub-editor at the London office, J. J. Fretwell, died after thirty-six years' service on the paper. The chief members of the sub-editorial staff in London are J. H. Hatfield and T. N. Parkin.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

THE *Illustrated London News,* the pioneer of illustrated newspapers, was started by Herbert Ingram in 1842, and was the outcome of his observation and courage. He was a printer, bookseller and newsagent at Nottingham. In 1840 one of the newspapers published the portrait of a murderer. There was a huge demand for it, and Ingram came to the conclusion that if this was the result of printing one picture there would be certain popularity for a weekly paper giving a regular supply of pictures.

Among those whom he consulted was Henry Vizetelly, who suggested some improvements on Mr. Ingram's original idea. The paper was mapped out, and the *Illustrated London News* was duly born. The first number had a sale of about 20,000, and contained some twenty illustrations, which is about a hundred fewer than are given in a normal issue to-day. By 1851 the sale of the *Illustrated London News* had increased to 130,000 weekly. Under the guidance of Sir William Ingram the paper maintained the prosperity it retains, and it was he who appointed Mr. Clement Shorter to the editorship.

Among the great war artists of the Press, the names of William Simpson, Melton Prior, and Frederic Villiers stand out pre-eminently. The first two names are associated with the *Illustrated London News,* while that of Villiers is more usually identified with the *Graphic.* Nor must H. C. Seppings Wright and Julius M. Price

be forgotten. On the literary side a most popular feature is the "Notebook," which has been written by such famous people as James Payn, George Augustus Sala, Louis Austin, and G. K. Chesterton.

Scope of an Illustrated Weekly.—In normal times the *Illustrated London News* covers every ground and deals in drawing and photographic form with the pictorial news of all the world, apart from regular illustrations and articles on such topics as archæology and the various arts. It will be remembered that the *Illustrated London News* was the pioneer in Great Britain of rapid photogravure printing for illustrated newspapers, a form of reproduction which is effectively and regularly used in the *Illustrated London News,* the *Sketch,* and the *Illustrated War News.* The *Illustrated London News* was also the first paper in England to reproduce in colour direct from natural colour photographs, and many beautifully printed coloured pictures have appeared in its columns. It has always made a speciality of special numbers dealing with outstanding events.

I may mention here that the first number of the *Sketch* appeared on February 1, 1893, and was, of course, the pioneer of a very agreeable type of illustrated paper. After the death of Mr. John Latey, the *Sketch* was edited for some time by Keble Howard, whose weekly contribution under the name of "Chicot" has long been one of its outstanding features.

The managing director of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch,* Ltd., is Mr. Charles Ingram, who is a son of the founder. He is the younger brother of Sir William Ingram, who has now practically retired from the business. The editor of the three papers is Mr. Bruce Ingram, the grandson of the founder and Sir William's second son. Mr. Ingram, who has been with the firm since 1899, is also a director of the associated weeklies, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* and

the *Lady's Pictorial*. He is on active service, and the assistant editor, Ernest Hope Goddard, whom I have known and whose upward climb I have watched for many years, is ably acting for him in his absence. Mr. Goddard joined the firm in 1900.

It was in 1890 that Clement Shorter first joined Sir William Ingram's staff. Like my friend James Douglas, he was born with a mental thirst for literature, and whilst still a youth had read enough good books to satisfy an average man for his whole life. Young Shorter did not seem to think of writing about books. He adopted the Civil Service for a career, and but for a fortunate accident might have been in the Service still, although I think he would have become a distinguished writer all the same. Happily, he was destined for editorship and fate directed his footsteps into journalism at an early age. It happened that young Henry Massingham, whose father was part owner of the *Eastern Daily Press* and *Norfolk News*, came to London in order to try his luck, having as a stand-by the writing of a weekly letter for the latter paper. He called on his friend Shorter at Somerset House (they were both from Norwich), and later when his health broke down and he was ordered abroad for three months, he arranged for the latter to deputise for him. In due course he returned to his work and Shorter became wholly a Civil Service clerk once more. A year or two later when Massingham was engaged by "T. P." as assistant editor of the *Star*, one result was that Clement Shorter was invited to write a book causerie, for which he was paid a guinea a week. It was mainly the good work that he did for the *Star* which prompted Sir William Ingram to invite him to assist John Latey, Junior, in editing the *Penny Illustrated Paper* in combination with his Civil Service work, and six months afterwards, following twelve years in the Civil Service, he embraced journalism as his sole

Mr. J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

Mr. Herbert Clarke.

Dr. E. Hermitage Day.

Mr. G. E. Morgan.

Mr. H. Upward.

profession by becoming editor of the *Illustrated London News*.

Before I go on I should like to relate a story which was told me on the best authority, because it illustrates Mr. Shorter's passion for literature. According to my informant he was dining with a multi-millionaire, and after dinner was shown his host's treasures. There was a magnificent collection of pictures representing an outlay running into hundreds of thousands of pounds. "They are very beautiful," remarked the guest with appreciation, and a similar judgment was passed on the china, which likewise had cost a considerable fortune. After viewing such treasures, he turned to his host and inquired, "And where is your library?" It was the one thing missing and, from his point of view, necessary.

It is hardly surprising that whilst Clement Shorter has been a pioneer in the development of pictorial journalism, he has never neglected the literary tastes of the public. We should indeed be the poorer without his weekly book article in the *Sphere*.

His work shows him to be a man of enterprise and energy, and his career denotes that he knows when and how to push himself forward. No better instance could be given of assurance and ambition than the incident which marked the turning point in his career. He was only thirty-one years of age, and his journalistic experience was limited to two years' part-time work, when John Latey, Senior, who was then eighty years of age, was pensioned off, and the editorship of the *Illustrated London News* was offered to Charles Morley. He refused it, and Sir William Ingram had made up his mind to be his own editor when he received a visit from young Shorter, who said that he had heard that Mr. Latey was going and assumed there would be a vacancy. Sir William inquired if he was applying for the position of assistant editor, and received the some-

what astonishing reply that the young man wanted the editorship. He proceeded to argue the point, and gave good enough reasons for his application to convert the proprietor to his way of thinking. His friends (as is the case with friends) were amazed at his daring, but I think he had already performed his most difficult task, and can quite understand Sir William's confidence in him thereafter.

THE "SKETCH"

How the "Sketch" was Started.—Mr. Shorter did not have things all his own way, and this was just as well perhaps, as it led to the starting of the *Sketch*. This brings me to another good story. Shorter ordered a portrait of Chevalier for insertion in the *Illustrated London News*, but Sir William happened to see it before the page was printed and promptly cancelled it. No arguments would move him owing to the aversion he then had from music-halls and his disinclination to be the means of persuading people to patronise them. The matter, however, did not rest there. One evening, after dining with Sir William, Shorter proposed they should inspect one of the music-halls, and after some persuasion Sir William agreed. The pair proceeded to the Empire, and the artful young man improved the occasion by impressing upon him the innocence of the entertainment and the nightly pleasure it gave to thousands of workers. Under the spell of his eloquence, Sir William agreed that very evening that Shorter should produce a weekly paper appealing to that particular public, provided nothing about theatres and music-halls appeared in the staid *Illustrated London News*. He was given a free hand with the *Sketch*, and made an innovation by producing the first journal of the kind illustrated throughout by means of process blocks. He was assisted from the first number by J. M. Bulloch, who was with him for eighteen years before he became editor of the *Graphic*. Mr. Shorter paid him a generous

compliment when he coupled him with Percy Home and told me that the "two colleagues to whom I am most grateful are Mr. J. M. Bulloch and Mr. Percy Home, who is now assistant editor of the *Sphere*."

THE "SPHERE"

After ten years with Sir William Ingram, Clement Shorter struck out on his own account at the suggestion of George King. Lord Northcliffe had introduced him to Hugh Spottiswoode, and backed by the famous printing firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode, the *Sphere* was duly launched in 1900. It had another great asset in King, who had scored a big success with the *Sketch*, and whose business ability made him an admirable complement to his editorial colleague.

King, I might mention, is by way of being a journalist himself. As proof of his versatility I need only recall the fact that 23 years ago he won a prize of £500 offered by *Tit-Bits* for the best essay on old-age pensions, and has made other contributions to the Press. He is also chairman of the *Architect* and *Builder* journals and of the *Architectural Review*.

Their plans were well laid, a capital of £100,000 was obtained with Hugh Spottiswoode's help, and the *Sphere* was started in the midst of the South African war. King was mainly instrumental in the selection of the several artists who went out to South Africa, and whose contributions so largely assisted in the success which the *Sphere* attained from the outset of its career.

The paper may be said to have been a financial success from the start. I am told that King's bold policy of insisting from the first on the same rates for the *Sphere* as those obtained by its older contemporaries, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, no doubt largely contributed to this achievement. The acquisition of *Black and White*, and its absorption in the

Sphere, added further circulation, which brought the latter journal alongside of its older contemporaries.

Percy Home, who is Mr. Shorter's righthand man, left the *St. James's Budget* to join him in 1899. "It was a pleasant office," he says. "The presence of my colleague, J. M. Bulloch, and his criticisms of life, always pungent and concise, added as it were a kind of curry to the daily rice of drawings, photographs and columns of type."

A special feature which rapidly developed itself was the use of the diagrammatic drawing. The first which Home did for the *Sphere* was one showing a sectional view of the tube railways under the roadway in front of the Mansion House. These tubes were then in course of construction, and after a visit to the railway level and much climbing on dizzy ladders in the lift shafts, and pondering over blue prints, he constructed a sectional view such as the public could follow at a glance. The drawing was the precursor of many similar efforts which dealt with current science or mechanics, the subjects ranging from Kapteyn's theory of the movement of the stars to a sectional view of the Hippodrome stage and its floodable arena. He believes, by the way, that he was responsible for giving the British public the first popular diagrammatic views explaining the construction of Zeppelins and aeroplanes. These special pages led to special supplements printed on art paper, in the preparation of which Home travelled far and wide, visits to Liège, Milan, and Stockholm giving him, so he told me, special pleasure and interest.

The *Sphere* has scored many notable successes with war photographs. The work of James Hare and Bulla in the Russo-Japanese War, and of Hare in the Balkan War are fresh within the recollections of the workers in the Street of Ink. As Home puts it, "The pleasure of opening a packet of 'Jimmy Hare's' prints hot from Liaoyang has seldom been equalled in our history." It was at this

period that the *Sphere* initiated the practice of enlarging small photographs up to the size of a double page. There was no question of searching through Hare's list for a "possible double." One was embarrassed by a multitude of "possible doubles," as the slang of a weekly newspaper office has it.

Difficulties and Disappointments.—From the time of these two men, the camera has been effectively wielded by a growing list of correspondents who have acted for the *Sphere*. They have met with increasing difficulties, notably in Bulgaria during the war of the Balkan Alliance. In this case the restrictions were extraordinarily severe. It could be seen how Hare fretted and fumed in the few letters he succeeded in sending back to the *Sphere*. The general experience in that campaign was to dispatch a correspondent to the Balkans—there would be the usual last meeting in the *Sphere* office, a parting handshake and wishes for good luck—then silence—long and utter. On the Turkish side the men fared better. The break-up of the Press camp owing to the onrush of the Bulgarian Army at Lule Burgas gave the pen and camera men a chance of which they readily availed themselves. Some of the most striking war photographs which have appeared in the *Sphere* were obtained during the Turkish retreat.

During the early days of the *Sphere* the number of photographs obtained week by week was small, and it was necessary to send a special photographer to any function or place to be sure of getting photographic pictures. Nowadays, the photographic agencies cover well-nigh every event of importance and there is no anxiety about a dearth of material, although successful scoops are not secured this way, but are still reserved for editorial ability. The *Sphere* has also shown considerable enterprise in dealing with Polar exploration, and the publication of a Scott memorial number showing the actual photographs taken at the Pole had an exceptional sale.

Some Eminent Artists.—Among the artists who have found public favour and done good work for the *Sphere* are John Duncan, G. H. Davis, Christopher Clark, Douglas Macpherson, R. M. Paxton, and Philip Dadd, who died at the front. There are also F. Matania, a delightful artist, whose pictures are universally admired, and who represented the *Sphere* at the great Coronation Durbar in India and sent home a series of brilliant drawings, and H. M. Paget, who scored a distinct success at the time when the kindly Nazim Pasha was assassinated in Constantinople. He had been representing the *Sphere* in the Ottoman capital for a while, and was the only newspaper artist in the city at the time of the murder. By means of a visit to the scene he was able to reconstruct the whole incident in a very telling fashion, and his drawing, which appeared on a double-centre page, was the only pictorial record of the event.

The art department of the *Sphere* is under the supervision of Henry Wisdom, "whose knowledge of newspaper callers" (according to Home, whose assistant he is) "is wide and peculiar." For him, as for Mr. Home, Mr. Shorter always expresses a very deep affection and regard, and he has pleasant memories of David Williamson, J. D. Symon, and Arthur Hutchinson, now the editor of the *Windsor Magazine,* who was associated with him on the *Illustrated London News.*

I must not conclude this reference to the *Sphere* without again mentioning the man who helped to found it and the *Tatler.* Hugh Spottiswoode was one of the most delightful men I have met during my pilgrimage in the Street of Ink. He literally bubbled over with the milk of human kindness. To meet him was to enjoy a mental tonic, and when he was not radiating cheerfulness in the social circle, he was devising means to help his less fortunate brethren. *Printers' Pie* was founded by him for the benefit of the Printers' Pension, and the annual dinners,

at which I was regularly his guest, were a constant delight which I sadly miss. His work in this connection is being carried on successfully by his widow, so his labours on behalf of his fellow-workers continue to remind us of him and to be a monument to his sterling character.

THE "GRAPHIC"

When I began my own business career the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* were practically the only papers which gave the public a pictorial record of the great events that were happening all over the world. People had, in those days, to wait until the end of the week to *see* what was going on, although they could, of course, read all the news in the dailies.

One far-seeing man seems to have anticipated the possibilities of the daily illustrated newspaper. This was Mr. W. L. Thomas, the principal founder of the *Graphic,* who started the *Daily Graphic* in 1889, and so became the pioneer of London daily picture newspapers.

Mr. W. L. Thomas died in the year 1900, from which date to 1907 the businesses were conducted mainly by his sons, with the eldest, Mr. Carmichael Thomas, as chairman of the board of the publishing company (H. R. Baines and Co.). In 1907 a practically new board was elected, of whom Mr. Carmichael Thomas (chairman), Mr. Alan Lupton, Mr. Israel Davis, and Mr. Alfred Hunter are the surviving members. The new board reorganised the office, and in 1911 Mr. William Will was appointed manager of the business of the company. In 1915 this energetic and able journalist was made a director, while retaining the general duties of management. There are about 250 shareholders, some of them well-known artists or writers. Mr. Macfarlane, a Scotsman of long experience and distinction, is the publisher of the three papers; Mr. George Sparkes, the advertisement manager of the *Graphic* and *Bystander,* has worked with the firm for

fourteen years, while Mr. John Warburton has for eight years been chief of the *Daily Graphic* advertisement staff.

The *Graphic* was started in December, 1869, and has always had a most distinguished staff of contributors. Of one of these, Sir John Millais, I can record an interesting reminiscence. His celebrated picture, "Cherry Ripe," which achieved great popularity as a print, first appeared in the *Graphic,* and this is how it happened. Mrs. W. L. Thomas one day gave a fancy dress juvenile ball, and her husband was so pleased with the attractive appearance of his little niece, Edith Rammage, that he took her the next day to Sir John to be painted in her costume. Soon after the picture was published they received a prepaid wire asking if the mother of the child was a widow! One has not space to give the long list of names of famous artists whose work has appeared in the *Graphic,* but among the "Giants of the 'Sixties" who contributed to its early success were Sir H. Herkomer, Henry Woods, Caldecott, Sir Luke Fildes, and Seymour Lucas. The series of Shakespearean heroines and types of beauty engaged the brushes of Lord Leighton, Alma Tadema, F. R. Dicksee, Sir Edward Poynter, Carolus Duran, Tissot, and many other European celebrities, while later the sketches of Jacomb Hood, the *Graphic* artist who accompanied the King to India for the Coronation Durbar, formed the official pictorial record of the proceedings which is now in the possession of His Majesty. Recently a great success has been won with the portraits of M. Guth, the famous Paris artist, who secured a sitting from Lord Kitchener and produced the last portrait of him just in time to be issued at his death. As a result Guth was allowed to draw pictures of the French Ambassador, of General Haig at headquarters, and other notabilities. These are printed in photogravure, which is now used extensively by the *Graphic.*

Graphic artists have accomplished much interesting

work during the war. M. J. Wladimiroff has performed distinguished service with the Russian armies, and at an exhibition which he held in Petrograd a number of his sketches were purchased by the Tsar and Tsarina, who are subscribers to the journal. Van Anroy in Belgium, Hoynck in Holland, and Gilbert Holiday in France, have sent some very spirited drawings, while Georges Scott and Paul Renouard and many others have continued their long connection with the paper.

The biggest success of recent years has been "The Great Sacrifice," originally published in the *Graphic* Christmas number of 1914, from the picture of James Clark. There has been an enormous demand for the photogravure and coloured proofs. The Queen gave a copy of this picture to South Hackney Church as a memorial of her visit to the district, and Stephen Paget wrote of it in the *Cornhill Magazine*—"that picture from the Christmas number of the *Graphic* which has turned railway bookstalls into wayside shrines; the one and only picture of the war, up to now, which says what most needs to be said on canvas."

J. M. Bulloch, who has been editor since 1909, is a native of Aberdeen and M.A. of the University there. He was one of the editors of the *University Magazine,* for which he wrote many neat verses under the pseudonym of "Jack Daw of Rhymes," and several of his songs retain their place in the "Scottish Students' Song Book," of which he was one of the four original editors. He began his career on the *Aberdeen Free Press,* and was brought to London by Mr. Shorter to help produce the *Sketch.* Afterwards he assisted to start the *Sphere,* as previously related. He is a talented writer, who has not only produced much light verse but also books on such varying subjects as University History, "Grangerising," Territorial Soldiering, and Genealogy, the last of which has been his hobby for years. He is also a great "first-nighter," having

seen 1,746 plays of more than one act, the programmes of which he keeps bound and indexed.

The high place that the *Graphic* occupies in the estimation of our Dominions beyond the Seas has long been equalled by its standing on the Continent of Europe, for it not only found its way into all the principal public places in all the capitals, but its foreign articles proved of enormous interest to all Continental journals, so that Press cuttings received from week to week were equally divided between the journals of the United Kingdom and those of the various Continental countries.

It would be wrong to suppose that the *Graphic* caters mostly for men; that is not so. It attempts to interest all. This is very marked in the attention it pays to the activities of women; while the effective maps and diagrammatic treatment of subjects by G. F. Morrell fascinate those young enough to be still at school. Some of these maps have been utilised by Government Departments.

The assistant editor of the *Graphic,* W. K. Colquhoun, has been many years on the staff. Like J. M. Bulloch, he is a Scotsman. He was educated in Edinburgh and on the Continent, and is a first-rate linguist. He is greatly interested in science, and has an encyclopædic knowledge of Imperial affairs—of real value to such a paper—in writing on which he used to assist his brother, the late Archibald Colquhoun, one of the leaders of latter-day thought in these matters.

Mr. Bulloch reminded me that, at the present time, the chief difficulty of those who, like himself, produce weekly illustrated papers, is to keep abreast of the news and yet not entrench upon the domain of the picture daily.

Corresponding to the changes in daily papers, which have made the editor control in every sense the contents of all the columns except advertisements, and not merely the two or more columns dealing with comment, the editorial

function in the *Graphic* now combines the print as well as the pictures, the aim being a complete alliance, as it were, between the illustrations and the letterpress. You would never, for example, find an article in the *Graphic* on the immortality of the soul with a picture illustrating the boilers of a "Dreadnought" in the middle of it. Precisely the same holds true of the decoration of a page. This newer method, utilising the greater time at the disposal of the weekly editor, helps to make each issue of the paper a greater unit, or, rather, a more highly organised series of units, than is possible in a daily paper, where the news of the day comes tumbling in all of a heap and has to be found room for according to circumstances. "Make-up" has become increasingly important, and a great amount of anxious thought is given to it. Naturally the *Graphic* has always been strong on the mechanical side of the paper's production, keeping on the premises engravers of its own in order to improve the process-maker's blocks.

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"

The first number of the *Daily Graphic* was, from the present-day point of view, a mixture of daily paper and weekly paper features. All the illustrations were either line drawings or woodcuts. Even the letters to the editor were illustrated.

The size of the *Daily Graphic* was the same size as the weekly, except that it consisted of sixteen pages only. The first number was published on a Saturday. One million copies were printed (showing, I think, the prevision of the proprietor), and it was popularised by presenting a preliminary number quite distinct from the first number of the regular daily with each copy of the Christmas number of the *Graphic*.

Mr. Carmichael Thomas tells a good story of the paper's early days. "I used to walk down to the office,"

he says, "and call at every newsagent on the way to ask for the *Daily Graphic*. Most of my inquiries were satisfactory, which showed that our energetic publisher was doing his work well; and I had to purchase quite a large number of copies; but in one instance my inquiry was not entirely successful. It was a grubby little shop, and there was a grubby old woman sitting behind a counter wrapped up in a shawl. I asked for the *Daily Graphic*. 'You mean the *Daily Telegraph*,' she replied. 'Oh, no!' I said, 'I mean the *Daily Graphic*.' 'There ain't no sich paper.' 'Excuse me, I saw the paper on Smith's bookstall this morning.' 'Well, if yer saw it and yer wanted it, why didn't yer buy it!'" Mr. Thomas adds that he retired discomfited, for he felt that the most brilliant repartee of which he was capable would be thrown away.

From the outset the new venture was notable alike for the quality of its contributors, literary and artistic, and for the moderation and common sense of its editorial views. Harold Cox was a member of the original staff, and is on the leader-writing staff to-day—a fact which itself proves the ability of the writers for the paper. The present editor, A. S. M. Hutchinson, is therefore the head of a first-rate band of journalists. He has the distinction of being one of the most successful of our younger novelists, and wields a pen that has earned him both critical and popular appreciation. Defective eyesight kept him out of the Army until the standard was lowered, and again, after a short spell in the ranks of the Somerset Light Infantry, caused his discharge and return to his editorial chair. He joined the *Daily Graphic* in 1906 as leader writer—another instance of the importance with which this feature is viewed—became night editor in 1908 and editor four years later. His policy has been to make the *Daily Graphic* (as he well puts it) not a picture paper, but a newspaper with pictures. In

achieving this aim he has strengthened the close link with his readers, which is reflected in the files of personal letters, and was shown at the time of the coming-of-age, when the *Daily Graphic* (then edited by W. A. Ackland) received congratulatory messages from representatives of the leading walks of life, headed by a message from Sandringham : "His Majesty congratulates you upon the successful way in which the paper has been managed, and trusts it may continue to enjoy many years of prosperity."

H. C. Shelley, another leader writer, and the author of many historical and typographical works, has charge of the book department. The able news editor, A. W. Netting, first made his mark in helping to establish the *Daily Graphic* Free Meal Fund, which for several winters prior to the war did immense good among the needy and distressed. The chief sub-editor is Alfred Hurry, and the Parliamentary correspondent is G. Turnbull, who is a well-known personality in the Gallery. Such a list might be given to any daily paper, and would show that the arrangements for news-gathering were adequate, but the ordinary daily would not attach so much importance to the art department. The art editor of the *Daily Graphic* until August, 1914, was Dale Thomas, who in that month became one of the First Hundred Thousand, and is now Captain Dale Thomas, A.S.C. His place is at present being held by F. E. Bell, who has been with the paper for a very long period. Another valued member of the staff is Jack Walker, the cartoonist, who combines humour with individuality. It is interesting to record, as showing the high standard of the *Daily Graphic* personnel, that their military correspondent at the outbreak of war was recalled at once to the War Office as a member of the General Staff to take up a high appointment in the Intelligence Department.

THE "BYSTANDER"

The proprietors of the *Graphic* issued the *Bystander* as a companion publication dealing with the lighter subjects of the day passed over by the more serious weeklies. The first editor was Comyns Beaumont.

Both in peace times and during the war crisis, the *Bystander* has always possessed an "atmosphere" of its own. Dealing at first with only the lighter subjects in a bright and cheery way, it has turned even the more serious topics to account and discovered the lighter side of the heaviest. Witness its method of dealing with the one subject that would have seemed impossible to treat so—the war.

The proof of the enterprise of the proprietors is evidenced by the discovery and development of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather. No feature of illustrated journalism during the war, I think, more amply paid its originators than the success which followed. Captain Bairnsfather has symbolised the British Tommy in a way which has thoroughly captured the public and greatly increased the popularity of the *Bystander*.

In spite of its success, the *Bystander* was faced with unusual difficulties in the way of editorial staff. All were young men, all were eager to join up. Vivian Carter, who for eight and a half years has edited the paper and helped materially in bringing it to its present high position in illustrated journalism, has joined the Inns of Court O.T.C., and has for the present laid down his critical pen. His righthand man, the clever art editor of the paper, A. S. Allberry, whose ability in presenting the *Bystander* to its readers is recognised in Tallis House, holds a commission in the V.T.C. A. B. Harrower, the sub-editor, has risen from a private to a captain in the A.S.C.; and Saxe Wyndham from a private in the Horse Guards to a lieutenancy and the Military Cross. Many of the contributors have un-

fortunately made the great sacrifice and lie buried on one or other of the fronts. Philip Baynes, Will Houghton, and "Saki" (Hector Munro) will always be remembered by readers of the *Bystander*.

THE "TATLER"

The *Tatler*, which was started in 1902, proved at first a source of anxiety to its owners, although for some years now it has been a paying property. Ably edited since 1908 by E. Huskinson (a most competent cartoonist, as the Conservative Party well recognised), the *Tatler* is a delightful companion to the *Sketch* and the *Bystander* —a successful trio, which bear popular testimony to the excellence of Mr. Shorter's taste and the cleverness of his original conception.

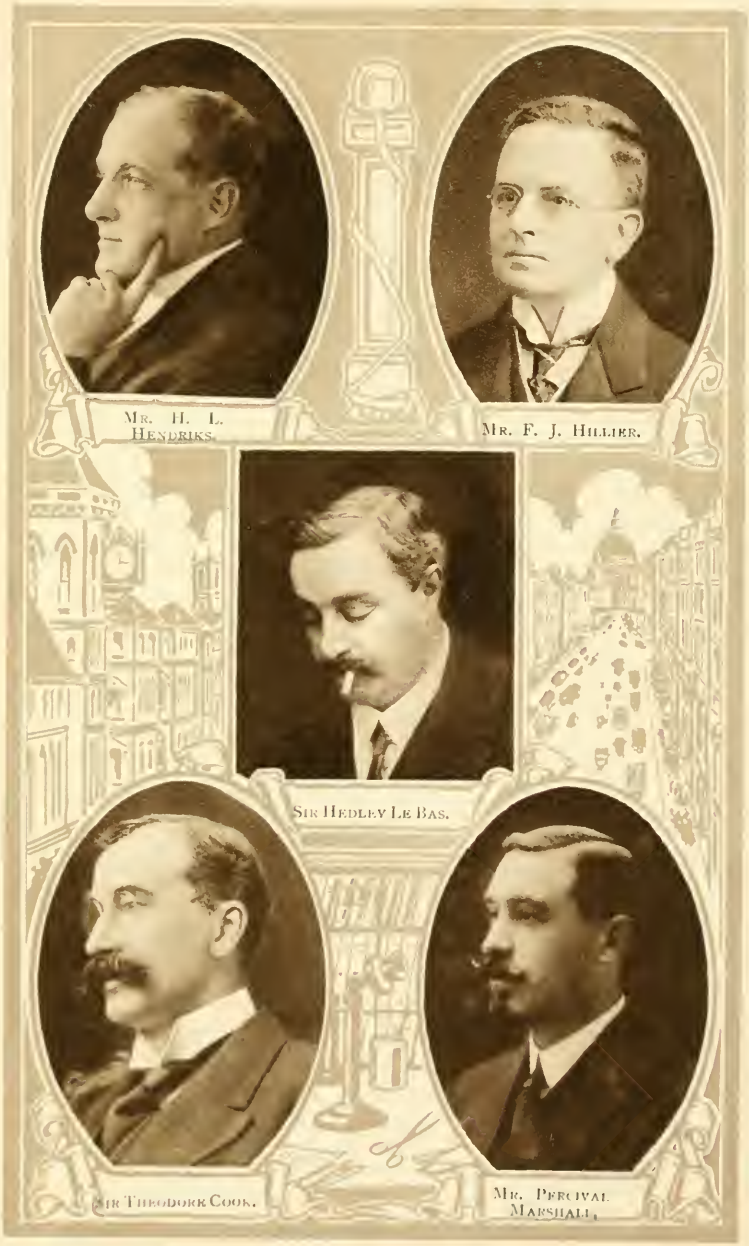
Huskinson's career is altogether exceptional, and I think is about the only case I can recall where the easy journalistic success so dear to novelists was realised in the world of actuality. Until he became editor of the *Tatler* he had never been inside a newspaper office, and knew nothing of its workings. Originally educated for the law, he took up designing, and achieved considerable success as cartoonist for the Tariff Reform League. He started this work in 1904, and conducted the pictorial side of the campaign which must have contributed to the majority obtained by the Moderates in the London municipal election of 1907. He told me that during the period from 1904 to 1914 he turned out 1,500 cartoons on Tariff Reform alone.

In the nine years that the *Tatler* has been under his guidance it has more than trebled its circulation; indeed, he says as far as circulation is concerned there has only been one gloomy spot in that period, and that was just after the outbreak of war in 1914, when the circulation, owing to its being a "light" paper, experienced a considerable drop. This was remedied by adapting its

appeal to the men in the field and in the Navy, and the success of this policy has been shown in increased popularity.

A New Note.—Huskinson considers that the most popular features of the *Tatler* since he has been associated with it have been the weekly drawings by George Belcher, and the discovery of Miss Fish, who does the clever "Eve" drawings at the beginning of the paper. These drawings are, or were, very new and unconventional in style, and created a great vogue. The designers of fashion copied them, and "Eve" hats, coats and handkerchiefs have been sold in hundreds, while in *Tina,* the popular musical comedy at the Adelphi, a special scene was based on these drawings. In the *Tatler* the "Eve" drawings tell a story week by week, which is written up by a contributor whose identity cannot be divulged, and whose ideas are cleverly executed by the artist.

On the literary side the most successful features have been "With Silent Friends," a weekly book review by Richard King, and the "Letters of Eve" themselves, which are very bright and interesting reviews of the doings of Society week by week. A third article, which has also temporarily ceased, was one entitled "Priscilla in Paris," the forerunner of those intimate letters which are now such a feature of the London Press. The author of this letter was in Brussels when the Germans overran Belgium, but to the deep regret of the editor no word has been heard of her for over twelve months. Huskinson also tells me that the *Tatler* was the first weekly paper to devote itself to snapshots of well known people, instead of relying, as most papers had previously done, upon the studio pictures. The snapshot, if a good one, is always more indicative of the true looks and characteristics of any personality—male or female.



Mr. H. L. Hendriks.

Mr. F. J. Hillier.

Sir Hedley Le Bas.

Sir Theodore Cook.

Mr. Percival Marshall.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOME WELL-KNOWN JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS

"PUNCH"

CERTAIN journals are national institutions; the United Kingdom would seem to lack something without them. If you were to ask the intelligent man in the street to name one of them the chances are about a thousand to one that he would answer *Punch*. *Truth* is undoubtedly another, and the *Field* is a third, but apart from these there are many which appeal to one class or another, and are regarded by their readers as indispensable. Since it is impossible within the compass of a single book to deal either adequately or even in the most general way with all, I must content myself with referring to a limited number of representative journals which I happen personally to know something about.

Punch, as has already been indicated, is an indispensable adjunct to the country house, to the club, and to the chancelleries of the world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of its cartoons, many of which are proverbial and, like the artists, known to everybody. It is still the custom to settle these cartoons at a weekly dinner at which the leading members of the staff meet and discuss the policy of the paper. The members of the dining staff to-day are: Sir Owen Seaman, the editor; Bernard Partridge, senior cartoonist; L. Raven Hill, junior cartoonist; F. H. Townsend, art editor; Alan A. Milne, assistant editor (now with his battalion); R. C. Lehmann; C. L. Graves; E. V. Lucas, vice-editor; and W. A. Locker, deputy-assistant editor and Parliamentary critic.

It is the ambition of every artist to become a member of Mr. Punch's staff, and of most writers to figure in his literary columns, just as it is the ambition of politicians to be cartooned in its pages. *Punch* is typically British, and despite the famous repartee, it is as good to-day as it has ever been.

I hear good acounts of Roy Somerville, and the tangible result of his labours is reflected in the commercial columns of *Punch*.

"TRUTH"

I have a double regard for *Truth* (speaking in this instance of the paper, and not the virtue) because of the association of some of its most famous men with the *Daily News* and *Star* family. One might call it a first cousin of both. Henry Labouchere when he started the paper in 1877 had first made his reputation by the "Letters of a Besieged Resident," which he sent from Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, and it is worth recording that Mrs. Crawford, the famous Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, wrote in the first number of *Truth*, and forwarded her final contribution only a few days before she died. As I have stated before, R. A. Bennett, the present editor, was formerly on the staff of the *Star*.

The general impression in the world at large is that the success of *Truth* is entirely due to "Labby." One might say that the actual record is that "Labby" founded it, Horace Voules made it, and R. A. Bennett carries on the success so obtained. "Labby's" personality, of course, was worth a fortune to any paper. There was only one danger, which Edmund Yates put his finger upon when he observed the energy and industry with which the former writer of the financial article in the *World* threw himself into his new enterprise. "I will give him six months," he said. *Truth* recorded, some years afterwards, that "Labby" actually "stuck it" for three and a half years,

when his election to Parliament diverted his interests into another channel. The time, however, was sufficient to make the paper liked. He wrote every week columns about every subject that took his fancy, turning out the City article whenever he felt in the mood. All he wrote was interesting if discursive, and all of it was touched with what may be described as his elfin fancy.

It was fortunate that when he tired of his work there was a man like Voules so admirably equipped to carry it on. Voules knew his business thoroughly, having been trained with Cassell's, by whom he was appointed manager of the *Echo* when they started that paper as the first London "halfpenny." When he joined "Labby" as business manager he soon had to assume the work of assistant editor, and it is recorded (again by *Truth*) that Voules drifted into the editorship, and some twenty years afterwards resigned that position to which he had never been appointed.

Voules did not set himself up as a literary man, although he was a most competent journalist. He was a first-rate business man, an admirable judge of what his readers liked; he knew how to choose his assistants, and he possessed qualities of perseverance, altertness and deduction which enabled him to pursue and run to earth the most intricate financial swindle or scandal which he might take up.

His first big scoop was the revelation of the weakness of the Royal Liver Friendly Society of Liverpool, as the result of which a Government Committee of investigation was appointed, and the Society put upon a firm basis. His chief achievement, however, is that he made *Truth* a paying property and organised it on a sound basis. "Labby" had illimitable funds, but whether he would have continued the paper when he lost his first great interest in it is another matter.

Of writers, *Truth* has always had the best. G. A.

Sala was one of the original contributors, and when the proprietor ceased writing the dramatic criticisms, Clement Scott succeeded him, although his connection with the paper was guarded as a State secret. He continued to act as *Truth's* dramatic critic up to within a year or two of his death. Grenville Murray wrote all the earlier queer stories, and H. G. Wells saw the publication of one of his earliest stories in its columns. There was also the incomparable "Marmaduke" (C. E. Jerningham) and "Madge" (Mrs. Humphry). These are but a few of the contributors and features. The commercial side of *Truth* is ably conducted by Louis Kauffman, the general manager.

Truth is always bright, informative, and well written, and whilst ministering to the enjoyment of the general reader it has performed national work of the highest importance by becoming the terror of those who prey upon credulous humanity, having pursued them with unabated energy and a fearless disregard of consequence throughout all the years since it first appeared. It has a consistent record of invaluable service, and has well earned the full measure of success it has won.

THE "FIELD"

The *Field* (the full title on the cover is *The Field, the Farm, the Garden*), which in a sub-title describes itself as the *Country Gentleman's Newspaper,* was first issued on January 1, 1853, and was heralded as the largest newspaper in Europe! (with a note of exclamation). It was further intimated with the modesty characteristic of newspaper proprietors that the "increased space enables the conductors to make each department perfect; and they hope by the careful exclusion of every subject of an objectionable character to render the *Field* all that a gentleman's sporting and family paper should be." That latter policy has certainly been fulfilled. The "con-

ductors" might have added that the journal would be written by experts for experts, and that they would cater for the varied tastes of the country gentleman and the outdoor man and woman with skill and completeness.

The *Field* is written by a staff of experts under the brilliant editorship of my friend Theodore Cook. When he was knighted in June, 1916, the *Field* was, I think, the first sporting paper so honoured, and the distinction was the more signal in that it occurred during the war, and the more characteristic because it came at a time when there was no question of party politics—the one aspect of life which the *Field* had refused either to represent or support. Sir Theodore regards the honour as being paid to his paper. To use his own words to me, "If ever proprietors deserved such recognition, mine did; and if ever a man had a good staff to help him, it is myself!"

Sir Theodore Cook is an old Oxford Blue, and captained the English Fencing Team in Paris and at the Olympic Games of Athens. He is nearly as good a sportsman as he is a good fellow, and plays golf and tennis as enthusiastically as a seventeen-year-old.

To show the authoritativeness of the *Field* one or two names may be mentioned. The veteran James Harting has an unrivalled knowledge of birds, natural history, and other branches of field sport; W. B. Woodgate, the celebrated University oarsman and coach, is unchallenged as an expert in his particular department; William Senior ("Red Spinner"), although no longer actively engaged at Windsor House itself, having retired from the editorship at the close of 1909, still keeps in happy touch with the present most capable angling editor, H. T. Sheringham. Then there are Charles Richardson, presiding over the hunting and turf departments; Captain F. Parker, shooting; Max Baker, expert in gunnery and explosives;

C. J. B. Macdonald, agriculture; W. Watson, gardening; S. C. Gilmour, travel and colonisation; James A. Manson ("Jack High"), bowls; and Major B. Heckstall-Smith, yachting, etc. etc.

The *Field's* hunting correspondents are in touch with every M.F.H. in the kingdom, and their reports are followed with the keenest interest week by week.

These are but a few names and features, but they are enough to show how thoroughly representative the pages of the *Field* are, and how vigorously and effectively it upholds the traditional merits of the open-air life. I have no hesitation in describing the *Field* as the greatest sporting paper in the world. I may just record here that the *Queen* is a woman's weekly with a similarly strong and pleasant personality. Like the *Field,* it is issued by the historic house of Horace Cox, of which the executive head is C. Binny Dibblee, a distinguished scholar and Fellow of All Souls, who came to his present position from the *Manchester Guardian,* and who is the author of "The Newspaper," a standard book on journalism.

THE "ATHENÆUM"

A high place in the records of journalism must be given to the *Athenæum,* which, since its foundation in January, 1828, has been regarded not merely as a leading literary journal, but as an authority on science and the fine arts as well. Its reputation dates from 1830, when Charles Wentworth Dilke obtained control of the paper, being succeeded therein by his son, Sir Charles W. Dilke, M.P.

John Francis joined the clerical staff in 1831, and eventually became publisher, and the names of Dilke and Francis are most prominently associated in the public mind with the *Athenæum.* John Francis retired in 1881, and his son, John Collins Francis, who died the other day, succeeded him as publisher. When Sir Charles Dilke

died in 1911, John Edward Francis became part proprietor, and assumed sole management in 1913. Sir Charles Dilke appointed Norman McColl as editor in 1870, and during the thirty years that he held his office the *Athenæum* extended its influence and reputation. Vernon Rendall succeeded McColl in 1900, and Arthur Greenwood became general editor in 1916, although Rendall still continued to advise on the literary matters and to contribute to the paper.

Naturally many of the greatest names in contemporary literature are associated with the *Athenæum*, extending back to the time of Carlyle, Hood and Harriet Martineau. A little later the contributors included De Morgan, and Professor Hunt on science, as well as Christina Rossetti, and more recently Theodore Watts-Dunton, Professor Mahaffy, Arthur Symons, Austin Dobson, F. G. Stephens, Swinburne, Andrew Lang, Professor Prout, Joseph Knight, Dr. Marett (of Oxford), M. E. Sadler, Walter Bayes, and A. E. Zimmern.

Almost from the beginning the policy of the *Athenæum* was independent criticism, but it took a prominent part in the agitation for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and in later times has given increasing attention to social and economic questions. During the war the *Athenæum* changed from a weekly to a monthly, and an old friend of mine, Joseph Thorp, joined the editorial committee, which consists of a body of men and women of wide and varied interests. Thorp is a delightful writer of considerable originality, who seems now to have found the work best suited to his talents. As was shown in the case of the difficulties encountered by *Notes and Queries*, which is associated with the *Athenæum*, the latter paper caters for a loyal as well as a cultured body of readers, and one is justified in hoping that its future history will be as distinguished as its past.

THE "SPECTATOR"

The name of the *Spectator* is a great one in English literature. The original *Spectator,* associated with the names of Addison and Steele, is one of our classics. The name was revived in 1827 by a group of Radicals, and the first editor was Mr. Rentoul, who has been described as the intellectual athlete of the Reform Bill, and was the inventor of the phrase "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." To-day the *Spectator* wields a greater influence and is better known, particularly abroad, than at any time in its history. Under the editorship of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey (who became sole proprietor and editor about twenty years ago), it represents moderate Unionist views, and previous to the war, when party politics, of course, vanished, its Radical opponents, although differing from much of its policy, were able to sympathise with its strong Free Trade views. The success of the paper is due to the fact that it speaks its own mind with fearlessness, independence and authority, and provides an intellectual criticism and commentary on current affairs, the point of view of which, however one may disagree with it, is certainly disinterested. In every respect it is an influential paper, and it is conducted in a way that makes it at all times worthy of its name.

THE "NATION"

Mr. H. W. Massingham has found a very effective "pulpit" in the *Nation,* of which he was the first editor. The initial number was published on March 2, 1907, as a substitute for the old *Speaker.* The methods, arrangements and features of the *Speaker* were all altered, but its very distinguished editor, J. L. Hammond, became a member of the *Nation's* staff and a frequent contributor. As one would anticipate, the *Nation* is characterised by independence of thought as regards politics, religion, art and literature, which are viewed from a standpoint which

may be called Radical, although perhaps a better description would be to say that the *Nation* reflects all Liberal aspirations and views from the highest pinnacle. Anyone who notes and reads the correspondence columns will find plenty of justification for this view, and will be impressed with the influence of the *Nation* with its readers. It has never been a mere party organ, however. Mr. Massingham told me that he hoped it never will be, even if party journalism were to become fashionable again. Considerable prominence has been given to fresh poetic writing and to attempts to revive the literary essay as well as to "short studies" in fiction. In one instance a very successful experiment was made by publishing a continuous novel in the shape of H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," which was undoubtedly the greatest success of the season when republished in book form by Messrs. Cassell.

I know several people who buy the *Nation* for its book reviews, and many for Mr. Massingham's articles, and also for "A London Diary" by "A Wayfarer." Another successful feature has been the publication every spring and autumn of a selected, and therefore critical, list of new books in the form of a special supplement. The paper throughout has secured the co-operation of most of the writers to-day who are in sympathy with its ideas of social and political development. Its most notable record perhaps was secured in its opening number, which contained a contribution from the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was then Prime Minister, whose interesting article proposed a general reduction of armaments. The paper is well produced and thoroughly informative, and as it is read by a large body of thinking people, exercises a real influence on the thought of the day.

Alfred J. Bonwick, the manager, conducts the business department of the *Nation* with ability.

"LAND AND WATER"

This is a paper which I have read weekly for some years. It is the product of two old-established papers, the *Sporting Gazette* (established in 1862) and *Land and Water* (established in 1866), both of which enjoyed considerable reputations and were conducted by distinguished men. The Hon. Lancelot Bathurst was proprietor in the late 'nineties, during which time the interests of hunting were specially well looked after, as was only natural, considering that Mr. Bathurst is the son of a M.F.H., the brother of Earl Bathurst, who is another, and has himself been a Master at various times.

The most notable period in the history of the *County Gentleman,* which was incorporated with *Land and Water,* was that when it was owned by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and conducted by Mr. Eric Parker. After five years, however, Mr. Strachey decided to give undivided attention to the *Spectator,* and Mr. Parker joined the staff of the *Field.*

I became specially interested in *Land and Water* soon afterwards, when my friend, James Murray Allison, acquired the property as a congenial outlet for his superfluous energy. Allison landed in Great Britain from Australia with no more capital than unbounded confidence in himself, immense energy and initiative, and a gift of enterprise. These qualities were supplemented by a genius for business. When he severed his regular connection with *The Times* and devoted his attention more closely to *Land and Water* things were bound to happen! He has been ably seconded by Nevile Foster, another good friend of mine, who is the cousin of Sir Frank Newnes. Foster came down from Oxford only ten years ago, but he has crammed a great deal of experience into these years; his interests are considerable and varied, and his financial and executive ability has proved valuable to the paper, of which he is managing director and a large shareholder.

The greatest factors in the recent success which has

made the paper notable have undoubtedly been the war articles by Hilaire Belloc, and the naval articles by A. H. Pollen, the husband of a lady who matches him in charm, and the father of two of the nicest and manliest boys I have ever met. Allison came rapidly to the conclusion that the war would necessitate radical changes in the character of weekly as well as daily journals, and that a paper which explained lucidly and authoritatively the progress of the campaign on land and the operations at sea would be read with avidity. He secured the two best men for the purpose. Hilaire Belloc's father was a colonel under Napoleon, and he himself has served in the French Army. After a distinguished career at Oxford, where he was a Balliol scholar, he joined the staff of the *Outlook* and became a member of Parliament. He founded the *Eye Witness,* which was succeeded by the *New Witness,* now edited by G. K. Chesterton while his brother, Cecil Chesterton, is serving in the Army. Belloc is the author of many literary masterpieces, including novels, essays, and light verse, as well as books on military subjects. He had, fortunately enough, made himself familiar with that part of the country forming the Western front, and so in every way was unusually well qualified for the work which has added so much to his reputation.

Like him, Arthur Pollen graduated at Oxford, after which he was called to the Bar, and travelled extensively on the Continent, in India, and America. Taking an interest in politics he stood as the Liberal candidate for Walthamstow in 1895, but has not since actively engaged in politics. He left the Bar for journalism in 1896, and journalism for business in 1898, after which he began those investigations into the possibilities of long-range gunnery at sea the results of which have contributed materially to the revolution in naval fighting. Few of his readers realise the extent and intimacy of his knowledge of naval affairs. None probably gathers from his severe

historical style the charm of the man himself and of his humour. If they did, the circulation of *Land and Water* would go even higher!

I have had happy relations with both Allison and Foster, which served to strengthen my regard for them. Francis Stopford, the editor, began his journalistic career in India twenty-five years ago. Returning to England he joined the staff of the *Daily Mail* in its early days, and afterwards worked with Sir Arthur Pearson on the *Daily Express* for over ten years. The general manager is A. Douglas Farmer, and on the commercial side an outstanding figure is A. Walters Wilkin. Finally, in T. Whiffen *Land and Water* has a veteran, whose service with the journal dates back nearly forty years; indeed, to the old days of the *Sporting Gazette*.

THE "EXCHANGE AND MART"

The *Exchange and Mart* is in a class by itself. Mr. Upcott Gill tells me it lost something like £10,000 before turning the corner. "It was," he says, "a long and expensive business to educate the public up to the point of using the paper in sufficient numbers, as everything moved much more slowly fifty years ago than to-day."

The origin of the paper was just a fluke. It was neither a heaven-born inspiration nor a well thought out scheme, but merely due to the seizing of an opportunity by the late Serjeant Cox, the last of the Law Serjeants, and the proprietor of the *Field* and the *Queen*. His wife was a great collector of butterflies, moths, and things of that nature, and wanting a particular specimen she one day put a query in the *Queen* asking if any reader would give it to her in exchange for something else. The idea caught on, and the next week there were nearly a dozen such queries. "Incidentally," Mr. Gill says, "Mrs. Cox got what she wanted." The *Exchange and Mart* saw the light

of day in May, 1868, as a four-page paper of the size of the *Queen*.

About 1871 the number of pages was greatly increased in order to give more space to literary matter, but the actual size of the paper (which had been that of the *Queen*) was halved, and the eight pages became sixteen pages of its present size. Up to the time of its change the literary matter had been of a very miscellaneous character without any definite scheme about it, but now the editorial pages were divided up amongst the various departments of the household, e.g. the drawing-room, the library, the boudoir, the workshop, the garden, etc., and matter appropriate to each, and more or less illustrated, was given on a more liberal scale. The sub-title *and Journal of the Household* gave the key to the revised policy.

The *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart* was nearly killed many years ago when the Post Office raised difficulties about continuing to register the paper as a newspaper, contending that the supplement of a newspaper might not contain more pages than the paper which it supplemented. The supplement of the *Bazaar* consisted wholly of advertisements, which were issued in that form upon the suggestion of a Post Office official, and it was apparently satisfactory to the authorities for years, even though it contained many more pages than the literary section. In view of the rule which was made that a supplement could not be larger than the paper itself, the *Bazaar* was struck off the list of registered newspapers, and could only go through the post at book rates. As it was found impossible to do anything to bring the paper within the requirements of the Post Office, practically all the subscribers were lost and incidentally a large body of trade advertisers. Eventually the difficulty was got over in an ingenious way, by what Mr. Upcott Gill described to me as "a little jugglery with the pagination," and the *Bazaar* was readmitted to the register. The fact that a paper could not be carried

as a newspaper with one set of paging, but was willingly carried with another, was, he said, a kind of thing that a plain business man found it difficult to understand.

There have been few radical changes in the paper since the time it was altered to its present size. It has moved with the times in extending the classification of its advertisements and in the subject matter of its literary section. The paper has on many occasions prosecuted sharpers and swindlers who sought to make use of its columns for defrauding the public, has established a successful feature in its arbitration department, and in every conceivable way has safeguarded the readers who use its columns.

For many years Mr. Upcott Gill was assisted by his brother, Mr. Crandon D. Gill, who retired last year. The *Bazaar* was one of the pioneers in employing women in office work, as from the outset the entire private advertisement department was staffed by women, with Miss R. C. Gill (Mr. Upcott Gill's sister) as head. She conducted the department with conspicuous ability for many years, and when she gave it up some years ago in order to devote herself to more literary work, chiefly art criticism, she was succeeded by Miss King, who still holds the position. For some years past Mr. Upcott Gill has been ably assisted by his son, who, however, on the outbreak of war considered it his duty to rejoin the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. By the way, it is worth recording that Mr. Upcott Gill, with his snow-white hair and velvet coat and cap, is one of the most picturesque personalities in the Street of Ink.

"LONDON OPINION"

As one of the successes and romances of the Street of Ink, *London Opinion* deserves mention in detail, and as Lincoln Springfield has given me the particulars from his own point of view, I shall recount them as far as I can in his own racy, conversational words:

"It is to be feared," he told me, "that the circumstances in which I acquired *London Opinion* form a disclosure calculated to undo the teaching of many a religious tract, for they display a shocking gamble. When the original owner of the paper closed his City business, *London Opinion* came on the market, and although its future was certainly speculative, its possibilities with careful management and control were apparent to a good many people.

"It was losing money at that time. With a less costly quality of paper, and with a less princely method of publishing, it would not have done so, for its circulation was then about 200,000—a figure to which it had advanced from the 30,000, which was all it was doing when, three or four years earlier, I had started as its acting editor, with Louis Meyer as art editor.

"The bank wanted £28,000 for the property, the amount it stood at in their books against loans. Meyer and I resolved to buy the thing ourselves, if the payment of the £28,000 was made easy for us as regards time. My own friends thought I had gone stark raving mad. My family hoisted signs of woe, and implored me to desist. But knowing that there were other people making offers, we jumped in at the £28,000 figure, paying down £6,000 in cash (all we had in the world) and leaving the remaining £22,000 as a debenture debt.

"It was a wild gamble, and had it come unstuck it would have meant for both of us starting life afresh with all our little savings done in. But never do I want to bring off a better *coup* than this proved. By economies which stood out asking to be made, we got the paper paying from the first year; at first a little, and then many thousands a year, until the war came. Even now, with our paper bill £30,000 a year more than it would be at normal paper prices, we are still managing to make both ends meet, and overlap. I should have thought a cataclysm

such as that which started in August, 1914, would have killed any such journal as *L.O.* But, *au contraire!* Circulation slumped horribly in the first few weeks of the war, and advertising dropped alarmingly, but things gradually mended, and then improved, and then boomed, until to-day circulation and advertising, revenue and turnover are all at record heights.

"My three sons, who all used to help in a small way in the running of the paper, are, of course, now helping to strafe the Kaiser (the two elder boys were in the trenches by Christmas, 1914); but in my daughter, Jessie Springfield, I have an invaluable assistant editor, who is really every bit as good at the game as I, and perhaps better; while in Reginald Arkell, as assistant art editor, we have a most capable substitute for the late Louis Meyer. And Bert Thomas, our cartoonist, is building up a great reputation. Both he and that versatile genius, Alfred Leete, are just called up for the Army, and we shall miss their splendid work tremendously. Heaven help them if, after their innumerable jests at the expense of the Kaiser and 'Little Willie,' either of them should be taken prisoner!"

Bert Thomas, by the way, soon after he came to London, and long before he joined the staff of *London Opinion,* did a considerable amount of work for the *Morning Leader.* I recall ten pages of illustrations entitled "The Pageant of Progress," which he drew for me at the time when pageants were being held all over the country. Each page consisted of ten drawings indicating in a humorous fashion the development of various representative industries.

Louis Meyer, it will be remembered, combined his art editorship of *London Opinion* with running theatrical ventures, many of which were great successes, notably *The Glad Eye.* I believe he also had a curio shop of his own, so his life was a very full one.

Two of the most brilliant regular contributors to *London Opinion* are, of course, James Douglas and T. McDonald Rendle. Douglas's articles in *London Opinion,* as elsewhere, are a feature of contemporary journalism, and occupy a place of honour in the paper. McDonald Rendle enjoys the reputation of being one of the wittiest men the Street of Ink has produced, and his contributions form one of the brightest parts of an unusually bright publication.

In the "money-earning department," John Hart has proved a success, a fact which is not surprising.

As to Lincoln Springfield, the best compliment I can pay him is to say that he has proved worthy of his early connection with the *Star,* and I hope for many years to come this entertaining little paper will earn a rich harvest for him and his talented associates.

ODHAMS

Some of the most popular weeklies are issued by Messrs. Odhams, the success of which must be attributed in large measure to the ability of the managing director and general manager, J. S. Elias. Of these the most popular is *John Bull,* which is the property of a separate company, with two directors only—Mr. Elias and Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the former being managing director and general manager as in the case of Odhams, Ltd., and the latter editor. An off-shoot of *John Bull* is *Everywoman,* which was originally started as *Mrs. Bull.* The title was changed because the proprietors thought it was too "matronly." It is edited by T. Sapt, whom Elias describes as a man who, "in addition to his journalistic ability, has the greatest power of making friends of any man I've met." In this connection he closely resembles Elias himself.

The *Passing Show* is modestly referred to by Elias as "a little venture which I started about twenty-one

months ago." It is a bright weekly, and has achieved a gratifying measure of success under the editorship of Comyns Beaumont, who was editor of the *Graphic* for some years, was first editor of the *Bystander,* and for a short time edited the *London Magazine.*

Odhams also publish *Pictures and the Playgoer,* which appeals to cinema goers, and is edited by Fred Dangerfield, who founded and edited the *Playgoer,* after which he edited the *Play Pictorial* for three years, subsequently becoming editor of the *Throne.*

To show the growth of Odhams, Elias said that when he joined the firm a little over twenty years ago, less than thirty people were employed. To-day the staff numbers over 1,500, and he has thirty-six heads of departments under him—more, in fact, than the staff membership when he went there. Odhams print over fifty weekly and monthly magazines and journals, and publish about fifteen, and as he is only just over forty-one, his future certainly looks rosy!

He speaks highly of the publisher, A. S. Wallace, and the advertisement manager, Philip Emmanuel. He humorously calls Wallace "the cheerful pessimist of the establishment," as he shows you all the bad points of a thing before presenting its good ones to the outside world. It is a very admirable quality for the commercial side of journalism provided the two constituent parts are mixed in the right proportion.

THE "CONNOISSEUR"

I should also like to mention the *Connoisseur,* one of the most sumptuous periodicals which is published. It was founded by the late Herbert Baily, assisted by his brother, T. Livingstone Baily. Both of them always impressed me as able men; indeed, this can be seen from the beautiful production with which their names are connected.

"TO-DAY"

In consequence of the war the weekly edition was stopped. Mr. Holbrook Jackson has just told me that he has acquired the copyright and the title *To-Day*, and will bring out the publication as a sixpenny monthly with a definite literary character. He has courage and enterprise, both of which qualities should bring him due reward in the future, and, if he has luck, *To-Day* will flourish as he deserves.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson is one of those men who must write, and he gave up a lucrative business interest in order to devote himself to literature. He is recognised as a leading authority on literature of the "'nineties," and besides being an able critic, is a lecturer and a reviewer of no mean order.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

When Mr. Arthur Spurgeon was appointed general manager of the historic House of Cassell in 1905, that firm acquired a man with a fine record as an organiser of success. He impresses you as having all the qualities needed for such a gigantic task as then confronted him. There was, in fact, a cloud over La Belle Sauvage Yard. One heard in the Street of Ink that things were not going so well as in the past, and that Cassell's were not vigorously competing with the new firms which had arisen to challenge their old-time supremacy. Mr. Spurgeon himself says that the business was suffering from a period of decline, during which the House, relying too much on its traditions, failed to adjust itself to the new conditions that had arisen in the publishing world. It was his task to make the necessary adjustment, and I can imagine no more agreeable prospect for a man of his courage and attainments than that of reviving the ancient glories of a great firm.

The expression "ancient glories" reminds me that La Belle Sauvage was famous hundreds of years before it was associated with the publishing trade. When the Bell Savage Inn began its career no man knoweth. But a deed dating from the middle of the fifteenth century is extant in which it is referred to as "Savage's Inn," *alias* "Le Belle on the Hope," the "hope," no doubt, signifying an ivy-bush fashioned into a hoop—the "bush" for which good wine has no need. Later the two titles were combined into "Bell Savage," and "Bell and Savage," and later

THE CAMBRIDGE COACH LEAVING THE BELLE SAUVAGE INN
(From a Coloured Lithograph in the British Museum

INNER COURT OF THE BELLE SAUVAGE INN

still they became musical in men's mouths as "La Belle Sauvage." For long the tavern was one of the most important of London's coaching inns. The tenement consisted of two courts connected by an archway, and the inn itself, fronted with two tiers of galleries, surrounded the inner court. Here in the early days of the drama plays were produced, the galleries being used as "boxes," while the "groundlings" stood in the yard below. After centuries of prosperity, with the coming of the railways the inn ceased to flourish, and finally was demolished to make way for the older part of the present buildings. But one of the two adjoining pictures will convey to the reader a notion of the inner court of the old hostelry, while the other shows the Cambridge coach just turning out of the inn into Ludgate Hill on its 4½ hours' run to the University town.

Pioneers of the Press.—The name of Cassell has always been an honoured one in the Street of Ink. Nothing undesirable has ever been associated with its publications. Always the chief aim of the firm has been to produce good literature. Indeed, it took (and takes) you from your tenderest years and provided you with healthy recreation for your profit and pleasure through all the stages of life to your old age. Thus, as a child you may very possibly have first tasted the joys of popular literature through *Little Folks*, as a boy *Chums* would give you manly reading, and as an ambitious youngster you may have studied "Cassell's Popular Educator." For light reading you have *Cassell's Magazine* (now enjoying a new tide of prosperity as *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction*), the *Story-Teller*, and the *New Magazine*. Those who want special "Sunday reading" have the *Quiver*, and for what one may term "popular" reading there are *Cassell's Saturday Journal* and the *Penny Magazine*.

In these and other ways the House of Cassell, in Mr. Spurgeon's words, "has since its foundation continued the

publication of the educational, general and popular magazine literature upon which its early prosperity was founded." Spurgeon's predecessor at Cassell's was Sir Wemyss Reid, who came to La Belle Sauvage from the editorial chair of the *Leeds Mercury* in 1887, and was general manager until his death. Mr. Spurgeon, as I have pointed out, has a stronger connection with the Press, as in addition to being managing director of Cassell's he is chairman of the company which owns the *Western Daily Mercury* and the *Western Evening Herald* of Plymouth. The standing of these papers is another evidence of his versatility and of his business gifts. I must also mention in this connection the proof he gave of his journalistic ability when he sent to the British Press, from the *Carmania,* an account of the burning of the *Volturno* in mid Atlantic in October, 1913. A wireless description of a disaster at sea sent from the actual scene was unique in the annals of the British Press, and the achievement was recognised by means of a luncheon given in Mr. Spurgeon's honour under the chairmanship of Lord Burnham. He has also other business interests in which he has again displayed his talent for compelling success to attend a languishing prosperity, but, as he told me recently, he thinks he has achieved enough reputation in this respect to warrant his suspending any further extension of his activities.

The chairman of the board of directors is Sir Clarence Smith, J.P., who has held that position since 1905. Soon after Mr. Spurgeon's appointment as general manager, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., who had for many years been medical editor of the House, and had in fact created the successful medical book department, joined the board.

Some Departmental Managers.—For many years the chief editor was that genial and popular cleric, the late Canon Teignmouth Shore. He left behind him a reputation as a great organiser. I have been told that his

department was in such a high state of efficiency that he kept his finger on the pulse of all the publications, and yet only spent a few hours a day in the office. The rest of his time was devoted to his ecclesiastical work, which he performed with such conspicuous ability that he became one of the Chaplains to Queen Victoria. The present chief editor is Mr. Newman Flower, who is also a director of the company. He is responsible for the literary side of the House, both books and periodicals.

Thomas Young, another director, I have known for many years. His ability cannot be better shown than by recording the fact that he has succeeded in increasing the revenue of his department over 50 per cent., notwithstanding the strenuous times which have been witnessed since he took charge. A. E. Bartley, who holds the important position of publisher, I have also known for many years, and the same applies to Robb Lawson, whose ability as a producer of "books about books" called forth a poem in the *Sphere* only the other day. (The cause was his description of Arnold Bennett's new book as "Bennett's Brightest," and the poet humorously parodied his peculiar talent for terse descriptions of new books.) A. E. Watson, who joined the firm in August, 1914, is the manager of the book department. B. Whitworth Hird manages another important department which has been well known for more than half a century as Cassell's General Press. This branch of the business supplies partly printed issues to the provinces, as well as the week's news in stereo and long and short stories for newspapers.

Some Literary Successes.—To go back to the historical part of the story for a moment, Cassell's were one of the pioneers in creating a taste for cheap reprints of literary masterpieces. They have followed up the National Library, of which the editor was the late Henry Morley, with the People's Library and similar series. Of the

People's Library over two and a half millions of volumes have been sold.

Probably the most notable event in the history of the House was the publication in 1883 of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," of which over one million copies have been sold. The book was offered through W. E. Henley, at that time editor of the *Magazine of Art*. I was told that Stevenson was so overjoyed at the prospect of receiving one hundred pounds on publication that he seems to have overlooked the fact that this was on account of royalty. "Really, a hundred pounds is a sight more than 'Treasure Island' is worth," he wrote to Henley, and this and similar remarks in other letters have created the impression, which has more than once found its way into print, that he parted with all his rights in the book for one hundred pounds. Mr. Spurgeon says that, as a matter of fact, royalties are still being paid upon the book, as well as those which followed—"Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Catriona," "Island Nights' Entertainments," and "The Wrecker." "Treasure Island" alone has already earned in royalties about six thousand pounds. In 1894 "Treasure Island" ran through *Chums* as a serial, and the news of Stevenson's death reached this country just as the editor was sending the final instalment to press. "The End" of the story was therefore followed by the announcement of the end of the author's life. It was by the House of Cassell that the Pentland Edition of Stevenson's works was printed.

Another interesting event was the publication of Rider Haggard's first big success, "King Solomon's Mines." This, too, was offered through Henley, and its author has frankly confessed that he never expected any particular success for it, and that it had been refused by several houses before it found its way into Henley's hands.

Sir James Barrie's delightful "Little Minister" was one of the last novels to be published in three-volume form,

and the first to be published by an English author under the new American Copyright Act.

Rather an interesting story is told me about Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." The book was to have been published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, but owing to the Irish question becoming acute and the author being a prominent member of the Irish party, the firm were afraid of antagonising public opinion, and decided not to proceed with the publication. The question which arose was referred to the arbitration of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Robinson, of the *Daily News,* in order that he might fix the terms upon which the contract should be cancelled, and he awarded the author a substantial sum.

One of the most important books published by the firm is Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia." When he came back from Russia, after six years' residence there, he brought the manuscript of a gigantic treatise on the history and actual conditions of the country, the size of which, however, prevented it from being accepted by the publishers to whom he submitted it. He was engaged in condensing it into a small volume for private distribution when he received a visit from his friend Mr. Ralston, of the British Museum, who told him that having been invited by Messrs. Cassell to write a popular book on "Russia" he had recommended the firm to apply to him. As a result Wallace had an interview with Canon Teignmouth Shore and, though at first averse from attempting a popular book, he at last agreed to write a large work of the kind desired within three months. Early in 1877 "Russia" appeared in two stout volumes, and in the course of a few months the work was translated into French, German, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Russian and Croatian, and later into Finnish and several Oriental tongues. Sir Donald has recently recorded that in drawing up the contract it had been agreed, simply as "a customary formality," that after the sale of

a certain number of copies (which was far beyond his most sanguine expectations) the copyright should become the absolute property of Messrs. Cassell and his royalty should cease. Very soon, however, the unlooked-for number was passed, whereupon the firm, without any representation on his part, did not put the customary formality into force, but continued to pay the royalty afterwards.

Cassell's also published Colonel Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva," which was written as the result of a conversation between Canon Shore and the author at the Albany Street barracks. Burnaby recounted to his guest some of the incidents of his famous journey, and Canon Shore advised him to write a book on the subject. He objected that he was not an author, but was assured that if he just wrote down his stories in the style in which he had told them the book would "go," and Canon Shore guaranteed that it would be accepted by the firm. The book was published in 1876, and ran through seven editions in the first twelve months.

Among other distinguished authors whose names appear in the catalogue are Quiller Couch, E. F. Benson, Eden Phillpotts, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells, whose "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," as I have already mentioned, is one of the greatest successes of the present publishing season.

The First Halfpenny London Daily.—The House of Cassell has from its earliest days been indirectly associated with the daily Press. Cassell, Petter & Galpin started the *Echo* at the disused Pantheon Theatre, Catherine Street, Strand, in December, 1868. It was indirectly a cause of the establishment of the halfpenny post. When the late A. J. Mundella was elected to the House of Commons he made a speech in favour of the reduction of postage for printed matter, and through ignorance of the rules of the House flourished a copy of the *Echo* to

support his argument that it was absurd that a penny should be charged to transmit from one side of London to the other a newspaper which was sold for a halfpenny. The halfpenny post came into operation a few months afterwards.

Magazine Developments.—When Mr. Spurgeon assumed control of the organisation at La Belle Sauvage he inaugurated a period of reconstruction. He decided that there was a growing demand for fiction and a lessened demand for articles on miscellaneous topics. The brilliant success of the *Story-Teller* and the *New Magazine*, which produced many imitators, showed the shrewdness of his judgment. It is interesting to learn from him that large illustrated topographical works are less in favour than they were, but the demand for popular works on natural history shows no sign of slackening. The same may be said of technical works on handicrafts, etc., and there is a constant demand for memoirs, books on travel, topical books, and also for books for juveniles.

Into every department new life and vigour were infused. Under D. G. Milne, appointed manager of the printing department in 1906, that department has been brought to a state of the highest efficiency. There are fast rotary machines for book work as well as for periodicals, the linotype machines have been supplemented by monotypes, there are automatic gathering and covering machines for binding magazines, and fast-running Miehle perfecting machines and two-colour machines. All the machinery is driven by electric power, and each machine has its own independent motor. The works are now lighted by high-pressure gas and electricity.

A Popular "Chief."—During the period of decadence the annual staff dinner and the wayzgoose fell into abeyance. Both have been revived, though suspended during the continuance of the war. At the staff dinner in 1911 Mr. Spurgeon received a jubilee presentation from some

1,600 of the employees, in the form of a gold cigarette case inscribed "To Arthur Spurgeon, with loyal regards for their chief. This offering from every worker of the House of Cassell at home and abroad."

I have only been able to indicate the activities which Mr. Spurgeon inspires. The result of his efforts is patent to all in the reawakened success which has attended this long-established and honourable firm. During the difficult period of the war the strength of the organisation is being quietly added to, and when peace comes with its opportunities there is no doubt that many fresh records will be established. All those who know their "Street of Ink" well are aware that the staff will respond to whatever calls are made upon them by a chief who is universally respected in every circle of life that he may choose to move in. He is a man whom nature made for the heights. Always he emerges at the top, and as a final proof of this I may mention that early in 1916, seven years after he had been raised to the Commission of the Peace for Surrey, he was elected chairman of the Croydon County Bench by the unanimous vote of his colleagues. Many charities also owe much to his untiring efforts, and the great amount of public and philanthropic work which he gets through stamps him as one of those rare men who, although the busiest of their kind, seem always to find leisure to pursue outside work for the benefit of their fellow men. The House of Cassell is fortunate in its chief, and he, I know, is in the place where he would most wish to be.

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED

PART of the story of the birth of the popular Press, and all of the story of the firm of George Newnes, Limited, starts with the inception of *Tit-Bits*. Mr. Newnes was then engaged in business in the district of Manchester and Liverpool. He was always fond of good stories, and one evening whilst reading a Manchester evening paper at home he came across a report of an exciting incident which was well and dramatically reported. When he had read it he remarked, "Now this is what I call a real tit-bit. Why does not somebody bring out a paper containing nothing but tit-bits like this?" That incident seemed to bring to a head all the vague ideas which had been running through his mind for a long time, and he determined to work out his inspiration on a practical basis. But when he had done this he lacked the necessary financial backing. A successful merchant whom he knew declined to be associated with the venture, so did a Manchester firm, which, it may be mentioned, after refusing to finance him to the extent of £500, offered him £10,000 for the publication only six weeks after the first number had taken Manchester by storm. Six months afterwards a London publisher offered £30,000. But Mr. Newnes knew better. He had, with the enterprise which was characteristic of him, found the money himself by running a vegetarian restaurant on original lines. There is a good story told of him in this connection. On one occasion his brother-in-law wished to consult him on an urgent matter, and not finding him at the premises of "The Vegetarian Com-

pany's Saloon," made a thorough search for him without success. Finally he went to a hotel to have some lunch, and to his surprise who should be sitting there, enjoying a fine beef steak, but the errant proprietor of the flourishing vegetarian restaurant, who remarked, with a quiet chuckle, "Everyone to his fancy."

Unsuccessful Imitators.—I had some pleasant chats with him in his later years when he was controlling his great enterprises. He founded *Tit-Bits* in October, 1881, and was, I suppose, the first journalist who realised fully the extent of the possibilities presented by the spread of education among the masses. Within six months of the issue of the first number, eleven similar papers had been brought out. They did not survive, but *Tit-Bits* did, and has continued to flourish ever since.

From the first, Sir George had no doubts about the success of *Tit-Bits*. "I declared to a friend," he once said, "that within a year the circulation of the paper would be 300,000. We had a small wager about it —a new hat. I received that hat in due course, and a message from the loser to say how pleased he was to lose."

Sir George was a man of boundless energy. Long after the business had developed to great dimensions, and when the editorial department comprised a large and efficient staff, he would never allow a number of *Tit-Bits* to appear of which every proof-sheet had not passed through his hands. He would sometimes say, when recalling those early days of incessant activity and marvellously rapid success: "Man alive, what times those were, and how we worked. Looking back, it seems as if we never left off for weeks and months together! But though life was almost too crowded, and any number of difficulties had to be overcome and new ideas worked out, not knowing whether they would catch on or not, I do not remember any time of my life into which we crowded as

much interest and enjoyment as into the first few years after *Tit-Bits* was started."

Tit-Bits scored its first great success in "circulation raising" by making each copy a policy of insurance against railway accidents. It was the first paper to do this, and the circulation increased to seven hundred thousand. This success was followed up by offers of gigantic prizes, starting off with a gift of a seven-roomed house which was won by a soldier, and proceeding to competitions such as limericks, hidden treasure, and so forth.

When Arthur Pearson left the firm to carve out his own fortune, Sir George Newnes offered his position to Mr. Galloway Fraser, then editor of the *Scottish Liberal*, who has now been editor of *Tit-Bits* for over twenty years.

About 1890 Sir George Newnes was staying at the house he then had at Torquay, when W. T. Stead wrote to him suggesting ideas for three new periodicals. Sir George at once wrote back that he liked one of the ideas, and said that he would return to town immediately, the result being that in four weeks' time the *Review of Reviews* appeared. But they were both men of strong individuality, and although the magazine was a great success from the start, after a few months they found they could not work together, and Mr. Stead bought Sir George out and took the *Review of Reviews* elsewhere.

The Coming of the "Strand."—Being thus left with the organisation for publishing a magazine with a large circulation, Sir George at once set to work to create something new to take its place, and hit on the idea of an illustrated magazine with a picture on every page. About the same time he had a letter from Mr. H. Greenhough Smith, who was then with the Bentleys, suggesting the publication of a magazine containing translations of stories by well-known foreign authors. The result was that Sir George incorporated this idea with his own and the *Strand Magazine* came into being. Mr. Greenhough

Smith, by the way, still remains the editor, and a very brilliant man he is, too.

A Weekly that Stands Alone.—Sir George Newnes had an instinct for successful ideas, and was quick to appreciate the possibilities of any suggestions made to him. One day Mr. Edward Hudson, one of the directors of the well-known printing firm of Hudson and Kearns, came to Sir George with the idea of publishing an album of portraits of famous cricketers and footballers. This turned out such a tremendous success that Sir George and Mr. Hudson went into further enterprises together. They decided that there was a good opening for the publication of a periodical dealing with country matters like sport and agriculture, and also architecture and artistic matters generally. The idea was to make it the most beautifully printed paper in the world, so that these artistic features should look well. *Country Life*, as the paper was called, proved to be a notable success, and was afterwards formed into a separate company, and one may say without fear of contradiction that it is now generally recognised as an ideal paper for the country gentleman. The major portion of the credit for this magnificent "weekly" belongs to Edward Hudson, who is also a director of George Newnes, Limited. I only wish I could do justice to the whole story of his success, but space will not permit more than this passing tribute, with the additional remark that his colleagues have often spoken charmingly of him to me so as to leave no doubt of their high opinion of his abilities.

Sir George was once asked if he could reveal the secret of his success. His answer was characteristic of him. "Most people have no idea of doing anything beyond what they may have seen done before and what they are told to do; they are frightened by originality lest it might be disastrous. I suppose I have been inclined to do things differently rather than the same as other people,

and I have always struck while the iron was hot. That, I think, to put it briefly, is the secret of any success which has attended my efforts."

THE MEN AT THE HELM.—Throughout increased competition and the difficult days caused by the war the activities of the firm have been well looked after by a most able board of directors, including Sir George Riddell, the chief proprietor of the *News of the World*, a journalistic "man of push and go." To my surprise he has never yet given full play to his powers by extending his activities to the London daily Press. He joined the board in 1906, and began to take a very active part in the management of the company. His great versatility of mind and business enterprise found wide scope in the carrying on of the business, and he and his colleagues have done wonders for it, as is proved by the enhanced profits earned since his association with the firm. It is worth mentioning that the position of this goahead publishing house continues to be a very strong one and, despite the war, the policy followed by the board has produced gratifying results.

My friend Sir Frank Newnes, who is the chairman of the directors, represents his father's traditions, which may also be said of Alfred Johnson, whose father was secretary of the company when I used to visit Southampton Street many years ago. Johnson *fils* (to adopt the expressive French mode) succeeded H. A. Dawson in the important position which he has now occupied for many years. I first met him when he was still a comparative youth, and when probably even he hardly anticipated that he would rise to become a director of the powerful company for which he has worked loyally for so many years. After Johnson's father retired he was succeeded by Horace Cole, who has been secretary of George Newnes, Limited, ever since. The directorate is completed by, or rather would be incomplete without Walter

Grierson, who came to the firm from *T.P.'s Weekly,* and Emsley Carr, the well-known editor of the *News of the World.* Grierson has added greatly to his reputation by fulfilling the high expectations which were entertained of his ability when he joined the firm as general manager. Frank Newnes, I should add, is also (in association with Sir George Riddell) a director of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, besides being a director of the *Westminster Gazette.* He is a keen and popular sportsman, and while in the House of Commons he won the Parliamentary Golf Handicap. For years he has been a keen motorist, though I regret to say he has not always kept within the proper speed limits. On one occasion he had to appear before the "beak" at Bow Street on a charge of furious driving and was fined £2. The magistrate was Sir Albert de Rutzen, whom he did not know at the time. Later Newnes had his revenge by "stealing" his daughter, as he married the charming Miss De Rutzen! A happy illustration of "out of evil cometh good!"

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are joint proprietors with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton of the *Woman at Home and Girl's Realm.* It was started as *Annie Swan's Magazine,* and is edited by Miss Alice Head, who numbers Annie S. Swan among her most valued contributors. The *Girl's Realm* was bought in 1915 and amalgamated with the *Woman at Home,* and the combination of these two favourite journals has proved a decided success.

CHAPTER XXI

THE AMALGAMATED PRESS

JUST over twenty-eight years ago one of the greatest newspaper enterprises in the world was born in a small first-floor room at 26 Paternoster Square, which was rented at 12s. 6d. per week. From that apartment, which was divided into two by a matchboard partition, forming an editorial and a publishing office, the Amalgamated Press has grown.

The romance of that business is well known and much detail of those early days would be superfluous, but starting with a first number circulation of about thirteen thousand for *Answers*, the activities of the office grew and expanded until they overflowed into a number of other offices, and finally met together in the specially built Fleetway House, from which some fifty weekly publications, in addition to other periodicals published at longer intervals, are issued with sales of over eight and a half millions a week. Roughly, three thousand people form the permanent staff, and associated with the undertaking are the great paper mills in Newfoundland, printing and paper works at Gravesend, printing ink works and printing works at Southwark, and further printing works in Whitefriars Street.

A CLEVER IDEA.—I can remember one of the bright advertising ideas used to popularise *Answers*. A number of sandwichmen were sent out, respectably garbed, and carrying with their boards paper and pencil. The passers-by were invited by means of a message on the boards to write on a piece of paper any questions that they wanted answered, and hand them to the board men. These were answered in the paper in the following week. It was in-

genious and clever, but it was not by means of the original idea that success was obtained. In his first venture, as in the case of the *Daily Mirror*, Lord Northcliffe, the founder, had to make radical changes before he attained the measure of success at which he was aiming.

As *Answers* was being developed from *Answers to Correspondents* into a more popular and readable journal, the young editor's restless and characteristic search for new ideas became more and more active. Week by week something new was evolved. Prizes of free trips to the Paris Exhibition, and *Answers* puzzles combined with other methods of enterprise helped to establish the new journal, and at the end of the first year the circulation was about forty-eight thousand a week, and a profit of just over a thousand pounds had been earned. This was a satisfactory start, but better times were coming. By the end of another year that profit had grown fivefold, and within six years fiftyfold.

The year 1889 marked an epoch in the destinies of the firm. In October *Answers* offered a prize of one pound a week for life for the estimate which approximated most correctly to the amount of cash at the Banking Department of the Bank of England at the close of a given day in the following month. The competition created a sensation and 718,000 postcards, each signed by six people, were received at the offices. The prize-winner's estimate was within two pounds of the actual amount, and when the competition was over the circulation of *Answers* was round about the hundred thousand mark.

In 1889, also, a young man joined the staff, who now, in addition to being chairman of the Amalgamated Press, Limited, has been associated with the business for a longer period than anyone at present connected with it. I refer, of course, to George Sutton, whose upward career I have watched with personal interest and pleasure during the many years I have known him. He reminded me the other

day that he began his newspaper career on the commercial staff of the *Star* when that paper was started in 1888, and as the offices were in Stonecutter Street he immediately faced the site of the office which he now occupies in Fleetway House.

He confirmed my own view (and the one which is generally held) that the success of the Amalgamated Press is very largely due to the initiative of Lord Northcliffe, whose gifts found an admirable complement in the financial and organising ability of his brother, Lord Rothermere, who between them formed a combination which is probably unique in the history of the newspaper and journalistic world.

Early Members of the Staff.—It has always been an axiom of mine, and one which I never lose a chance of impressing upon my own staff, that no man can win a great battle by himself. Delegate, delegate, delegate, is in my opinion one of the fundamental rules of success in business. Lord Northcliffe and Lord Rothermere would never have built up the Amalgamated Press without the assistance of an energetic band of lieutenants, and they gathered these round their banner by extending the opportunity of great rewards for good work. (Max Pemberton, by the way, was originally a member of the staff of *Answers*.) They adopted the second principle that the best way to make a department grow was to give the man in charge a pecuniary interest in its success. It was, I believe, comparatively common for a man earning a very modest weekly salary to draw some thousands a year in commission. As a case in point, there used to be a young man employed by George Newnes, Limited, who was regarded by some of his unambitious colleagues as being rather peculiar owing to his habit of taking work home with him and assigning as the reason the fact that he intended to get on! This young man joined the "*Answers* outfit," and eventually became one of those

drawing a small salary and a commission. The commission, however, grew well into five figures annually, and when Hamilton Edwards was bought out a year or two back he left with a considerable fortune. He was at one time proprietor of the *World,* and whereas I run across him at frequent intervals, the Street of Ink doesn't see him much these days, although rumours of big transactions, in which he is interested in different parts of the world, reach us from time to time.

Fresh Developments.—After *Answers* came a series of periodicals for boys, which was followed by a number of papers for women, of which the first was *Forget-me-not.* One of my closest friends says that among the most vivid recollections of his boyhood are the papers which the firm issued at that time. He adds that he particularly remembers the excitement with which he used to look forward to the instalments of a fascinating series of articles in *Forget-me-not,* entitled "The Diary of a Professional Beauty," which told how a plain girl, with the combined assistance of nature and art, transformed herself into a second Helen of Troy. (His retort to me is that he never followed out her programme !)

New Successes.—A great success, too, was achieved with a series of religious, or semi-religious, journals which were intended to appeal to that class which is best described as being made up of people who like "Sunday reading."

The *Sunday Companion* was the first outcome of this intention, and it proved a great and lasting success. If I am not mistaken, this department of the firm's activities was developed by Hartley Aspden, who has now retired, and seems only to return to the scenes of his former labours in order to figure as a wealthy shareholder at the annual meetings of the company, whose fortunes he so ably helped to establish. I have happy recollections of winning an exciting golf foursome with him on Lord

Northcliffe's private course at Sutton Place which added to his wealth!

There are other good reasons for the phenomenal success of the company, one of which was the habit of taking infinite pains to study the market. It was very aptly said that Lord Northcliffe and his associates had an uncanny insight into the minds of their average readers.

I have been told stories of how he would carefully go through a story or an article with one of his editors and substitute the simplest and plainest words for long and "flowery" ones. They made a business of literature in other ways, too. Instead of commissioning an author to write a serial story and when the manuscript instalments arrived having them printed, the author would find himself working with a personage known as a fiction editor, who made it his business to see that the instalments were altered if necessary to suit the tastes of the readers for whom they were intended. Many of the Amalgamated Press journals have been popularised by striking serial stories. Thousands of people were thrilled by the story of "Convict 99" and again by the "Secrets of a Lunatic Asylum," which belonged to the early days of *Answers*. These stories were well advertised, and I am not sure it was not a cynical author who remarked that the firm would pay a writer £100 for a serial and then spend £10,000 in advertising it, which perhaps, besides being as it should be, is not in the long run so bad for the author.

A Policy of Development.—I must not forget to mention the *London Magazine*, the *Children's Encyclopædia*, publications like the *Harmsworth Self-Educator*, the *Harmsworth Atlas*, and the many publications issued in fortnightly parts, such as the "History of the War." In times of peace we are never surprised to see new publications issued by the Amalgamated Press, and although the war has terminated such enterprise

temporarily, the company has many successful publications to go on with, and is still able to record year by year a continued prosperity which pays the highest possible tribute to the management.

The principal publication is still *Answers*, which is edited by William Blackwood, formerly of Dundee, whose ability is shown in his work. *Home Chat,* which is one of the most successful woman's papers of its kind, is edited by Miss Maud Bown, who was on the staff in 1895, and has been editress now for many years. (This information will now dispose of the idea that "Your Editress" was actually a young gentleman.) Another valued member of the staff is Mrs. Philpot, who edits other highly successful journals, such as the *Woman's World* and the *Family Journal*. She joined the firm in 1905. Mr. Middleton, the editor of the *London Magazine,* has been with the firm since 1904. I think, by the way, that the manner in which the title of the *Harmsworth Magazine* was changed to the *London* was decidedly clever. It began with adding the word London very small after Harmsworth, so that the title read *Harmsworth's London Magazine*. Then month by month the Harmsworth got smaller and smaller and the London larger and larger, until the London got large enough and the Harmsworth finally vanished.

Another director, Mr. Back, who edits the boys' papers issued by the Amalgamated Press, entered the firm in 1896. Other prominent members of the staff who have rendered long and valuable service in the conduct of departments are G. H. Cantle, A. H. Mann, H. G. Garrish, F. Birnage, J. A. Stock, A. R. Linforth, L. Clarke, H. A. Hinton, and John McBain, whom I have known many years. W. B. Robertson, who now has charge of the advertisement departments of many of the Amalgamated Press publications, used to be responsible for the activities of the Educational Book Company, where he succeeded

George Orange, and was in turn followed by Sidney W. Eynon.

Some Records of Service.—The great printing plant of the company is under the charge of two directors, J. H. Newton, who has been on the staff since about 1892, and Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Mildren, who has been at the front almost since the beginning of the war, and has added to his distinctions by receiving promotion twice and by having the honour of a C.M.G. conferred upon him. J. A. Hammerton, the editor of *War Illustrated* has been a member of the staff for over ten years, having been co-editor with Arthur Mee of the fortnightly publications of the firm.

It may be said, indeed, that most of the leading men can claim long service, although, as Sutton said to me, "the directors always welcome new blood." Among them not the least prominent, although not mentioned till now, are A. E. Linforth, the vice-chairman, whose service extends over twenty-two years, and Tod Anderson, for many years the secretary of the company, and now a director, who entered the firm's employ as a junior twenty-one years ago.

Such is the brief sketch of the interesting growth of this great enterprise and of the men connected with it, most of whom started their business careers with the firm in its early days and grew with it. As a final indication of the magnitude of the Amalgamated Press I need only quote Sutton's statement to me that 882 employees have either enlisted or received commissions, and that the company has already paid out nearly £30,000 in allowances to those who have joined and the members of their families. George Sutton is a restless and indefatigable worker who has sold his life to his work. I have often told him he will have to go "slowly," but in the meantime he has got a "bushel full" more to show for his pains than a thousand and one other workers.

CHAPTER XXII

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED

THE story of "Pearson's" takes us back to 1890, when young Arthur Pearson, having reached the age of twenty-four, decided to start a paper on his own account, and threw up a good position with £7 a week attached to it in order to try his own fortunes.

Like Sir George Newnes, his old employer, young Pearson was greatly interested in a page called "Questions Worth Answering," upon which feature another young man had founded *Answers to Correspondents*. The first number of *Pearson's Weekly*, curiously enough, contained some articles which he had previously contributed to the *Evening Standard*.

After a time a crisis arose in the fortunes of *Pearson's Weekly*, and new capital was required. It was supplied by Sir William Ingram, who afterwards confessed to Sir Arthur Pearson that he did not believe in the prospects of the paper one little bit, explaining that "as John Latey, Senior, the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, was about to retire, I thought it was good enough to put up the money in order to secure a lien on you as his successor."

THE STAFF.—Associated with Pearson in his venture were Peter Keary and J. M. Bathgate, besides Ernest Kessell and Miss Keary (who gave evidence of journalistic ability and became editress of *Home Notes*). Keary, whom I knew best, was managing director of the firm for many years until his death. He wielded an incisive pen, and his book, "Get On or Get Out,"

reprinted, I believe, from a paper called *Smith's Weekly*, which Pearson's published some time ago, had a wide popularity. Bathgate has always been most closely identified with the business management, and Sir George Riddell paid a high tribute to his capacity and foresight by relating how he anticipated the increased cost of paper by making judicious purchases. I should also mention P. W. Everett, who for many years has controlled the editorial activities of the firm, and Harry Lipscomb, who has charge of the publishing department, but is at present serving in H.M. forces. Edwin Nind has been associated with the firm from the beginning, and has always been an enthusiastic worker. My friend, H. Wentworth James, who joined the firm by winning their £200 a year situation prize, served his literary apprenticeship with Pearson's, and a very graceful pen he wields. Correspondence with him is worth while.

Great enterprise was shown in popularising *Pearson's Weekly*. Apart from the success of the famous "Missing Word Competition" and the usual big money prizes, there was one scheme which had nothing to do with prizes but yet caused a sensation owing to its originality and appropriateness. Bathgate tells the story as follows :

"During the first great influenza scare, Mr. Pearson came into my room and said, 'Bathgate, you must get a corner in eucalyptus at once. I see that a famous physician says it is the best preventive of influenza, and if we can only get enough to soak an issue of *Pearson's Weekly* with it we shall get a big boom.' Now at that moment I had no idea where eucalyptus came from, or where it was to be bought, except in small quantities from the chemists; however, I went to a friend of mine, who was in the chemical manufacturing line, and with his assistance bought all the available eucalyptus, and I have no doubt a great many of the present readers of *P.W.* will remember the result. Each copy was impregnated

with the strongly smelling eucalyptus. You could detect its presence on the bookstall from any part of a railway station. We bought up every ounce procurable, and though it was very costly, the advertisement secured was more than worth the large expenditure involved. Scores of thousands of people went about for weeks with a copy of *P.W.* buttoned into their waistcoat or dress.

"Subsequently we were deluged with offers to supply us with preventives for all kinds of infectious and other diseases."

Other popular publications followed, including *Pearson's Magazine* and the *Royal Magazine,* as well as journals appealing to such diverse interests as women and boy scouts. A book publishing department was also added, which formed a connecting link between the firm and myself, as Pearson's published in book form the series of articles on "Success in Business" by leading business men, which I arranged for publication in the *Daily News* in order to form a guide to meeting the changed conditions caused by the war. By one of those curious coincidences which one continually meets in journalism, the firm subsequently became associated again with George Newnes, Ltd. Sir Frank Newnes and Sir George Riddell are on the boards of both firms. Sir Arthur Pearson is the chairman of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., the remaining directors being J. M. Bathgate, P. W. Everett, J. C. Harrison, Sir W. J. Ingram, Bart., H. Ingram, H. F. Lipscomb, and A. W. Stirling. They have all done their share to bring about the present prosperity of the company.

One matter that ought to be mentioned is that side of Pearson's character which has always revealed itself in his thoughts for others who, through no fault of their own, were suffering. The Fresh Air Fund which he founded has completed twenty-five years of splendid work, and during the summer of 1916 enabled over 120,000 slum children to go into the country "to breathe the pure

air, to walk on real soft grass, pick flowers, and to hear the birds." Sir Arthur's charitable activities during the war have been equally wholehearted, and were recognised when the King conferred a baronetcy upon him. He was joint secretary with Sir Hedley Le Bas of the Prince of Wales's Fund, which collected something like £6,000,000 for the relief of distress, and his devoted services to blinded soldiers are well known. He has never lost an opportunity of turning his energies and the facilities he commands to the advantage of humanity.

The late Dr. Barnardo, with whom I was very intimate, once said to me, as we were going over the great Home at Stepney: "People's lives are entirely governed by environment. The children of the slums grow up in surroundings of drink and vice. Only give me the children and I will give you good citizens." By looking after the children, the poor, and the disabled soldiers Pearson is doing noble work for the nation.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

It is impossible to make comparisons between the various religious papers, just as it is unfortunately not possible to do justice to them or to refer in detail to any but some representative examples.

The religious papers are in the main influential, and many of them have large circulations. Every denomination seems to be catered for in a very complete way, and every journalist will agree that there is no class of journal more ably edited, more diverse in interest, or appealing to a better class than the religious Press.

THE "BRITISH WEEKLY"

A prominent public man once expressed the opinion to me that Sir William Robertson Nicoll of the *British Weekly* was probably the finest leader writer in Europe. He is certainly one of the best known publicists in the United Kingdom, and exercises an enormous influence, especially in Nonconformist circles. The *British Weekly* is a very versatile paper, appealing not merely to what one may term the "religious" public, but also to the literary public, which would regard itself as ill informed if it did not read "Claudius Clear's" literary article and "The Man of Kent's" literary notes. The former is a delightful essay bearing evidence of Sir Robertson Nicoll's amazing knowledge of literature (he seems to have read every book worth reading, and to have remembered the details of each one of them), while the latter is more in the nature of a commentary on literary happenings, and often contains valuable exclusive information.

Sir Robertson Nicoll told me that when he started the *British Weekly* thirty years ago with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, the arrangement was that they should provide the capital, and that he should do all his work for nothing until the paper paid. "We had a hard struggle," he said, "but after three years or so the corner was turned. I had no one associated with me at the outset, except a shorthand writer, who was also news editor. Later Miss Jane T. Stoddart became my assistant editor, and has held that position with great efficiency for many years. I also added to my staff as the circulation increased, but I have always depended a good deal on outside articles."

Substantially, the *British Weekly* has altered very little as regards its leading features since its early days, although the editor says the only matter in which he has decisively changed his mind is that of serial fiction. At first he did not regard it as of much importance, but he now attaches a great deal to it. Many popular authors have written the *British Weekly's* serials, including David Lyall, John Oxenham, Annie S. Swan, Joseph Hocking, Katharine Tynan, and not a few others. Sir Robertson Nicoll thinks that the most notable events in the history of the paper were probably the advent of certain contributors. The *British Weekly* was the first paper in which Sir J. M. Barrie signed his articles. It was through its columns that Ian Maclaren achieved his immense popularity. R. L. Stevenson contributed one notable article, "Books Which Have Influenced Me," and Ruskin wrote on the same subject. Sir Robertson Nicoll says that one of his very best helpers from the first was Principal Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh, who to the end of his life continued to be a valuable contributor. These few instances show the quality of the contributors and contributions, and one could extend the list very largely.

The success of the *British Weekly* seems to be due to the fact that it has been an "independent" and live paper.

It led to the starting of the *Bookman,* which is edited with distinction by Sir Robertson Nicoll and A. St. John Adcock. These journals, however, by no means exhaust Sir Robertson Nicoll's activities. He has written, compiled and edited many books, ranging from "The Expositor's Greek Testament," to an edition of the works of Charlotte Brontë, and from "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century" to numerous theological works. It is hardly surprising that so versatile a mind should produce a paper that appeals strongly to more than one section of the reading public. I take the *British Weekly* regularly, and always feel wiser after reading it.

THE "CHRISTIAN"

"The wickedest little demon in Abergavenny!" was the description once applied to Richard Cope Morgan by a nurse girl, who little thought that the boy she pointed out to her charges was to exercise a profound influence exactly the reverse of that against which she warned them. Mr. Morgan came to London from Bath in 1855 to become a publisher's assistant, and four years later set up as a publisher and printer on his own account, in partnership with his friend, Mr. Samuel Chase. In 1859 they started the *Revival,* the title of which was changed to the *Christian* in 1870. The first numbers did not have a large circulation, but during the Barnet Conference the same year it rose in a single week from 8,000 to 80,000 copies.

Its founder, Mr. R. Cope Morgan, occupied the editorial chair until his death in 1908, but for some twenty years before this a large share of the burden of control had fallen upon his son, Mr. G. E. Morgan, M.A., who assumed the editorship when his father died.

Robert Scott, a Glasgow merchant, joined the partnership in 1869, and the firm was styled Morgan, Chase and

Scott, until after Mr. Chase's death, when it became Morgan and Scott.

Mr. G. E. Morgan, when talking to me about the *Christian,* said that at the outbreak of war, in view of his increasing responsibilities, he found the editorship in chief rather too much for him, and was fortunate in securing the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A., D.D., vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square, to undertake the work, he himself retaining the position of "consultant." The arrangement has proved a very happy one. In Mr. Morgan's words to me: "The new editor has succeeded in lifting the paper out of what might have become a traditional rut into one of the most forceful religious weeklies of the day." Dr. Holden is a well-known speaker, and has a wide reputation not only in the British Isles but also in America as a teacher of no small power.

It was through the pages of the *Christian* that Moody and Sankey were introduced to the public, and the paper published special accounts of the work of these evangelists in the British Isles. Many of these reports came from the brilliant pen of the late George Rettie, who sub-edited the paper for nearly twenty years. There is no doubt that from the journalistic point of view the feature was highly successful. Mr. Morgan also told me that when Dr. Barnardo, as a young student at the London Hospital, was first prompted to relieve the sad condition of the London waif, Mr. R. C. Morgan was one of the first whose advice he sought, and it was in the *Christian* that his first appeal to the public for financial support was made. Dr. Barnardo used to say that when he visited the various towns on behalf of his Homes, the first thing he looked for on entering a strange house was a copy of the *Christian,* and if it was in evidence he knew he was in congenial society.

Associated with Dr. Holden is Dr. J. W. Thirtle, who has been on the staff for over twenty years, and is well known both in Great Britain and in America through his

books. He is a scholar of repute and an expert on Biblical study and research. Another of G. E. Morgan's colleagues is Thomas G. Howe, the general manager, whom I have known and respected for many years. P. W. Wilson, the Parliamentary writer of the *Daily News,* figures among the paper's most valued contributors. The *Christian* is a courageous and influential journal, and deserves the place it has made for itself as an exponent of Evangelical teaching. Messrs. Morgan and Scott, Limited, are also successful publishers, Mr. Morgan being chairman of the company, with Major S. Cope Morgan (grandson of the founder), Dr. F. B. Meyer, Mr. G. Wilson Heath, and Mr. D. J. Findlay, J.P. (of Glasgow), as directors. In this connection it is interesting to hear of the recent retirement of Mr. John Pearce after no less than fifty-two years of service with the firm—a man of singular fidelity and winsomeness. Yet even now he is not retiring to idleness, but to take a share in the mission work at Swansea founded by his late brother-in-law, the Rev. Oscar Snelling, whose period of service there was, curiously enough, also fifty-two years before his decease in 1916.

THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD"

Many interesting names are linked up with the *Christian World,* which first appeared on April 9, 1857, as "The Christian World and General Intelligencer Containing the News of the Week." The idea of the paper originated in the mind of the Rev. John Whittemore, minister of the Baptist Church in the village of Eynsford, Kent. The paper was not an immediate success; indeed, the future looked very unpromising when Mr. Whittemore engaged the services of Mr. James Clarke to save the situation. The latter introduced changes in the make-up and new features which speedily became popular, and within a comparatively short time the property was put upon a solid basis. The subsequent history of the paper

is a record of unbroken success. Many well-known names are included in the list of contributors, and Mr. Clarke introduced serial stories as a feature, which he thought desirable and necessary. Emma Jane Worboise provided these for something like thirty years, and since her time the most popular novelists of the day have written for the paper. Dean Farrar, Dr. Clifford, and Dr. Macnamara, M.P., are among the names of its contributors; and another to be mentioned is Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., who has for a long time been the "Gallery Hand" of the *Christian World*. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons achieved a wide popularity in its columns. The present editor is Mr. Herbert Clarke, to whom no higher compliment can be paid than to say that he admirably sustains the reputation of the family name.

THE "CHURCH FAMILY NEWSPAPER"

I have a deep, personal interest in the *Church Family Newspaper*, because proprietors and editor are all very good friends of mine, and the managing director is my brother, Frederick Simonis, who, at the time of writing, is serving with H.M. forces and holds a commission in the 5th East Surrey Regiment. I sometimes say that the best proof I can give of what I think of Newspaper land as a career is to be found in the fact that I asked Mr. Parke to give my brother a position on his staff. This wish was gratified and the "youngster" duly joined the *Star*, on which paper he spent several very happy years, until he was invited to go to the *Church Family Newspaper*, of which journal, whilst still in the twenties, he was appointed managing director. No one could possibly have found his work more pleasurable or could receive kinder treatment from his colleagues than he. His relations with Mr. Stuart Paton and Mr. Upward, the editor, have been marked by a characteristic cordiality which he reciprocates with affection. I am happy to re-

cord that the *Church Family Newspaper* has had an immense increase of prosperity during the time he has been with it.

The paper was founded in February, 1894. The late Archbishop Benson, although not directly connected with its production, was keenly interested in it, and on more than one occasion favoured the promoters with his advice and guidance. It has a wide appeal, and is a unique combination of a journal for the clerical study, the thoughtful layman, and the family generally. It is non-party. When I asked Mr. Upward to indicate its policy he summed it up, I thought, very happily by mentioning these points and capping them with the words, "Freedom from Bitterness." The personal element is very prominent, and many of the leading Church dignitaries and prominent laymen are regular contributors. As is well known, Dr. A. C. Benson, the son of the Archbishop, contributes a weekly article which is widely read, and to the outside public, at any rate, is one of the most popular features in the religious papers.

Mr. Stuart Paton is a well-read, interesting man, and a very good sportsman. A first-class golfer, he has played in the championship. Mr. Upward possesses vision, judgment, and sympathy, and I am sanguine that under his able editorship the *Church Family Newspaper* has by no means reached the zenith of its popularity.

THE "CHURCH TIMES"

In journalism the reputation of a man or of a paper can be made by an article, just as it can be ruined by a phrase. The *Church Times* is an example of the former, because its first success was due to a leading article written by Mr. J. E. Vaux, then curate of St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square. There had been three numbers which had not been highly successful, and the proprietors were seriously considering the advisability of

cutting their losses when the article in question appeared in the fourth issue. The story goes that the churchwardens of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields erected in the churchyard a stand for viewing the arrival of Princess Alexandra, and issued an advertisement announcing that the church would be used as a waiting-room and that the organist would perform "a series of pieces adapted to the occasion." Mr. Vaux wrote a stinging leader addressing the incumbent, the Rev. W. G. Humphry, and those concerned, which was headed, "Dining with Duke Humphrey," and began with the quotation, "How now, ambitious Humphrey, what means this?" The article contained biting reflections on "pieces adapted to the occasion," and added the advice that a refreshment department might be added. It attracted the attention of the public, and as a result the reputation of the *Church Times* was made. The record of the first subscription appears some three months later, the subscriber being no less a person than Mr. Disraeli. The *Church Times,* however, points out that the eminent statesman was not exactly a subscriber, as there is no evidence to prove that he paid for the copies which he permitted the proprietors to send to him, but naturally assumed that they were well repaid by his patronage.

The paper has now performed some fifty years' work. It has gained a wide popularity and exercises a powerful influence. Its fearlessness and independence are maintained by the editor, Dr. E. Hermitage Day, and it enjoys the respect even of those who differ from its policy.

THE "FRIEND"

A journal appealing to a class which is remarkable for its religious activity and high ideals, and which, although limited in numbers, exercises an extraordinary influence, is the *Friend,* which may be regarded as the organ of the Society of Friends. It was started in 1843 as a monthly magazine, the price of which was six-

pence. The first editor was a young man named Charles Tylor, who at that time was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age, and the paper was published by Charles Gilpin, who was M.P. for Northampton from 1857 to 1868, and became Secretary of the Poor Law Board under Lord Palmerston in 1859. Edward Newman, who became editor in 1852, was the author of the well-known "History of British Ferns." The editors best known to the general public were Joshua Rowntree, M.P. for Scarborough from 1886 to 1892, who filled the editorial chair from 1871 to 1875, and his successor, John S. Rowntree, the father of Arnold S. Rowntree, M.P. John S. Rowntree was succeeded by Joseph S. Sewell, who was editor for a longer period than any of his predecessors. He retired in 1891 after thirteen years' service, and is notable as being the first English Friend to go to Madagascar as a missionary. At the beginning of January, 1892, the *Friend* became a weekly organ at the price of one penny instead of a sixpenny monthly, with Henry Stanley Newman, of Leominster, as editor (a position he retained until his death in 1912), assisted throughout the period by Edward Bassett Reynolds, who is still a member of the staff. Mr. Newman was a pioneer of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, founded in 1866. He became its honorary secretary, a position which he continued to hold until his death. It was largely through his instrumentality also that the Friends' Industrial Mission, Pemba, was founded in 1897. Since his decease there has been no announcement as to the editorship of the *Friend*. The paper, however, has adapted itself with enterprise to prevailing conditions. A feature during the war has been a weekly record of "Peace Service Among Friends," notably that of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and the Friends' War Relief Committee, both of which are doing work of extreme value. As a link between the homeland and members residing all over the world, it is highly

valued, and pays special attention to the activities of Friends in America.

THE "GUARDIAN"

Among the papers of which one can say that they have a strong personality, the *Guardian* would, beyond question, occupy a prominent position. It was founded in 1846 at a period which Dean Church described twenty-five years later as "a moment of deep disappointment, deep depression, deep anxiety," and became the rallying-point when the Church was threatened with disruption. It seemed incredible at that time that the Tractarian party should ever play a leading part in guiding the fortunes of the English Church, yet in 1899 the late W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, wrote of the *Guardian* that it "reflected the best intellectual influences of its time," and was, in fact, a favourite paper of many who cared only for its secular aspects. The *Guardian,* of course, is regarded primarily as the representative of the High Church party, but it seeks rather to represent the Church of England as a whole. It is, indeed, the reverse of bigoted, as its many distinguished contributors have included Nonconformists as well as Churchmen.

At the beginning there seems to have been no definite editor, the founders—who included Dean Church, Lord Blachford, Professor Bernard, and Dr. J. B. Mozley—managing the paper among them. The first person definitely appointed to the editorial chair was Mr. Martin Sharp, and to him the great financial success of the *Guardian* was mainly due. He was succeeded by Mr. D. C. Lathbury, who was editor for seventeen years, and maintained the journal's prestige in every way. Canon Hobhouse was editor for five years. The present editor, J. Penderel-Brodhurst, has occupied his important position for twelve years. He was formerly assistant editor of the *St. James's Gazette,* editor of the *St. James's*

Budget, and for nine years leader writer on the *Standard.* He had been assistant editor of the *Guardian* for two years before he assumed control.

Mr. Penderel-Brodhurst informed me that Mr. Gladstone was an occasional writer of letters to the editor of the *Guardian* over the signature "G." Amongst its contributors have been Sir Stafford Northcote (afterwards Lord Iddesleigh), Cardinal Manning, G. E. Buckle, the late editor of *The Times,* and E. A. Freeman, the historian. Most of the distinguished theologians (including the present Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Oxford), and Church historians of recent times have written for it, not to mention musical authorities like Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir John Stainer, and Sir H. Bishop.

The assistant editor is Douglas Brooke, whose connection with the paper has lasted more than a quarter of a century. Another prominent member of the editorial staff is H. P. K. Shipton, the biographer of Hoppner and Nicholas Ferrar. The ecclesiastical sub-editor is George Tarran, who has occupied the post for nearly thirty years. J. G. Sparkhall, of the commercial department, is well known in Fleet Street. He was previously with the *Daily News,* and when the *Tribune* was started he was invited to take charge of the advertisement department of that paper, leaving the *Guardian* to do so. When the *Tribune* was discontinued the proprietors of the *Guardian* invited Mr. Sparkhall to take up his old position.

THE "METHODIST RECORDER"

The *Methodist Recorder* was started in 1861 by a number of the younger "advanced" Methodists. Among the first directors were the Rev. George T. Perks, the father of Sir Robert Perks; Samuel T. Waddy, who became Judge Waddy; William McArthur, afterwards Lord Mayor of London; and John Chubb, Sir George Chubb's father. In the early days the editorial work was conducted

by a council, and then for a year Dr. Davison, now Principal of Richmond College, discharged the duties. His successor in the editorial chair was the Rev. N. Curnock, under whose control the paper was illustrated and popularised. He retired owing to ill-health in 1906 after being editor for twenty years. The editorial council has since been revived with marked success. The directors to-day include the Revs. Dr. Tasker, president of the Conference this year; Dr. Davison, Frederic W. Macdonald, Marshall Hartley, foreign missionary secretary; F. L. Wiseman, home mission secretary; J. Telford, connexional editor; Sir Clarence Smith, chairman of Messrs. Cassell and Co.; Sir George Smith, Sir George Hayter Chubb, and other laymen. Probably the best-known contributor is the Rev. Arthur Hoyle, but practically every writer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church might be mentioned in such a connection. A prominent member of the staff is W. T. Cranfield ("Denis Crane"), whose speciality is interviewing. The *Methodist Recorder* is in an extremely healthy financial condition, as may be gathered from the fact that its investments exceed the authorised capital of the company. Its present day success is a tribute to the work of the manager, Mr. J. B. Watson.

THE "METHODIST TIMES"

Another popular paper is the *Methodist Times,* of which the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was editor up to the time of his death.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

I must also refer to another well-known institution, the Religious Tract Society, the fame of which in the Street of Ink is, of course, due to the *Woman's Magazine* and the *Boy's Own Paper.* I was told rather a striking story about the *B.O.P.*, which shows how a successful venture was nearly killed at its birth.

The idea of a boy's paper, I was informed, was sub-

mitted to the committee of the Religious Tract Society, but the specimen number was turned down. Dr. Macaulay, the well-known editor of the *Leisure Hour*, however, along with that far-famed writer for boys, W. H. G. Kingston, and one or two others who were very keen on the idea, made out another sample first number, and again brought the matter before the R.T.S. committee. It was then discussed very thoroughly, and finally the proposal that the R.T.S. should start the paper was carried. Its editorship was entrusted to G. A. Hutchison, who conducted the *B.O.P.* for more than thirty years. Under his conduct the paper quickly reached the circulation of 160,000 weekly, with an extra 80,000 in monthly parts. Many of the readers of this book will remember how many pleasant and happy hours they owe to the Religious Tract Society through the perusal of the *Boy's Own Paper*. It is now splendidly edited by A. L. Haydon (another offshoot from La Belle Sauvage Yard), who is well known at the Press Club, and has proved a worthy successor of Mr. Hutchison.

The success of the *B.O.P.* induced the R.T.S. committee to start the *Girl's Own Paper* within a year of the launching of that for boys. Charles Peters (also from Cassell's) was the first editor of the *G.O.P.*, and he made it even more successful than the *B.O.P.* from the circulation point of view. At Peters's decease the editorship was handed over to Miss Flora Klickmann, of the *Windsor Magazine* editorial staff, who sagaciously incorporated the *Woman's Magazine*, and under the combined title this monthly publication has a capital circulation, for it is a "live" magazine for girls and their mothers.

The R.T.S. also issue monthly the *Sunday at Home*, edited by Mr. W. Grinton Berry, M.A., who began his career with Sir William Robertson Nicoll on the *British Weekly*. This deservedly popular magazine has been published continuously since 1854. The R.T.S. is one of

the busiest houses and most up to date in the Street of Ink. It has an immense list of books, by popular, high-class authors, and published by James Bowden. What he does not know about publishing is not worth knowing. He was a member of the firm of Ward, Lock and Bowden, was afterwards in business under his own name in Henrietta Street, and for the past eighteen years has brought all his experience to bear upon the book and magazine production of the R.T.S. as its lay secretary and general manager.

From my point of view no reference to the R.T.S. would be complete without mention of Mr. E. Henderson Smith, whom I have known for very many years, and who told me that the story about the starting of the *Boy's Own Paper* was not only true, but that the sample first number, which induced the committee to start its publication, was made up in his presence and in his own room at the former home of the R.T.S., 56 Paternoster Row. Mr. Henderson Smith has been connected with the Society for fifty-five years.

THE "SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRONICLE"

The *Sunday School Chronicle* is the organ of the Sunday School Union, and was started in 1874 to supplement with news a monthly magazine which had long been supplied to Sunday school teachers. It was also intended to promote greater efficiency in teaching, as it was found that the Education Act of 1870 had given a great stimulus to Sunday school work. The first editor was Benjamin Clarke, who was a Civil Servant, and the modest outlook of the promoters is indicated by the salary of fifty guineas per annum which attached to the post, although it should be mentioned that this was increased the following year to one hundred pounds. There was, of course, a good opening for the periodical, the appeal of which was immediately appreciated, and it steadily in-

creased in popularity, although it was not until 1893 when the Sunday School Union opened its business premises in Ludgate Hill that the paper began to attract general attention. This change is attributed to the appointment of Andrew Melrose, the well-known publisher, as the Union's publisher and business manager, and to the late F. W. Warmington, L.C.C., who co-operated with him. When Benjamin Clarke died he was succeeded by the late Rev. H. S. B. Yates, who was a remarkable character, having begun life as a boy operative in a Yorkshire mill, after which he became successively pupil teacher, certified master, theological student, and finally a popular Wesleyan minister. As may be imagined, he was a man of great energy, and this with his natural literary talent led him to reconstruct the paper and enlarge its features.

I gather that at first the changes were not liked, and the circulation dropped; but after a few months it restarted on the upgrade, and continued to progress uninterruptedly until the beginning of the Great War. Mr. Yates's untimely death occurred after he had held the office of editor for less than two years, when Mr. Melrose took up the editorship until the Rev. Alexander Smellie, D.D., was appointed. Dr. Smellie, however, never settled down to editorial work, as his heart was in the ministry, and after a year in London he went back to Scotland to occupy the most important pulpit in his denomination.

After another interregnum of two years, during which Mr. Melrose again edited the paper, the present editor, the Rev. Frank Johnson, was appointed in June, 1899. Mr. Johnson was a Congregational minister who had written an article which attracted Mr. Melrose's attention owing to its originality and intellectual power, and his selection has been justified by the steady growth in circulation and influence of the *Sunday School Chronicle* under his charge.

Many eminent men have contributed to the paper, including Prof. Sayce, Dr. Denney, Dr. Parker, Sir George Adam Smith, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, the Rev. Hugh Black, Dr. Jowett, and Dr. J. R. Miller; while its literary features have included stories and contributions by writers like Amelia E. Barr, E. Everett Green, Adeline Sergeant, George Douglas Brown, and other novelists. The sub-editor is J. T. Rose, who has grown from boyhood in the office, and to whose faithfulness and skill the paper owes much. A vivid light is thrown upon its comprehensiveness by one of its features—a New Testament Greek Correspondence Class, which has had a membership in a single session running into four figures, the largest correspondence class in New Testament Greek in the world. Mr. Johnson says that while the readers grow more responsive, it may be added that they also grow more critical, but there is every indication that they are satisfied with the support accorded by the *Sunday School Chronicle* to every forward movement affecting their interests during the last forty-two years.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH PRESS

No record of progress in the Street of Ink, however modest, could neglect the influence of other countries, and it will not be out of place at this juncture to note the tendencies of journalism in the two countries best known to English newspaper men—the United States and France. When I am told that we in Great Britain owe a debt to America, I am reminded of the celebrated American story of the educated moose. The owner, who was showing it at a country fair, was enticing the spectators into his tent by a vivid description of the animal's talents. He explained that it was the best educated moose in the world, and was probably the most wonderful dumb animal in existence, as it could read and write and do sums in arithmetic, and so forth. When he had finished, a farmer came up, followed by a string of children, and inquired the price of admittance. The owner of the educated moose asked if they were all his children, and being answered in the affirmative, regarded him with admiration, saying: "You shall all come in for nothing, as I think it is just as important for my moose to see your family as it is for your family to see my moose." That is another way of saying that in my opinion the American Press and the British Press are equally indebted to each other.

THE "NEW YORK HERALD."—The picturesque personality of James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *Herald,* is well known in England, chiefly, I suppose, because he makes Paris his headquarters, and also because in association with the *Daily Telegraph* he sent Stanley

to Central Africa. There is something romantic in the spectacle of this man actively conducting his newspaper business at a distance of thousands of miles, from Paris or from his yacht. It is said that his office in New York is always kept in instant readiness for his use, so that if he comes there unexpectedly he can step into it as if he had left it only the night before. The detached viewpoint, which is the result of absence from details, has many advantages. Mr. Bennett, however, has built up a valuable property in Paris in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. If my memory serves me, he made a similar attempt in London, but the venture was not equally successful.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.—America is not the home of big circulations. That distinction belongs to England and France. The daily and weekly papers in the United States, however, may claim the record in "bigness," both in the number of their pages and in the size of the type used for their display headlines. As a contrast, the Paris *Midi*, which is an "evening" newspaper, published at noon, is often no bigger than a lady's handkerchief. "Yellow" journalism, however, is native to New York. The man responsible for it, William Randolph Hearst, I would describe as the Pierpont Morgan of journalism. The son of a rich father, he had an innate passion for work combined with enterprise which amounts to genius. He has fought the great Trusts, he risked the popularity of his papers in his efforts to free Cuba, and besides owning a chain of papers with a combined circulation said to run into ten millions, he also owns magazines, and was long supposed to cherish an ambition to extend his activities into the realms of daily journalism in England. I was in a measure behind the scenes when this rumour became more than usually persistent. It had some basis of truth, as he acquired the *Weekly Budget* and *Vanity Fair*, and started *Nash's Magazine*, as an offshoot

of his magazine in the States. But for some reason he never acquired or started a daily paper. It would have been an interesting experiment. It will be remembered that the *Weekly Budget,* which featured magazine matter and an American comic supplement in colours, ceased publication with startling suddenness. Rumour has it that this was owing to a mistake due to misreading a cablegram from America. Hearst's chief leader writer, Arthur Brisbane, now part owner of the *Evening Journal,* is reputed to be the most highly paid journalist in the world, his salary, according to popular report, being £12,000 a year.

"Something for Nothing."—A very different type was the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune,* and his career, to my mind, affords a curious parallel to that of the late Lord Glenesk. Lord Glenesk worked his way up from the position of Paris correspondent at a salary of £4 a week to become proprietor of the *Morning Post,* and eventually a peer. Mr. Reid progressed in a very similar fashion on the *Tribune,* and became United States Ambassador to Great Britain. Mention of Mr. Whitelaw Reid reminds me of a story told me by a journalist whom we will call Jones, although that is not his name. Jones had a brother who was a journalist of the "Dinner specialist" type, and this brother was in the habit of going to the American Embassy on the afternoon of Independence Day. The story is the more pointed because the Jones who told it to me was not a journalist at that time. One Independence Day the brother said to him: "Do you want a good afternoon?" and being answered in the affirmative, gave the following advice: "Go up to Dorchester House and walk right in. As it is Independence Day no one will ask you anything but your name. You'll then be shown in to Whitelaw Reid, who'll shake hands with you and say, 'Very glad to meet you, Mr. Jones,' and then you'll pass on to the strawberries and cream!"

Such functions apparently enlivened the dull season, when public dinners were few, for a certain type of journalist.

One thing they do differently in the States is the way they handle political news. The American politician courts the newspapers. Even the President meets the journalists in conference regularly twice a week, and allows himself to be cross-examined freely, with the result that his views are clearly expressed in the newspapers throughout the great cities from Maine to California. A colleague told me recently that he once suggested to a well-known English statesman in New York that English public opinion would benefit by the adoption of Mr. Wilson's press conference idea. He raised his hands in horror, and said, "Can you imagine Downing Street doing such a thing?"

If we have learned a good deal about display headlines for news from America, that country has acquired dignity from studying our methods. Happily, although some of our papers have emulated the sensational style of the Yellow Press, we have not imported the interviewing methods employed by some of the American papers. I think it was Albert Chevalier who related that he awoke one morning in an American hotel to find an interviewer by his bedside, and every celebrity who visits the States prepares himself for the army of reporters who board the liners on their arrival.

The French Papers.—The difference between the American Press and the French Press so far as we are concerned seems to be that we know best the records of the papers in America and the journalists in France. The war has brought many of the latter into the limelight. Marcel Hutin, of *L'Echo de Paris*, is the most eminent man on the staff of that paper, and may be said to be the most quoted journalist in Europe. "Polybe," otherwise the famous Joseph Reinach, of *Le Figaro*, is another noted journalist whose name is familiar to English newspaper readers. A

third is the well-known Socialist, Gustav Hervé, a great admirer of the British Army, whose paper, *La Victoire,* was renamed after the war, its previous title being *La Guerre Sociale.* Typically French is *L'Homme Enchaîné* (the fettered man), a war paper, formerly called *L'Homme Libre,* well known this side of the Channel as the organ of M. Clemenceau, former Prime Minister of France. When the Government suppressed the paper he wittily changed the name to its present title.

As in Great Britain, journalism and Government are closely associated, which is perhaps very natural when you come to think of it. In addition to Clemenceau, former Ministers of France who now devote themselves to journalism are M. Jean Dupuy, proprietor of *Le Petit Parisien,* and M. Stephen Pichon, ex-Foreign Minister, who is on the staff of that journal's special rival, *Le Petit Journal.* The circulations of both these papers exceed one and a quarter millions. Senator Charles Humbert is political director of *Le Journal,* a paper which was started just before I came into Fleet Street. It may be said that the *Journal* effected a revolution in French journalism, and it created a sensation by its avowed policy to provide a literary newspaper containing a complete news service, with articles and stories by popular writers, and serials by the best novelists at the price of five centimes. Despite detractors, the *Journal* was an instant success, and has continued in popularity to this day. Other papers which should be mentioned as having special characteristics are *Le Matin,* probably the most popular middle-class paper in Paris; *Le Temps,* an evening paper and one of the most authoritative journals in France; and *L'Humanité,* formerly associated with Jaurès, the famous Socialist, who was shot in Paris during the first week of the war, and whose death was a European loss.

It is interesting to note the enterprise shown by the French newspaper men. Big circulations were built

up by personal deliveries, using motor-cars for the purpose, and a feature of Parisian journalism which impressed me many years ago was the giving of entertainments and tea by the journals to their subscribers, many of them having their own concert rooms.

Fleet Street is more familiar with Paris than with the French newspapers, and the representatives of the English newspapers in that city, going back for many years, form as brilliant a band as one could find. While attempts to cater for American visitors to Europe or for English interest in America, by means of special columns devoted to American news, have failed, considerable popularity has been achieved by the regular contributions of this nature from Paris. Lord Burnham told me recently that the column "Paris Day By Day" in the *Daily Telegraph* was a popular feature to which his father attached great importance. It has certainly always been done extremely well.

Alphonse Courlander, whose career was cut short so tragically in 1916, represented the *Daily Express*, and I think that M. H. Donohoe, of the *Daily Chronicle*, was also associated with the Paris office of the same paper for a time. I believe I am right in saying that H. Perry Robinson, whose dispatches from the British Headquarters in France have been a feature in the *Daily News*, was managing director of the publishing firm of Isbisters at the time when Courlander was a junior in that office.

An Historic Wire.—My colleague, H. Cozens-Hardy (a nephew of the Master of the Rolls and one of a famous journalistic family), represented the *Morning Leader* in Paris in 1903 and 1904, and assisted with the representatives of *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* at the birth of L'Entente Cordiale. For nine years he was the *Morning Leader's* special correspondent in America, and sent that paper the first intimation of the San Francisco earth-

quake in the historic message of the telegraph operator in that city: "Earthquake hit us at dawn to-day. Ceiling falling about my ears. It's me for the simple life." He was in Paris again at the outbreak of war, and was one of the only three British journalists who remained in the city when the Germans were nearly at the gates. Archibald Marshall, the well-known novelist, lately returned to his first love, journalism, as Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*. One of the best-known journalists in Paris was the late John Raphael. He occupied his spare time in adapting French plays for the English stage, and his hobby (in peace time) seemed to be the entertainment of his English *confrères* and their families when they visited the Gay City. He will be sadly missed. Ralph Lane (Norman Angell) was editor of the *Paris Messenger*, formerly known as *Galignani's Messenger*.

Press Methods Compared.—If we were to produce our dailies here on the same lines as many which are popular in America and France, they would probably be dismal failures, being unsuited to the British temperament. The proprietor who adopted the electric methods of the States would be in much the same position as the old darkie of a popular American story who had a mule that wouldn't budge. He was asked, "What is the matter with your mule?" and replying that it refused to move, was advised to rub a little turpentine on the rear part of the animal and set light to it. Observing the effect, the darkie said, "Look here, boss, would you mind doing the same to me so that I can catch that mule?" The darkie lost his mule, and the newspaper proprietor would lose his money.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PAPER EVERYBODY WANTS

THE Street of Ink is remarkable in many ways, and special interest attaches to its highways and byways. The *Daily News* office, like that of the *Daily Chronicle,* stands on the site of that Alsatia which was for so long the sanctuary of the thieves and rascals of London. (Let me at once anticipate any offensive retorts by adding that the change which has since taken place shows how even the worst places may be redeemed by succeeding generations of high-minded and virtuous men!) Every side alley from Fleet Street is historical. You may visit Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, and near by may view the neat little houses, set back in neat little gardens, in one of which Keir Hardie resided for so many years. The Temple, of course, is historical in every stone, and is immortalised both in history and in literature. There is rich treasure for the antiquary, for the historian, for the lovers of romance, and for the curious in every yard of the thoroughfare, but what the ordinary investigator would probably overlook is the money which is made in the district. By this I do not mean mere salaries or even princely incomes, but fortunes. I myself was almost a millionaire (for the second time in my life) for a few short moments, just as anyone may be who can follow my example.

Just off Fleet Street, in the Farringdon Road, to be precise, you will find the firm of Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co. Although there are no guards with fixed bayonets or

anything to indicate that the premises are in any way different from the usual run of commercial buildings, the value of the stock runs into millions of pounds, and has to be accounted for down to the smallest portion.

In these offices I was given notes of the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds in order to see how it felt to have so much money. But when I looked around towards the door I saw that I was well guarded by three powerful men, who meant to see that I did not get away with anything.

Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co. are manufacturers of bank-notes, and their customers are the nations of the world. The chief interest of their work to a Pressman lies in the fact that, whereas the production of a newspaper calls for the highest possible rate of printing, the production of bank-notes—the paper that everybody wants—demands the slowest. Every part of the process in the one case is rapid and in the other just as leisurely. The one process is the most elaborate, the other the most utilitarian. The paper used is also very dissimilar. Newspapers, of course, pay very much more heavily for paper than they did before the war, but the bank-note manufacturer pays the highest rate for his paper, the cost of which frequently, in the case of water-marked varieties, reaches 3s. per lb.

To carry the comparison a little farther, it is the business both of newspapers and of bank-note manufacturers to make money, but whereas all the latter are successful, the same cannot be said of the newspapers. It will therefore interest "ink-slingers" to learn of the infallible system for making money which is carried out by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson. The first thing is to prepare the design, which must be passed by the bank of issue before the engraving is put in hand. When the design is passed the die from which the notes are to be printed is made with the aid of an elaborate geometric

lathe machine, which produces a required pattern with uncanny facility and precision. The preparation being complete, the basic design is transferred to a steel roll under great pressure, and from this it is transferred to the die. The vignette, or view, is engraved by an artist on a separate die, and goes through the same transferring process as the lathe work. Finally, the textual matter is engraved on the original die.

The die is a negative, and it is now hardened and a transfer roll taken giving a raised positive on its surface. After a further hardening process the positive is transferred to a soft steel plate, which is ruled into sections so that it will yield four, six, or eight, or even more notes to each sheet of paper, according to the size of the notes, and this plate is then hardened for printing.

During these processes the originals have to be "read" just as is the case with newspaper copy. Each portion of it is read before it is assembled on the original die. A print from this is again read against the design, after which the printing plate is carefully scrutinised for imperfections. While the plate is being made ready for the printer the various colour protection blocks are being prepared by another process. When an elaborate colour protection is wanted, several blocks may be used.

In printing from steel plates it has been so far impossible to find a way of dispensing with the necessity of wetting the paper before each printing operation. This necessitates hand-feeding and taking off. As the result of many costly experiments which are still being carried on, the process has been speeded up, and as was the case with the newspapers, the difficulties which stand in the way of rapid printing will doubtless be solved some day. Unfortunately that will not mean that we shall all be able to buy bank-notes cheap. You can, however (if you are a bank or a Government which issues notes), purchase cheap notes or expensive ones according to your desire. The

bank-note manufacturer gives his quotations like any other printer, although he does not recommend the use of anything but the best as offering the greatest difficulty to the forger, cheaper styles being generally confined to temporary issues.

There is another reason why the slowness of the printing process for bank-notes can hardly be removed. The notes, of course, are numbered, and each number must fall into the exact space allotted to it. As the paper has been wetted and dried and consequently has stretched or shrunk, all the sheets therefore have to be measured and adjusted with extreme accuracy.

Checking is one of the most exacting of the operations in a bank-note house and, owing to the necessary persistency with which it is carried out, one of the most expensive. Firstly, all paper is counted in from the manufacturer's (whether plain or water-marked paper) into the paper strong-room. From there it is issued and counted to the warehouse. When wanted for work, it is again counted and issued to the first printing department; this printing department counts it in, hands it to the machine-minder, who is responsible for it until a ream is completed, when it is again counted back to the warehouse, and the minder's responsibility ends. After the first working on the paper has settled down it is counted out for the second printing, and exactly the same procedure is followed until the paper is completely printed and returned to the warehouse for the examination of all operations. Only good printed work is given out for numbering, and this is carefully watched as it is running in the numbering machines, checked in the sheets as it is running, and checked in the sheet by the warehouse; in fact, every sheet in process of manufacture is accounted for at the close of work each day in the same manner that the cash is balanced daily in a bank. The sheets are now kept in exactly the same rotation through the operations

of hand and machine cutting into single notes. They are then carefully examined and counted, the sequence of the numbering is rigorously checked and any spoilage made good; they are again checked and finally counted before packing, into hundreds or five hundreds as the case may be.

The chief executive duties in connection with this business devolve upon the managing director, H. Leslie Hendriks, whom I have known practically ever since he joined the firm, and I look upon him as an extremely capable business man, of whom a deal more will be heard in the future. He told me that the earliest specimen of a bank-note known to exist is one which was issued in China about A.D. 1399. It measures nine by thirteen inches, and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks. It contains some curious wording, and mentions among other things that "It is Government money current anywhere under heaven. This note shall be accepted as copper cash. Counterfeiters hereof will be executed," and goes on to say that persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with money, and in addition will receive property belonging to the criminal.

The chairman of the company is P. Wilmot Wilkinson, a son of R. W. Wilkinson, who, together with the late Henry Bradbury, of Bradbury, Agnew and Co., was the original founder of the firm, some sixty odd years ago. Another director, Pietro Rogers Santini, whose time is principally devoted to travelling abroad in the firm's interests, is at present serving as an officer in the Italian Army. The remaining directors are Duncan G. Tolmie, who is in charge of the financial side of the business; J. E. Huxtable, a member of the well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Paines, Blyth and Huxtable; A. Lowes Dickinson, who is a partner of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co.; and George T. Foxon, who

has charge of the manufacturing side of the business, where he has made a fine record as an efficient works administrator. I have met Mr. Foxon on several occasions, and my sole complaint against him (which applies also to Cecil S. W. Jenkins, the secretary and sales manager, for whose ability Mr. Hendriks has a very high regard) is that these two declined to let me depart with the stock of bank-notes that filled my pockets on the occasion above referred to.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TRADE PRESS AND CONCLUSION

As was the case with the provincial Press, another section that I cannot attempt to deal adequately with is the trade and technical Press. Let the reader open a newspaper directory and glance at the hundreds of trade papers mentioned. He will see that trades which he considered limited have perhaps two or three papers catering for their interests. Even then he will be unable to understand how important these papers are. Journals like the *Lancet* and the *Electrician, Engineering,* the *British Medical Journal,* the *Grocer,* the *Ironmonger,* and the *Drapers' Record* (to mention a few representative examples) are written and read by men of the greatest attainments, and those who have not seen such journals would receive a very illuminating example of the importance of this section of journalistic work if they perused their pages.

Trade and technical journals fill two very important functions; they form a valuable means of promoting trade between manufacturers, merchants, and retailers, and they also disseminate technical information which materially advances the interests of the particular industries they represent.

Each of the principal trades is represented by at least one organ, and in some cases by several; even the hairdresser and the undertaker have their trade papers. As science or discovery brings a new industry into being, new journals arise to promote progress. The motor-car, the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, the cinema have all brought new papers in their train, and it

is certain that every new industrial development will be similarly fostered by some enterprising inhabitant of the Street of Ink. Similarly, the hobbies and personal interests of the general public are catered for by class papers. Gardening, photography, fishing, golf, mechanics, philately, yachting, music, and sports of all kinds have their special organs, each with its enthusiastic band of readers. Medical and dental science, religion, education, law, local government, insurance, and other branches of public or professional work are also amply represented in the world of class journals. Many of these papers have a considerable circulation in the Colonies, and thus help in maintaining and strengthening the bonds of Empire.

Many trade papers have an exclusively trade circulation, copies being obtainable by subscription only, and no person who is not legitimately engaged in the trade represented is accepted as a subscriber. Such journals contain a good deal of trade information as to prices, discounts, and other matters which it is not desirable should go beyond proper trade circles. Other papers dealing with trade and technical affairs on a broader basis are supplied through the ordinary distributing channels and are accessible to all.

Apart from these, there are periodicals which cover business generally, such as the *World's Work,* an interesting monthly which makes a feature of instructive articles and illustrated sketches of leading men; and the *Efficiency Magazine,* edited by Herbert N. Casson, one of the most forceful speakers I have ever heard, who rattles off epigrams like a human machine-gun. *Higham's Magazine,* cleverly edited by C. F. Higham, is another successful business periodical which I always find stimulating. A little monthly which I don't quite know how to classify is *Impressions;* it emanates from Edinburgh, and G. E. Whitehouse, the editor, has gained many good opinions

in consequence of the philosophy of business which he expounds in the pages of his magazine.

The "Newspaper World."—The *Newspaper World* is the journalist's trade paper. It was established in January, 1898, as the *Newspaper Owner and Manager*, and appeared under the more comprehensive title of the *Newspaper World* in July, 1913. Mr. Baker, the proprietor, is a man who enjoys the respect of the whole Street of Ink owing to his fearlessness and independence, as well as to the valuable work he does through his interesting journal. I learn from him that he started the paper because of a chance sight of a copy of the *Fourth Estate,* of New York. The *Newspaper Owner* undoubtedly filled a want, as although there had been unsuccessful attempts to cater for those engaged in the literary and working sides of journalism, the newspaper producers had been unrepresented in Great Britain. The present policy is based upon the idea that employers and workers are essential to each other's interests, and not mutually antagonistic, and in that spirit Mr. Baker deals with the many varied aspects of a vast and complicated industry.

Among the principles which the *Newspaper World* has steadily advocated are the promotion of journalistic amenities, the refusal of objectionable advertisements, and adherence to scale rates, all of which have been put into practice consistently from the start. The *Newspaper World* has also done excellent work in tracking down frauds on newspapers and in the exposure of swindling advertisers. Mr. Baker tells me that in one case £100 had been paid by a London newspaper to avoid a libel action by a man whose suicide it had reported. The *Newspaper World* proved that the cutting from which the paragraph in question had been written was actually printed by the man himself on the back of a partly printed newspaper sheet, and sent by him under another name to the

newspaper. The interest taken in the paper is shown by the large number of letters to the editor, and the notes written "By Newspaper Men for Newspaper Men." Leaders of the newspaper world all contribute to its columns.

Mr. Baker, who is now sixty-five years of age, commenced his journalistic career at the age of seventeen, when he became paid district correspondent for the *Dewsbury Reporter*. At twenty-one he joined the staff of the *Maidstone and Kentish Journal*, of which he afterwards became sub-editor, and was successively proprietor and editor of the *Maidstone and Kent County Standard* and of the *Dewsbury Chronicle*. In the interval between these proprietorships and the editorship of the *Newspaper World* he acted as London correspondent for several provincial newspapers. He deserves well of newspaper men in view of his services to the Street of Ink, and no journalist that I know of has the right to look back upon his career with greater satisfaction. Percy G. Smith, the assistant editor and manager, has been with the *Newspaper World* during fifteen of the nineteen years of its existence. In the mechanical department most of the employees had ten or more years' record of service until the war exigencies claimed the services of many of them.

Development of Advertising.—Advertising has kept pace with journalistic enterprise, and in many cases the advertising copy ornaments the newspaper pages, to which it gives a pleasing variety. The newspaper proprietor recognises these facts as the reader should do, and he pays tribute not only to the advertiser, who, of course, reaps a rich harvest from the newspapers, but to the unique service of agents who have developed advertising by their skill, and assisted the newspapers by enabling them to deal economically and conveniently with hundreds of advertisers as collective clients of the agents instead of as individuals.

I often think that it was a significant sign of the times

that at the dinners of the Sphinx Club (of which Mr. John Morgan Richards—one of the most courtly men I ever met—was a founder and first President) Mr. Balch (who was succeeded by Sir William Lever and Mr. H. E. Morgan respectively) used to preside over assemblies comprising judges and national and civic dignitaries of all sorts, whom he entertained with an easy hospitality which they would accept in the same spirit. For some years past Morgan has been closely identified with public work, and after the outbreak of war received an important appointment at the Ministry of Munitions. My friend, Mostyn T. Pigott, whose work is probably better known to the public than his name, although few men are better known or better liked in the Street of Ink, was also a tower of strength to the Sphinx Club, until its activities were suspended by the war. His witty summaries of the debates were a delightful feature of many an evening which combined interest, pleasure and instructive discussion of current topics. Since 1894, when the editor of the *World* asked him and Owen Seaman to write for that paper, up to the outbreak of war, he has written for its columns, week by week, under various proprietors and editors, mainly light verse, over his own name and the name of "Testudo." For nearly twenty-five years he never failed to send a set of verses a week to the *World, although* on one or two occasions something went wrong and they did not appear.

Pigott has also contributed largely to the Press as a free lance, and most of the popular periodicals have published his work from time to time. He is also the author of various lyrics and of a play, and incidentally was founder and first editor of the *Isis*.

THE "ADVERTISER'S WEEKLY"

In England there are one weekly and two monthlies published for the benefit of advertisers. They are well informed and conducted with a spirit that makes them at

once interesting and useful. The *Advertiser's Weekly* was founded by George Edgar and J. C. Akerman. The latter, whose enterprise is well known, relinquished his interest to join the staff of *The Times,* and the paper is now controlled by George Edgar and Charles Proctor, assisted by Wallace Gandy. Edgar can claim to have done almost every kind of work a newspaper man can do who starts as a junior reporter, works his way through local papers on to provincial dailies, and ends his career in daily journalism as a free lance. He wields a singularly graceful pen, and in addition to his delightful essays, is the author of many successful novels. He has also produced a cinema play based upon one of his books. He was brought into touch with trade journalism by joining Charles Baker of the *Newspaper World,* whom he describes as "perhaps the straightest and pleasantest man I have ever met in 'The Street of Ink.'" He was also the editor of *Modern Business,* now amalgamated with *System,* which my friend K. W. Johnson, who controls that admirable monthly, will allow me to class by itself as a journal devoted to business generally.

"PRINTERS' INK"

Edgar was offered the editorship of *Printers' Ink* when Jesse D. Hampton established a weekly edition of the "Little Schoolmaster"—as the American edition is termed by its admirers. He did not see his way to take up the duties, and Hampton edited it himself until Eric Field (now with Sir Hedley Le Bas) was given the appointment. *Printers' Ink* has been edited for some years by T. Swinborne Sheldrake, who unites a wide knowledge of publicity and business, and has performed valuable work in the furtherance of advertising.

THE "ADVERTISING WORLD"

There remains the *Advertising World* which, as I have already pointed out, was started by W. E. Berry and his

brother, Gomer Berry. This monthly also has shown great enterprise, and done well despite the war. H. Val Fisher, who shares the credit for this with Sidney Allnutt, the capable editor, lately joined the Army.

A good deal of the high opinion I hold of the trade papers in general is due to the men engaged in that department of journalism with whom I have come into contact. Lord Northcliffe has paid tribute to the training he received in the offices of Messrs. Iliffe. My friend Percival Marshall (of Percival Marshall and Co., publishers of the *Model Engineer,* the *Power User,* and other prosperous technical journals), who is a cousin of Sir Horace Marshall, tells a good story of how he nearly joined the same firm. He was offered the editorship of *Bicycling News* by Mr. William Iliffe, and in response to his invitation to call was greeted thus: "Good morning, Mr. Marshall—sit down, please—can you write a good libel?" It was rather an embarrassing start, but Marshall assured him that, given a deserving subject, he was equal to writing as good a libel as he would see his way to publish. It seems that Mr. Iliffe, so far from wanting libels, was at that time suffering from the vagaries of the libel law and the uncertainty of a British jury.

Marshall, who is a most witty letter and leader writer and an artist of no mean merit, is a prominent member of the recently-formed British Association of Trade and Technical Journals, which is managed by a council of sixteen, the first chairman being Mr. S. Charles Phillips of the *Paper Maker.* The present chairman is Mr. W. A. Standring, of the *Motor Trader.*

Discussing trade journals with Marshall he observed that while a number of daily papers were represented in the membership of the House of Lords past and present, he could not recall that any trade journal had been so favoured. (I have a shrewd suspicion he has his eye on a vacant seat, which he would fill well.) "Perhaps,"

he said, "it is more appropriate that a business paper should be honoured in a business community," and pointed out as a notable example of this the fact that the late Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan, Bart., was probably the only newspaper proprietor who ever became Lord Mayor of London.

CONCLUSION

Like the story-teller of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," the chronicler of the Street of Ink could go on almost indefinitely and produce a thousand and one romances. I would like to tell the fascinating story concerning the many historic landmarks and interesting buildings which are to be found in its highways and byways, but this with much that I have had to leave unwritten must be reserved for another time and place, and perhaps for another writer.

Some day also a future historian of the Press will do justice to the work performed by the Fourth Estate in connection with the war. The Street of Ink has given its full quota to the field of glory. Many names of those who have been serving in the cause of freedom appear in the foregoing pages. They laid down the pen for the sword in order to make the pen mightier than the sword, and there cannot be a newspaper building in the kingdom from which some are not absent in the pursuit of their country's business. Many of them have gone from my own office, and some of them, alas! will not take up the pen again, for they lie in heroes' graves. This brief tribute must serve to summarise one of the most glorious chapters in the history of journalism.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the national work performed by journalists and the newspapers in connection with the great conflict. By means of the Press armies have been created, millions of men and women have been secured for war work, the regulation of the exchanges has been facilitated, the nation

has been kept acquainted with its duties by the Government, and the case for the Allies has been brought before the neutral nations. One has only to imagine the Empire without newspapers to realise that the miracles we have witnessed were only made possible by utilising the wonderful organisation of the Press. Sir Arthur Pearson (whose work I have previously mentioned) and Sir Hedley Le Bas are two outstanding figures in the Street of Ink who could bear me out in this. Le Bas is best known to the public for his work in connection with the Prince of Wales's Fund, the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund, and as adviser to the War Office and Treasury on publicity. These, however, do not by any means complete his activities in national and charitable affairs.

I remember, not so long ago, that the Hon. Sydney Holland, now Viscount Knutsford, had the reputation of being the greatest beggar on behalf of charitable institutions in the universe, but surely Le Bas has eclipsed his record, not only with the work he did in conjunction with Sir Arthur Pearson in raising upwards of six millions for the Prince of Wales's Fund, but also for his achievements on behalf of the other funds and financial committees with which he was associated.

In connection with his work for the War Office, the most spectacular of which was, of course, the advertising campaign for recruits, he went to Ireland on behalf of the Government. On his return he told me a good story to the effect that he was talking to the old Irish father of a soldier who had just won the V.C., and remarked that he could probably be sure that there would be no wars in our time after this one. The old man received the suggestion dolefully, but suddenly he brightened up: "Shure," he said, "there will always be the police!"

My friendship with Le Bas goes back very many years, long before he started his journalistic enterprises. When I first met him I was attracted by the breeziness

of manner and sociability which make him like a jolly schoolboy when away from his business interests. We soon became fast friends, and many a good time I have had with him "out of school," so to speak, when he has helped me to share his capacity for casting aside business cares and becoming young again.

His association with the Street of Ink started when he founded the Caxton Publishing Company which, by his original and energetic methods, he soon made a great success. He founded and published *Modern Business,* and has also been a director of Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, and of the *Church Family Newspaper.* For a short time he was managing director of *T. P.'s Weekly,* at "T. P.'s" request. He is an enthusiastic and good golfer, and also a magnificent swimmer, and holds the coveted medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life.

There are many eminent men who deserve a chapter in this book, and I merely quote Le Bas as a typical example.

* * * * *

As I come to the close of this book it reminds me that the end of day is the time when activity reigns in the Street of Ink. As the average worker returns home, the newspaper man goes to work. While the world sleeps the newspaper offices are hives of industry, alive with a thousand sounds and that odour of printers' ink which, strange as it may seem, is to the journalist as the smell of the sea to the sailor.

Through the evening the tape and telegraph machines tick out their songs to the busy and matter-of-fact sub-editors. Boys rush hither and thither with copy, gathering it in from the outside world, delivering it to the editor and his staff, and from them to the printers. Upstairs the linotypes perform their miracles, and the readers scan

their proofs. A little lower down men stripped to the waist toil with the plates in the foundry, near where the monsters of machines wait for them, so that they can devour their enormous meal of paper. Presently is heard the sound which denotes that their meal has begun—for they are not polite eaters—many tons being demolished in a few minutes, and the publisher and his staff know that their time is near. It is largely due to these workers, little thought of by the average purchaser of a newspaper (though the head printer is a great and respected man in the Street of Ink, and the publisher is one who has thousands of customers who must be supplied within a few short hours), that the reader is enabled to find his favourite newspaper waiting with the news of the world upon his breakfast table, at an hour when the genii who have put it there are going to bed.

Dozens of motor-cars, carts, and cyclists are in attendance waiting for the machines to deliver up the tens of thousands of packages, which are conveyed with tremendous speed to all the important railway centres. There special newspaper trains are in waiting, and usually only a few seconds remain to deposit the enormous parcels safely before the whistle blows to scatter the burning news of the day and half the night to every town and hamlet in the United Kingdom. Small wonder that so many seekers of romance find their steps leading them to the Street of Ink.

Although I started this work when busier than in any previous period of my life, and have burnt a great deal of the "midnight electric" in compiling it, never going to rest without a writing pad and pencil by my side, which nightly chronicled many thoughts, it has enabled me to indulge in a delightful retrospect. If my readers are enabled to share that pleasure, it will diminish the personal regret with which I now lay down my pen.

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